BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 5 No. 3

SEPTEMBER 1932

With Autographed Presentation Portrait of RONALD COLMAN

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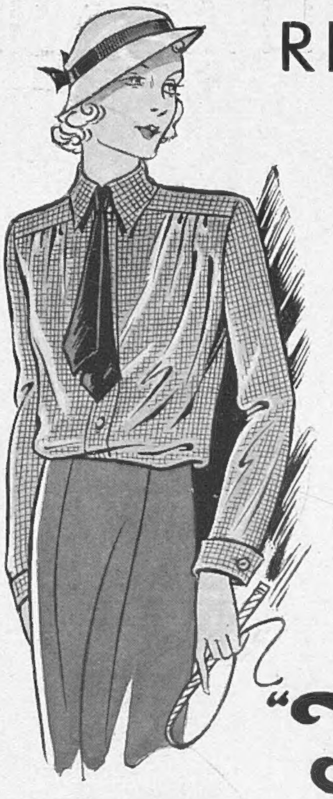

and for all sports wear generally. This attractive superbly tailored blouse in all wool shirting is a most useful addition to any woman's wardrobe.
It buttons in the front to the collar and is finished with a black silk tie in the most boyish fashion imaginable, yet withal it is essentially feminine.
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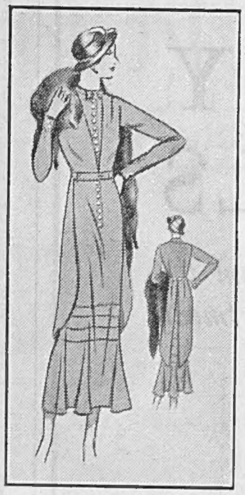
corot models by instalments

it is perhaps not sufficiently understood that every model offered by corot is individually made, fashioned to each customer's personal requirements, and represents that high standard which for generations past has been the prerogative of the wealthy. it is our earnest endeavour to make it plain that there is to-day no necessity to expend large sums of money in order to dress with taste and discrimination. please give us the opportunity of proving to you that these claims are true in every detail.

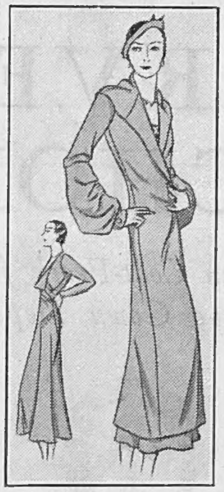
call at our showrooms and test this out for yourself, or post the coupon below for the latest corot fashion guide and full particulars. we would also take this opportunity of inviting enquiries from overseas customers, whose requirements receive our special attention.



"to-morrow"

definitely new is the line of this two-piece suit that allies a frock in a novelty woollen weave with a jacket that follows the line of the traditional swallow-tail coat. chromium buttons are an effective finish. in one or two exclusive shades.

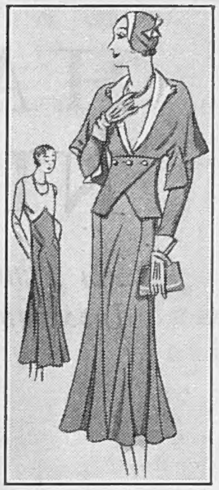
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly



"du barry"

ensemble of frock and matching coat in a soft woollen weave. the clever cut of the coat sleeves and the draped collar are new, while the frock takes many buttons as trimming. several shades.

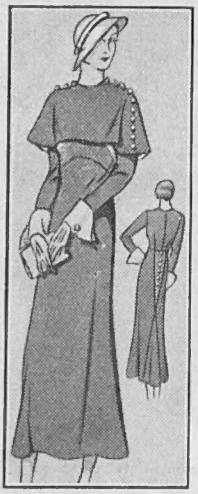
cash 8 gns. **24/-** monthly



"rouge et noir"

the most wearable of all early autumn models is a suit such as this model that shews a frock in a fine woollen weave with the yoke top in white, and then adds white revers and sleeve lining to the matching jacket. several colours available.

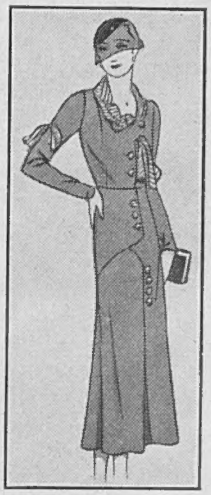
cash 5 gns. **15/-** monthly



"mercedes"

a frock of navy blue lainage, showing a touch of white on the bodice and then lining the completing cape with white. rows of buttons are a distinctive feature. also in other shades.

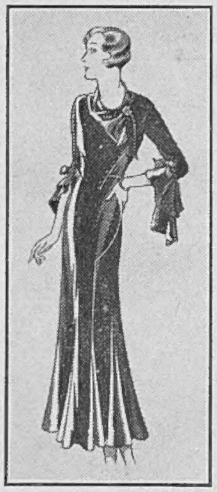
cash 5½ gns. **16/6** monthly



"let's shop"

the new grey that is so much to the fore was chosen for this street frock in a soft woollen weave. we added a scarf and sleeve bows in red and white striped crepe de chine. chromium buttons are a finishing note. also in other shades.

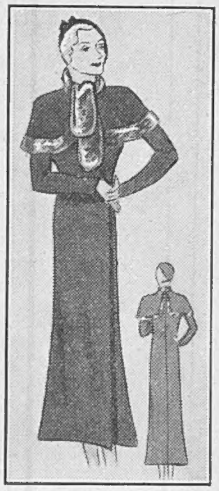
cash 4 gns. **12/-** monthly



"sweet sylvia"

a frock in art marocain is decidedly new with the cunning sleeves, the sideways line of the bodice and draped neck. the defined higher waistline is good also. in black and one or two colours.

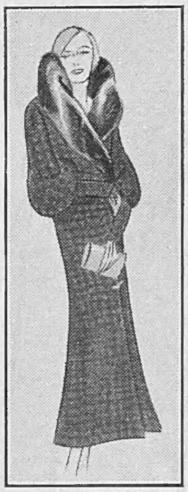
cash 3½ gns. **10/6** monthly



"demain"

forecasting the new mode is a coat of a knob weave woollen coating that sponsors the cape design. this model edges the cape and fashions the short tie with pony cloth and looks most effective in black, though it can be made in other shades.

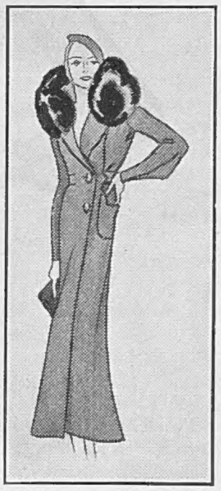
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly



"tell me"

the luxurious collar of marmot is a high light on this coat of an uncommon wool coating clever detail of self adds a perfect note to the slim cut. originally in deep brown, it may be copied in other shades.

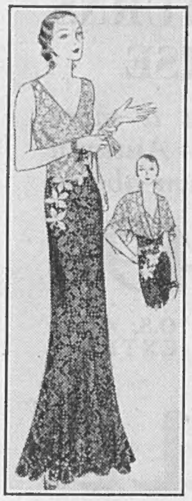
cash 10 gns. **30/-** monthly



"let's fly"

the all-wear coat that may be chosen for town or country has a perfect exponent in this model of a tweed mixture coating the deep collar is of good wearing dyed american opossum, and the slim tailored lines are becoming. lined throughout.

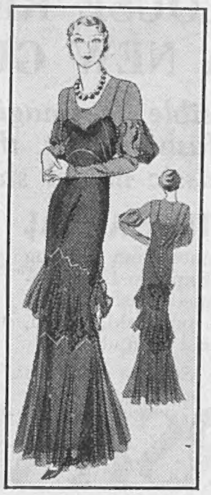
cash 5 gns. **15/-** monthly



"magpie"

black and white have ever been a favourite of women who lead the fashion and the combination of black and white dull finish lace was a happy thought for this evening gown. completing jacket is a favoured accessory. with slip to match.

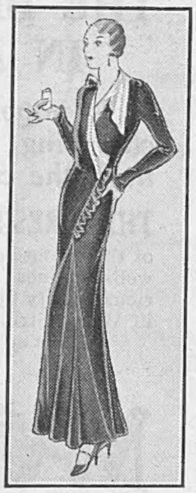
cash 6 gns. **18/-** monthly



"film star"

gracious indeed are the lines of this dinner or cinema gown in silk georgette. with its many little covered buttons fastening down the back. soft flares and uncommon bows are new decorations. originally in black, with matching slip.

cash 7 gns. **21/-** monthly



"the guest"

for formal afternoon occasions and functions at home the velvet gown takes a leading place in the wardrobe for autumn and winter. this model in black shows lovely lines, and the gracious trimming of "off white" relieves its becoming simplicity.

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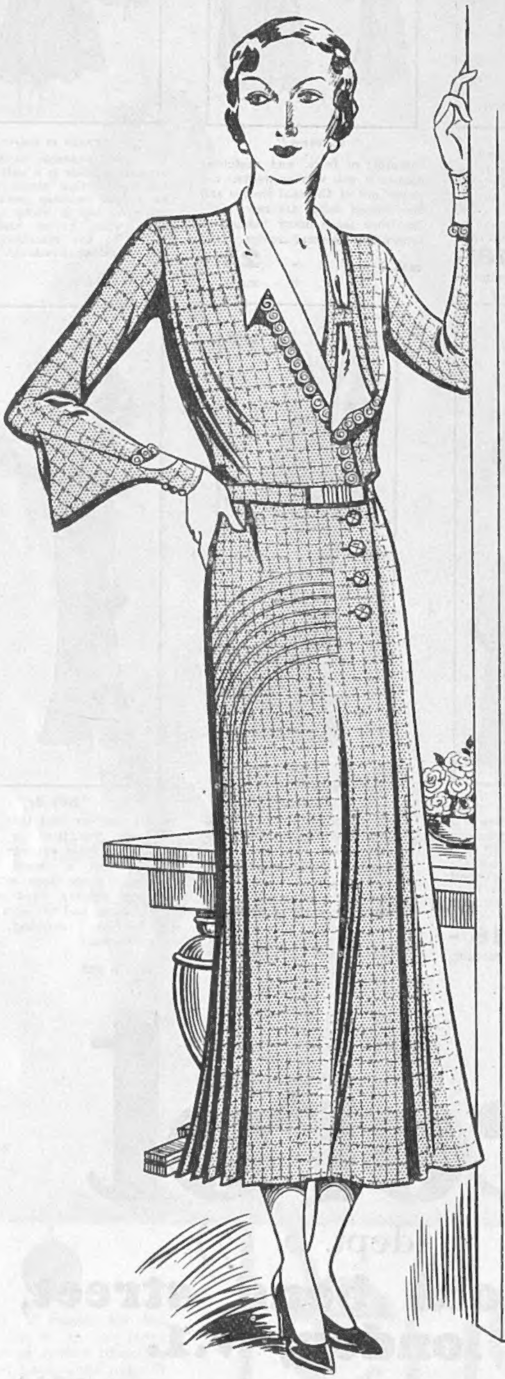
HARVEY NICHOLS

An Autumn Coat-Frock from the Inexpensive Gown Department



SMART and extremely practical, this Coat-Frock of fine wool has a novel raised check in self colour. It is excellently cut, and slips on as easily as a coat; new features are the curved hip panel, the low side pleats, and the effective slotted collar of georgette. Brown, lido, navy, and black: hip fittings 44 and 46 ins. 6½ gns.

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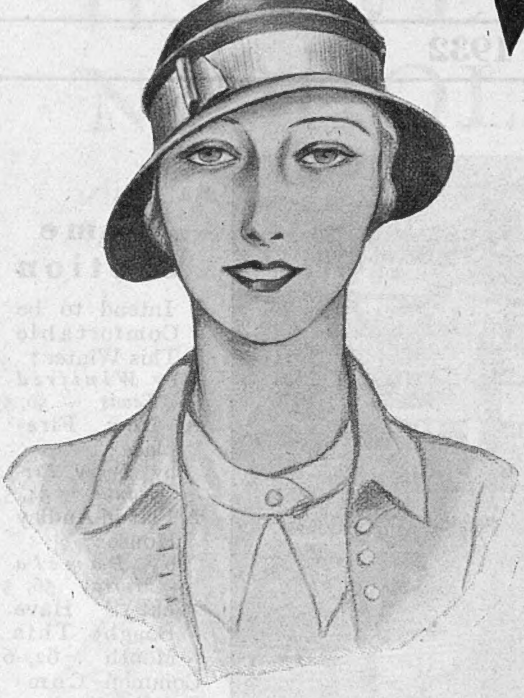
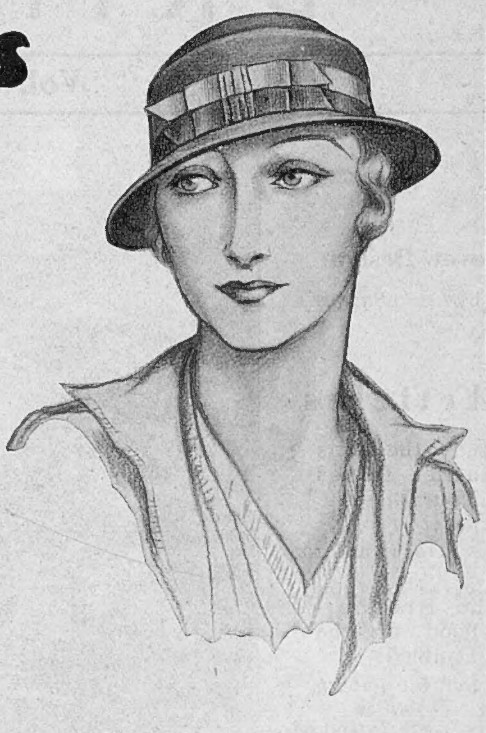
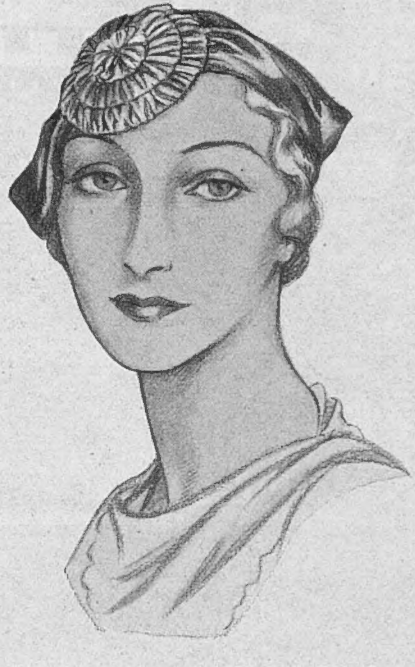


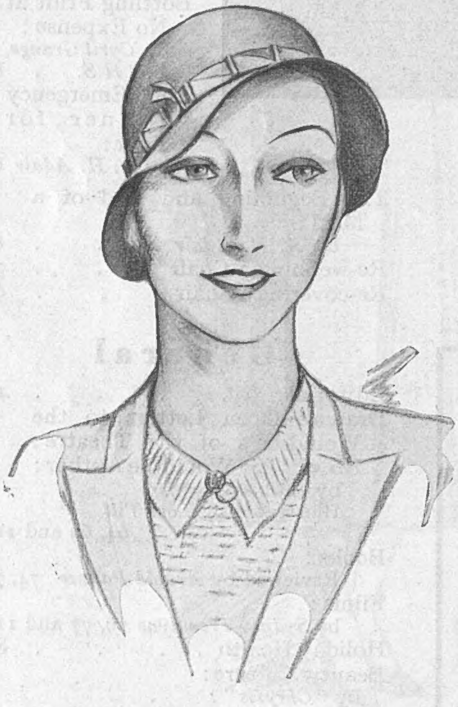
V.813.—Attractive Felt Hat for town or country wear, with slightly drooping brim, trimmed band of petersham. In all the newest shades and several fittings. **Price 25/9**



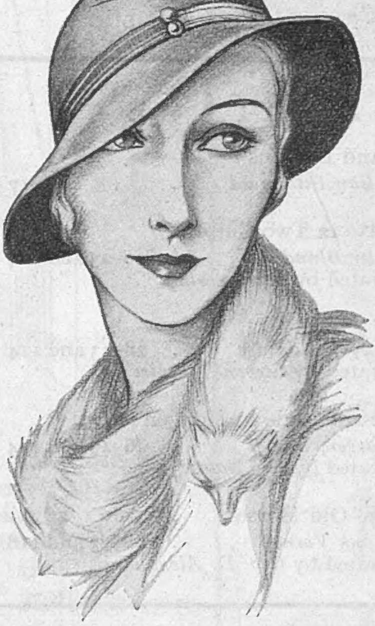
V.798.—Charming Hat in Felt, with firm brim, trimmed petersham in two shades. In several colourings, and fittings of 7, $7\frac{1}{8}$ and $7\frac{1}{4}$ only. **Price 29/6**



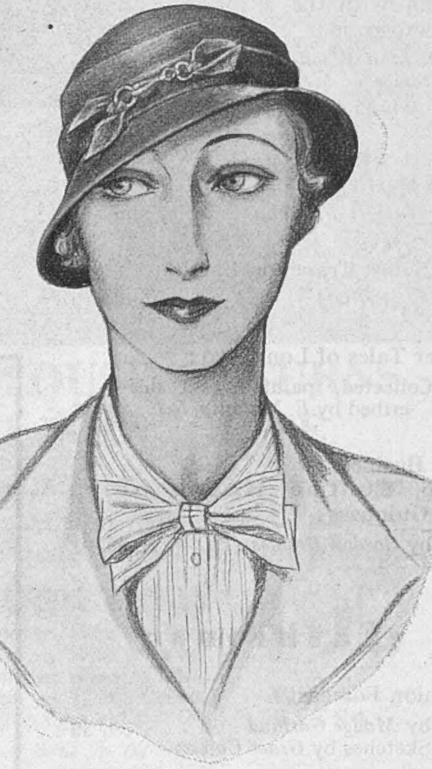
E.814.—Ruby velvet Toque with the ruched velvet rosette in front. Copy of Agnes. In black, nigger, navy, blue and ruby in stock. **Price $2\frac{1}{2}$ GNS.**



V.794.—Attractive Felt Hat with medium brim, trimmed petersham in self or contrasting colourings In all colours—small and medium fittings. **Price 35/9**

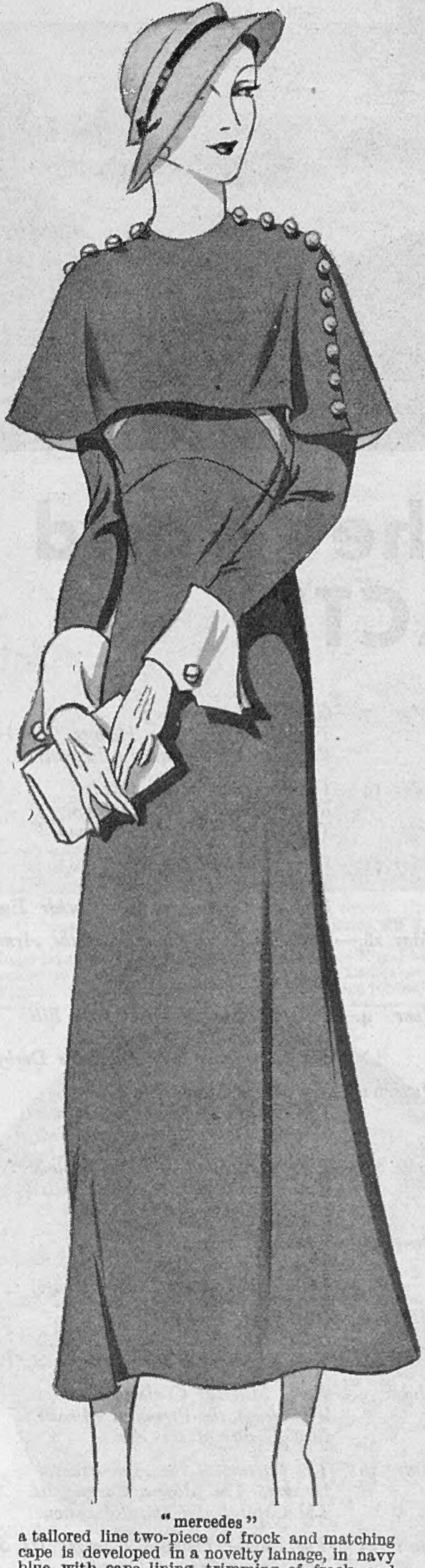


V.807.—Charming navy blue Felt Hat, with navy and blue stitched petersham ribbon and steel buttons in front. These hats are made in our own workrooms and can be made in any fitting and colour. **Price 29/6**

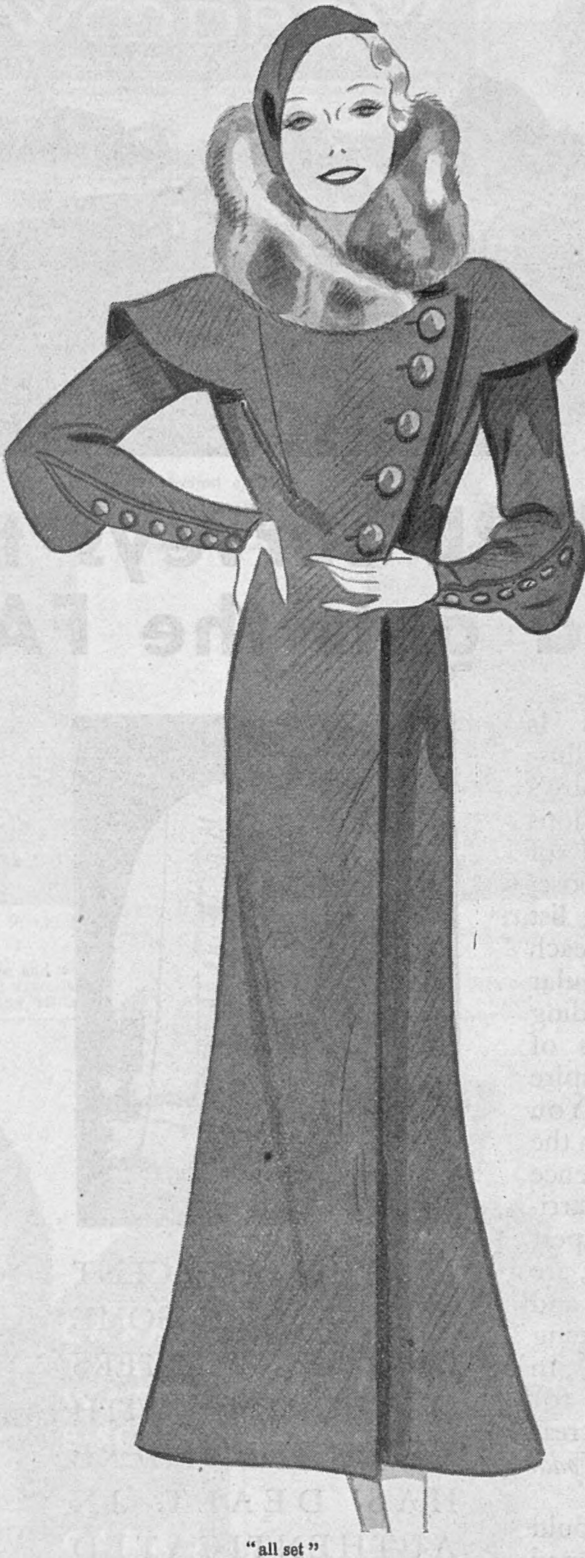


V.811.—Charming Felt Hat with small brim trimmed with felt band and finished with steel ornament. This hat is made in our own workrooms in all colours. **Price 39/6**

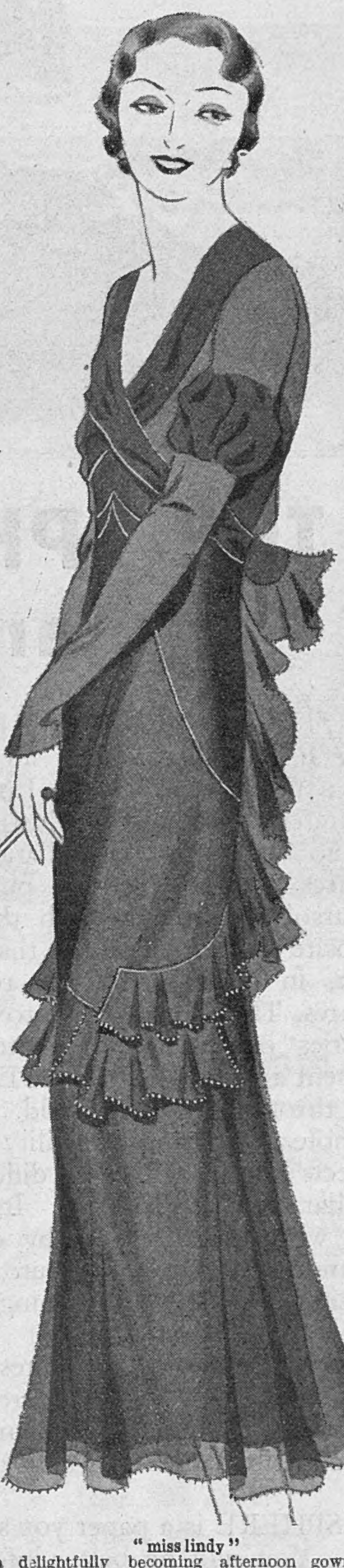
Woolland Bros. Ltd. *Knightsbridge, S.W.1*



"mercedes"
a tailored line two-piece of frock and matching cape is developed in a novelty lainage, in navy blue with cape lining, trimming of frock, and buttons in white. cash five and a half guineas, or sixteen shillings and sixpence monthly.



"all set"
a coat in a diagonal weave woollen shews the wide shoulder influence and has its snug collar of dyed squirrel. buttons are an important factor in its trimming too. cash eight guineas, or twenty-four shillings monthly.



"miss lindy"
a delightfully becoming afternoon gown in georgette shews the period motif in its bustle-like upward frilled skirt and the fichu line of the bodice. in many shades. cash five guineas, or fifteen shillings monthly.

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these three corot models

are shewn here merely as an indication of the perfectly amazing range of corot originations now being shewn in their bond street showroom. there could be no more profitable way for a woman of fashion to spend an hour one morning than to stroll down bond street and come into yardley house in order to see what progress has been made in the way of personal dressmaking for the fastidious woman, who to-day finds her income, as so many do, seriously depleted. if the instalment method of settling the account is considered an advantage, this would be but one of the added attractions attached to buying your autumn and winter outfit from this famous model house.

a catalogue sent free upon request to dept. b. 57 a.

for a further announcement see page 1.

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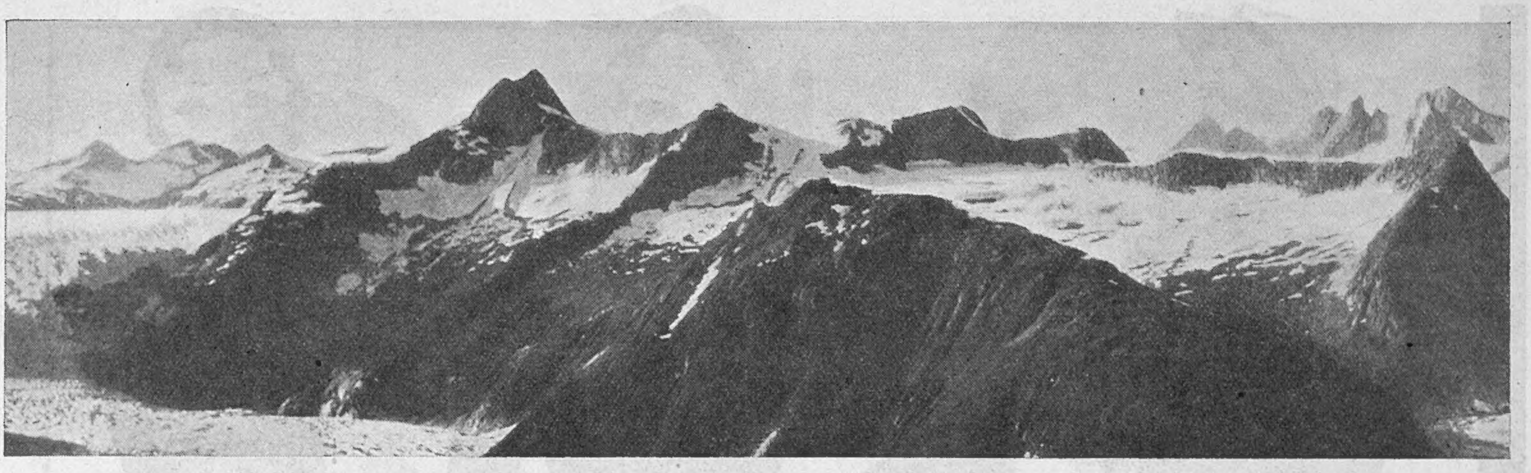

THE SPHERE surveys the World and gets the FACTS

WHILST The SPHERE is first and foremost an illustrated weekly—the Empire's illustrated weekly—its illustrations are not merely a compilation of pictures without plan or purpose. A cursory glance through the list opposite will convince you that each week, in addition to the regular features, The SPHERE is providing a series of articles on matters of moment at home, within the Empire and throughout the world. You will note an amazing versatility in the subjects dealt with—a difference peculiar to The SPHERE. Its articles, well authenticated by expert and much-travelled contributors, are presented in an entertaining and informative way without being "heavy." Women's interests in every phase are being catered for each week by the well-known creative contributor, *Miss Dorothy Todd.*

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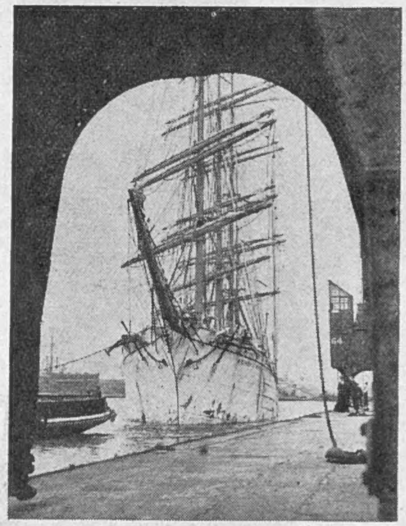

IN THE ADJACENT COLUMN ARE SOME OF THE MATTERS OF MOMENT WITH WHICH *THE SPHERE* HAS DEALT IN AUTHENTICATED ARTICLES DURING THE PAST THREE :: :: MONTHS. :: ::

May 7.—Gold Versus Sterling.
The Ghost of Peace Haunts The Hague.
Propping Up Germany's Frontiers.

May 14.—The Holocaust of the Roads.
Modern Builders of Babylon.
The Amazing Madame Hanau.

May 21.—Swords Into Ploughshares.
The Lights of London.
Linking Together a Ramshackle Empire.

May 28.—With the C. B. Cochran of the Army.
Britain's Biggest Road.
Europe's Tottering Stage.

June 4.—The Centenary of the Reform Bill.
Franco-German Anomaly.
The Clergyman Who Runs the Derby.

June 11.—The Horse Means Big Business.
The Growth of Mental Armaments.
Crowded Hours of Glorious Season Life.

June 18.—The Snatchers of Sourland Mount.
If English County Cricket Fails?
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June 25.—Riot in Bombay.
This Chemical Age.
The Gorilla of the Belgian Congo.

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The Come-Back of Germany's Crown Prince.

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Woodrow Hat

B. & E. "The Madeline." Charming hat for smart Matron in Woodrow's unspottable felt with crown edge and binding of silk Hatter's Plush. **49/6.**

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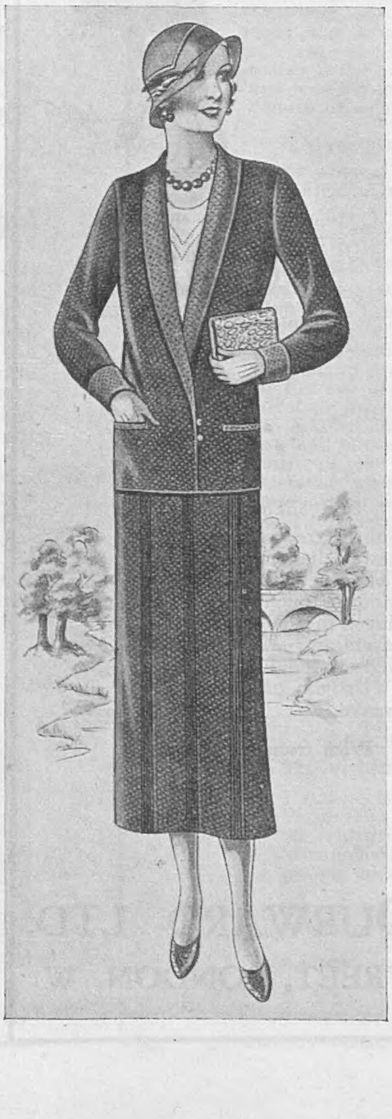

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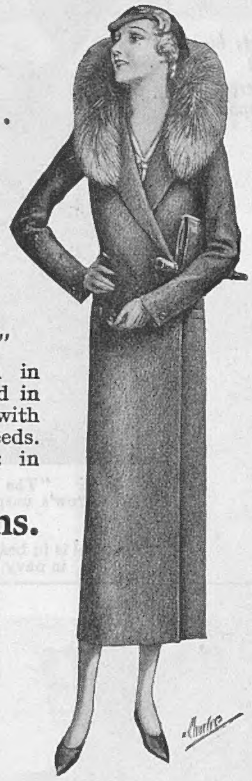

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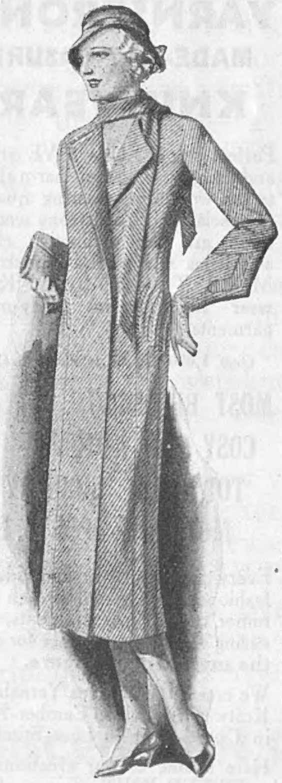

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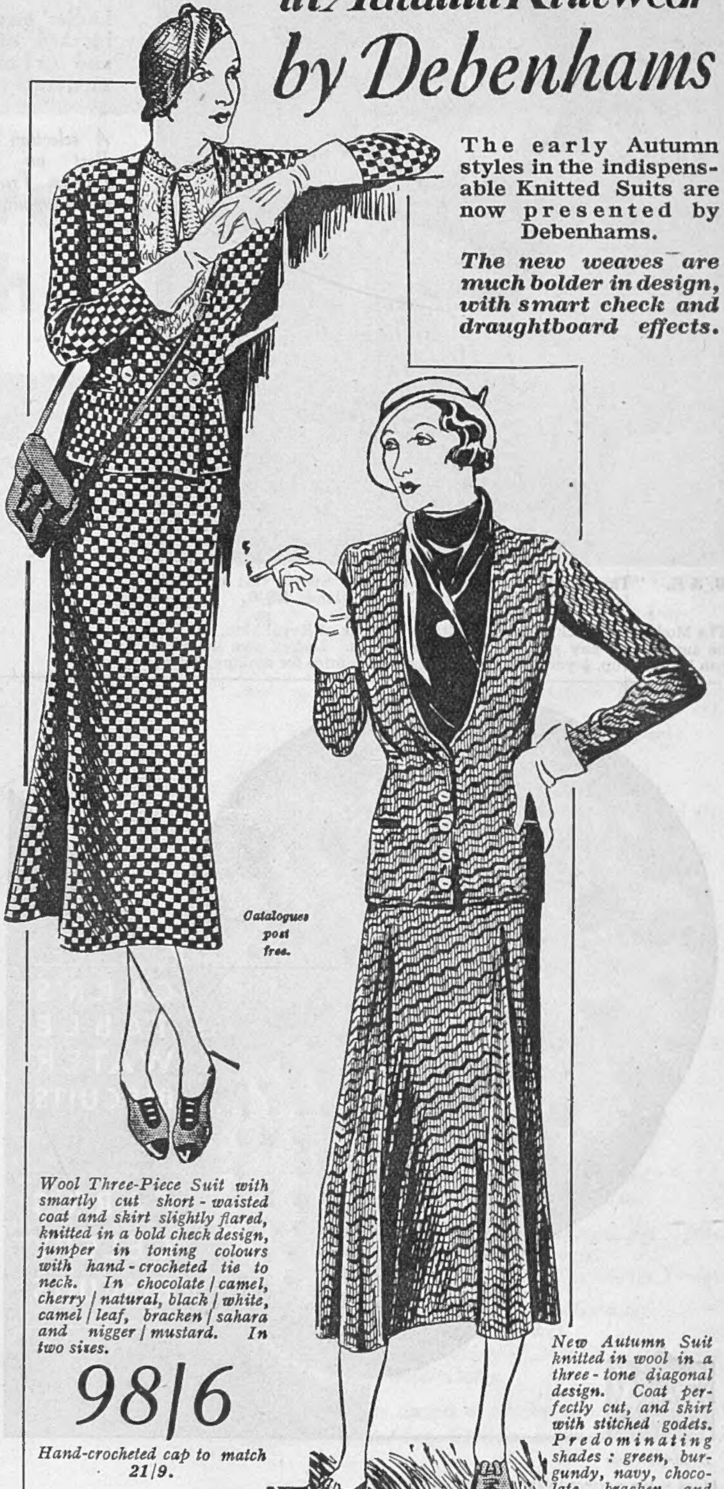

The early Autumn styles in the indispensable Knitted Suits are now presented by Debenhams.

The new weaves are much bolder in design, with smart check and draughtboard effects.

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Wool Three-Piece Suit with smartly cut short-waisted coat and skirt slightly flared, knitted in a bold check design, jumper in toning colours with hand-crocheted tie to neck. In chocolate / camel, cherry / natural, black / white, camel / leaf, bracken / sahara and nigger / mustard. In two sizes.

98/6

Hand-crocheted cap to match 21/9.

Sent on approval.

New Autumn Suit knitted in wool in a three-tone diagonal design. Coat perfectly cut, and skirt with stitched godets. Predominating shades: green, burgundy, navy, chocolate, bracken and camel. In three sizes.

59/6

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P.838

BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 5: No. 3 September, 1932

Editorial

The Human Boy

BOYS in their tens of thousands return to school this month to be walloped literally after a dose of journalistic flogging during the holidays. For yet again have we been told that the human boy is not what he was and is beyond a doubt not what he should be. "Publicists" have proclaimed the fact. Doctors and Deans have wagged their heads wisely and despondently. Even some schoolmasters themselves have contributed expert opinion and it has not been favourable.

Some consolation may be derived from this combined assault on the modern boy in the fact that it has allowed the modern girl for the time being to remain immune. It having been left undecided whether the modern girl—the Aunt Sally of sensationalism since the days of Mrs. Lynn Lynton—is a chaste and businesslike Amazon or a spineless degenerate drowning herself in a morass of cocktail parties and illicit amours, her younger brother has had to come under the microscope and be found wanting.

He is accused of "peacockry" and of lack of the spirit of adventure. "Peacockry" (the awkward word now has academic sanction) would be called by those not invariably determined to look on the black side of things a decent pride in one's personal appearance. It seems, therefore, that the schoolboy is to get it in the neck whether he washes it or no. If he is the crumpled-collared, ink-stained urchin we have known him to be, he is deemed a sloven and a slacker, and condemned accordingly. If his hair is smooth and his clothes brushed—here is "peacockry."

Yet when did not most schoolboys pass through a period when pocket money was spent on bottles of brilliantine and there were surreptitious glances at a square-inch mirror with a two-inch comb? Such "peacockry" is as natural as the measles and attacks are rarely fatal.

The second charge is more serious, since it comes near to a charge of cowardice. If the educational system is to blame, it cannot be blamed for much. It is not easy when the aim is to standardise and to cast all boys in much the same mould for the individual to indulge in doughty deeds—from running away to sea to robbing an apple-orchard. Any tendency to display "the spirit of adventure" would result in immediate punishment.

But the system is the same to-day as it was a generation ago. And many schoolboys of those times went from the sixth form to the trenches in a few weeks and showed themselves ready for the greatest adventure of all time. So, too, would the schoolboy of 1932 should occasion call. There is no need to moan over him.

Last month every copy of "Britannia & Eve" contained an Autographed Presentation Portrait of Tallulah Bankhead. With this issue we give our readers a signed portrait of Ronald Colman.

Study the "Dress your LINE"

WHEN the stunning, smart Joan Crawford first came to Hollywood she was described as " a buxom, hey-hey Follies girl "

MOTION PICTURES is an industry of personalities. Not many of the stars are raving beauties. They have made themselves appear so by high-lighting their beauty points, throwing their weak features into the shadows. The same thing applies to their figures and the way they dress them. Experts have agreed that there is only one perfect form in Hollywood—Dolores Del Rio's. Bebe Daniels' comes second. Among the stars are to be found broad hips, protruding shoulder blades, flat chests. Some are too tall, too short, too plump in spots, even as you and I. But the world isn't aware of it. What physical defects the stars have been unable to overcome through exercise, diet or plastic surgery, they have learned to conceal by clever costuming.

The average woman can develop fascination equal to that of the movie stars if she is willing to slave as hard as they have done—make it a regular job of studying her " line."

Now " line," according to filmland's interpretation, isn't confined to contour of figure.. As Adrian, authoritative stylist for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, explains it, " A woman's line doesn't mean her physical form. It is much more important for a woman to dress her personality than her body.

" So many women have personalities other than their bodies, so many women feel they would adore to look like Garbo but are really more like Shearer. They should consider their inner as well as exterior selves, and dress the combination."

As amplified by Max Ree, former Radio Pictures' stylist, " Fashion eyes are revolving. They turn inward and outward. Outward just long enough to see each detail of the latest mode—inward to see how it can be applied to one's personality."

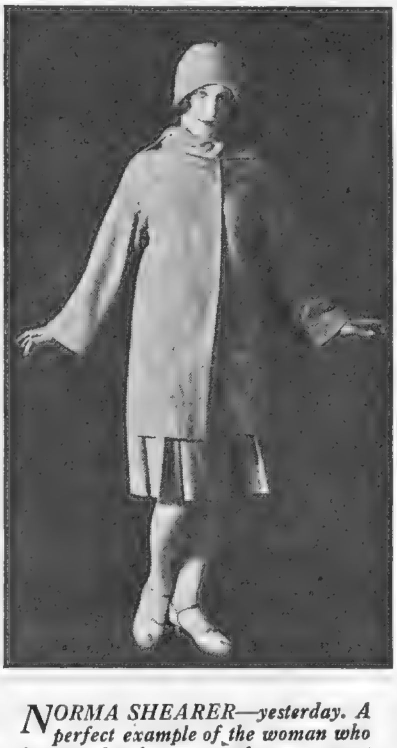
In short, the stars have developed the fine art of dressing their personalities rather than their persons !

Gloria Swanson is a superb challenge to every woman. She had a short, funny figure, an upturned nose, large teeth. She was self-conscious and awkward. But ambition and a steel will drove her to become the czarina of the screen. Clothes were the steps on which she ascended the throne !

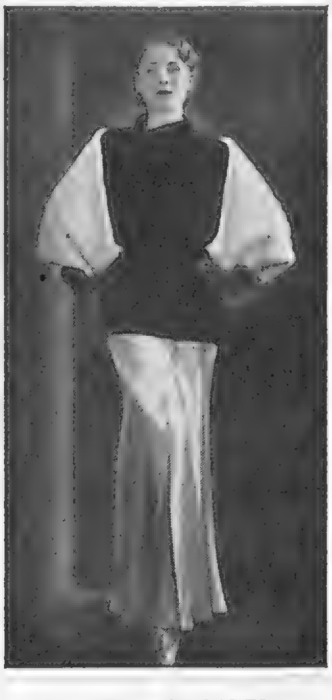
Ever since Cecil De Mille discovered that the Sennett bathing beauty could be made to wear clothes with distinction, exotic personalities have been developed in Hollywood. Scarcely a day passes that some Cinderella-like transformation does not take place behind closed doors of studio wardrobe departments.

THE most recent metamorphosis of a screen personality is the case of Greta Garbo. When the Swedish star came to Hollywood two years ago, she was a gauche, heavy, large-boned girl with long neck and ungainly manner of carrying her head. To-day she is the most sensational, glamorous vampire on the screen—doubly interesting and significant when you contemplate that she has influenced styles as no other actress has done.

" Garbo wears the unexpected," explains Adrian, who creates the costumes which make her so divinely alluring. " It is out of



NORMA SHEARER—yesterday. A perfect example of the woman who has made the most of every asset



NORMA SHEARER—to-day. She looks best in sports and tailored clothes

STARS and

By

M. O. Peak

—as they say in Hollywood

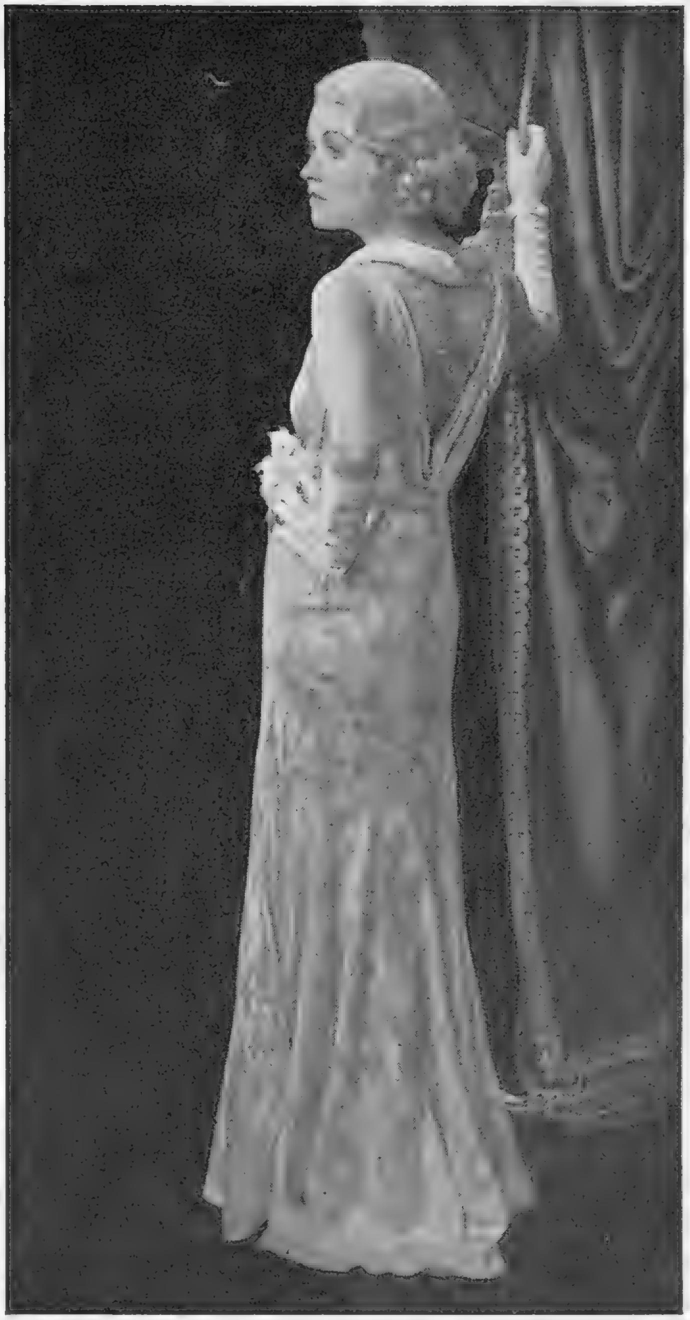
unexpected that style is born, and the influence comes.

"When I first saw Garbo, she looked at least ten years older than she does to-day. She was wearing narrow shoulders, high Elizabethan collars, which were accenting the motion-picture side of her nature. She was hiding her youth and her real self. People went to see her like a freak. As a result, she was becoming artificial, an unreal person.

"In 'A Woman of Affairs' I put her in sports clothes. They feared she would lose all her allure if she came down to earth. But so amazingly beautiful is her face, she is just as intriguing in a sweater. I created the broad shoulders for her—which has become the silhouette of to-day. Broad shoulders give a smaller hip, great youth, independence—all of which are a part of Garbo's character.

RUTH CHATTERTON solved the problem of a short, plump figure with smart simplicity

LILYAN TASHMAN, conceded to be the best-dressed woman on the screen



CONSTANCE BENNETT'S back is too thin. Most of her evening gowns are designed with cowl drapes in the back, or a resemblance of a scarf casually thrown around the neck

"Garbo is unique, rare. She thinks directly, is not superficial. With her type, you approach the definite, pure, classical person. She reacts to the essence of good taste—classical simplicity, the basis on which you build good clothes.

"The greatest number of women stick to pure line. The late rush of feminine fluff died a quick death because it was ridiculously out of tune with our practical lives. The same thing applies to clothes as to the classic columns of the buildings in Greece—carve them and you would have something ornate and far less beautiful.

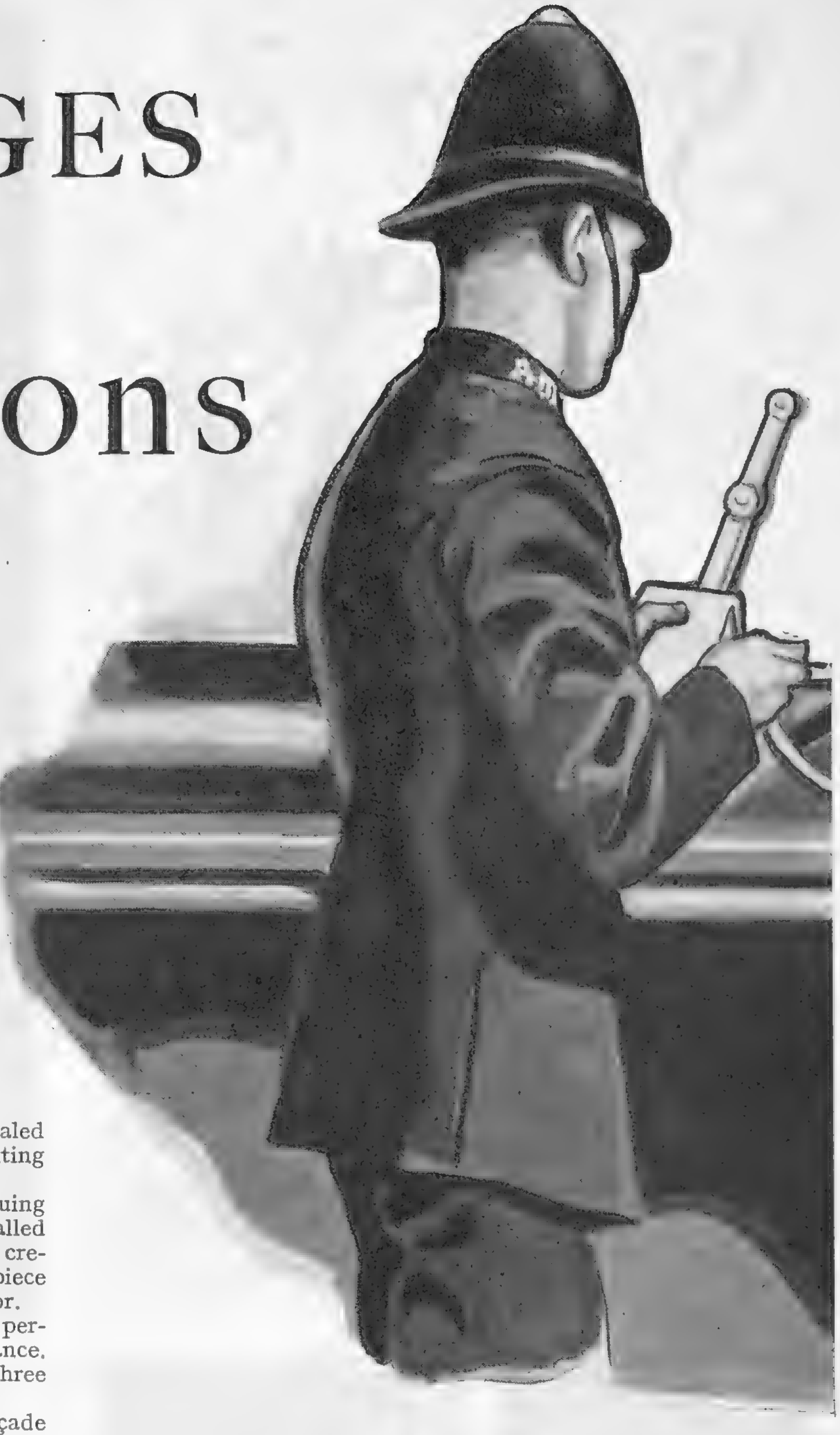
"Garbo's things always retain that simplicity of line, always will be personal. I never take any notice of prevailing modes when I create a costume for her. Being a modern myself, I do not want to create anything old-fashioned in feeling. I want to create a style for Garbo which continues to be individual in spite of styles.

"If something she wears is interesting to the great mass of people, it has its influence as a nucleus for style. We aren't conscious of that influence which is so striking at the time, but after a while we see that it is essentially a good line and if modified, can be used.

"In 'Mata Hari,' Garbo was an extraordinarily eccentric figure. She was a person out of bounds, leading a life which couldn't enter even remotely into the average woman's. Yet the picture hadn't been released a month before her Juliette caps were being as widely copied as her béret."

When Joan Crawford first came to Hollywood she was described as "a buxom, hey-hey Follies girl." (*Contd. on page* 100)

ORANGES *and* Lemons



MISS JANET ORANGE was driving home from a party. The fact is worth recording if only for its rarity. From ninety-nine parties out of a hundred Miss Orange, an elfin blond, was driven home.

But Janet had a streak of independence and a roadster, and occasionally they both ran away with her.

So it had been to-night. Janet drove like the wind, and like the wind, which bloweth where it listeth, had blown into a party, at which most of the guests were already listing heavily. Whose party it had been Janet had not the faintest idea: but all her friends had been there, so that was all right. Champagne—chatter—caresses (some good, some middling, some expert)—and a band. What a band! It had been a rhythmic riot, an Urge in evening dress.

It was really the band that was responsible for Janet's collision. She was still tapping her feet to "The Peanut Vendor" as she turned her roadster into Conduit Street, and accelerator-pedals (alas!) are by no means unsusceptible to syncopation. The big car lurched round the corner in an entirely disreputable manner and charged the rearmost cab of a thickly populated rank.

Following the first impact a series of sharp cracks revealed the fact that Janet had done to that taxi-rank what a shunting engine does to a row of trucks.

Language of a distinctly prejudiced nature now began issuing from the cabs, whose drivers had thus rudely been recalled from a slightly beery oblivion. The chorus swelled to a crescendo as the drivers crawled out and surveyed as neat a piece of telescoping as even a French engine-driver could wish for.

Out of a possible total of fifteen radiators Janet had permanently waved thirteen, a highly creditable performance. Sundries included nine wings, twenty-five lamps and three meters.

Then, of course, the Law arrived. Over the ruined façade of her roadster, the Law peered at Janet and said "Ho." The taxi-drivers gathered round and said many things with that artistry only possessed by taxi-drivers. The Law again said "Ho."

Then Janet felt it was her turn to say something. "I'm too terribly sorry," said Janet.

Her voice seemed to break a spell. The Law took the situation in one hand and a notebook in the other. Name—address—where—when—how—what direction—how fast—? Janet gasped like a mermaid on dry land. Then:

"May I see your licence, miss?"

"Birth, marriage or dog?" asked Janet in a still small voice.

That was her first mistake. The Law bristled.

"Any of your imperence and along with me you'll come."

"Amen," said the taxi-drivers.

"Come on, now," said the Law. "I want your driving licence."

"O.K." said Janet.

She dived into a leather pocket inside the roadster's lean flank, and produced an imposing collection of documents.

To be exact, she produced a postcard from Biarritz, an income-tax form, a final demand note, several bills and a prospectus of the Gleneagles Hotel. But not even the assurance that he could have a Tudor suite for three guineas a day seemed to placate the Law. He'd asked for a driving licence and he hadn't got it. The Law drew himself up.

"You'll 'ave to be summoned," he said.

"'S right," said the taxi-drivers.

"Oh, go to hell!" said Janet.

That was her second mistake.

"Imperence!" shouted the Law. "That's wot. Now you'll come along with me."

And so, in the fulness of time, Janet Orange came to Wine Street Police Station, the Mayfair Bastille.

AT Wine Street Janet took stock of her situation. She had never before been locked in anything more uncomfortable than an embrace, so that the apartment to which she was now consigned, under the care of a weather-beaten wardress, struck her as inhospitable in the extreme.

Janet's mental processes were direct. She was in prison. There was no thrill to be derived from being in prison, like being in *The Tatler* or in love. So she must leave prison at her earliest convenience.

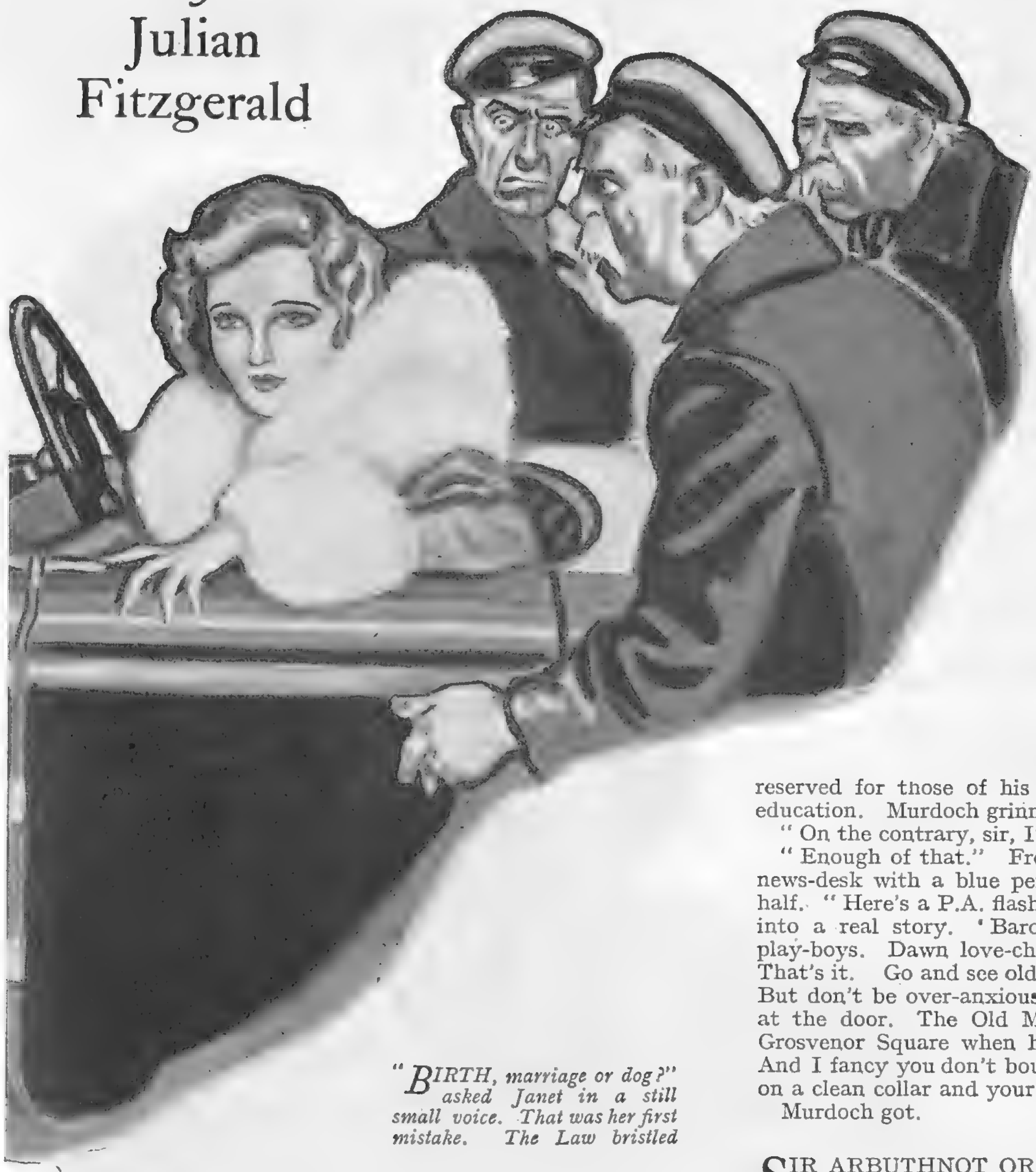
She powdered her nose thoughtfully. How *did* one break jail? On the films one did it with a machine-gun or a cheque-book. But *débutantes* seldom carry either, and Janet was of that faery company.

Bail! Why on earth hadn't she thought of that before? It would be nice to be bailed out. Especially out of Wine Street, where, of course, all the smartest bailings take place.

Then another idea flickered into Janet's consciousness—an idea which induced her to rub some of the powder off her nose again, and to look, as far as she might, a Plaything of Fate.

A Mayfair Comedy of Errors

By Julian Fitzgerald



"BIRTH, marriage or dog?" asked Janet in a still small voice. That was her first mistake. The Law bristled

Of the wardress she inquired:

"Can I get into touch with some friends on the telephone?"

The wardress scratched a nose which looked as if it was used to it.

"It's against police regerlations for you to speak yourself. You can give a message if you want to, and the sergeant may telephone it through for you. I'll fetch 'im."

The sergeant came, saw and was conquered.

"Oh, please, Inspector," said Janet, "would you 'phone through to the people on this list, and give each of them the message I've written underneath?"

The sergeant looked at the leaf from the tiny notebook, and blinked. Then he looked again. Finally he spluttered:

"But look 'ere, miss——"

"*Please*, Superintendent."

Janet's eyes were big, and they swept the sergeant off his feet, which were even bigger. But the eyes had it.

"Orl right," said the sergeant.

AT six-fifteen a.m. on that eventful morning, James Strathdoughnutt's Hispano-Suiza squealed to a halt outside Wine Street Police Station. Hardly had James disappeared dungeonwards than young "Toothy" Entwhistle's Bentley and Freddie Fotheringay's Alfa-Romeo slithered simultaneously to the kerb.

Ten minutes later two passers-by were afforded the opulent panorama of eleven cars, sleek and slender as arrows, clustered outside the constabular ramparts. And if the two passers-by wondered what should have induced eleven of London's most precious young men to greet the dawn in Wine Street, they certainly did not guess it had been the voice of a police sergeant crying in the telephone:

"A Miss Orange has been taken into custody 'ere. She wished me to say: 'Darling, you're the only one I can rely on. Come to Wine Street and bail out little Janet and we'll live happily ever after.'"

As a matter of fact the two passers-by never guessed anything. They made their living by making sure. Like a pair of unobtrusive stoats, they slipped into the station.

"Looks like a good story," said Frobisher, news-editor of the *Daily Messenger*—that outspoken National daily which never hesitates to call a Spade a Blunt Instrument. Frobisher glanced affectionately at the sheet of paper in his hand. "Send in Murdoch," he said.

Murdoch was sent in.

"You're supposed to be a gentleman, aren't you, Murdoch?" asked Frobisher in the tone he reserved for those of his staff handicapped by a university education. Murdoch grinned.

"On the contrary, sir, I'm supposed to be a journalist."

"Enough of that." Frobisher stabbed at the paper on the news-desk with a blue pencil of which he had already eaten half. "Here's a P.A. flash that's just come in. Might develop into a real story. 'Baronet's daughter bailed by posse of play-boys. Dawn love-chase. Reported engagement sequel.' That's it. Go and see old Orange and the girl too, if possible. But don't be over-anxious to announce yourself as a reporter at the door. The Old Man's footmen threw McTavish into Grosvenor Square when he went up on that combine story. And I fancy you don't bounce as well as McTavish. Now put on a clean collar and your collegiate manners and get going."

Murdoch got.

SIR ARBUTHNOT ORANGE, Bart., the marmalade magnate, was having breakfast. Sir Arbuthnot had all the attributes of a gentleman, which is to say he had a crest on his car, and a tax on his income. He was proud of his crest because he had designed it himself, which is more than a good many Baronets can say. He was exceedingly proud of his income because he had made it himself, and it was as fat as his only daughter was slender. And most of all he was proud of that daughter, that golden creature, who might have stepped straight out of a Fragonard, but who had, in point of fact, just stepped out of a Hispano-Suiza.

"Take your time, Jimmy," that daughter was saying anxiously to a young man at the wheel—a young man with the eyes of a retriever walking in its sleep. "Think it over. Make sure of your own mind. I know I said in the message——"

"I'm taking you at your word, darling," bleated the young man, jerking his gear-lever into bottom, "and I'll call on your father as soon as I've had a shave and a grape-fruit." There was a roar, and the Hispano shot out of focus.

"B—but——" said Janet, and then, shrugging elegant shoulders, let herself into the Orange home.

The latter was one of the largest houses in Grosvenor Square, where blood runs blue and water runs h. and c. To Janet, tiptoeing in conspiratorial silence from the front door across the hall towards the stairs, it seemed about the size of the Crystal Palace.

Still, she had actually got within a yard of the staircase when the morning-room door opened and the First Baronet, a copy of *The Times* crumpled under his arm, surged into the hall. On his face was a look of concern and a certain amount of marmalade.

"Damn' disgraceful!" the First Baronet was muttering. "A national scandal! Feller Snowden ought to be——"

He broke off as he noticed Janet. There was an ominous silence as the significance of her pale gleaming wrap and satin slippers sank in. At last he spluttered:

"What—where the devil have you been?"

Janet tossed an unrepentant curl.

"'I've been a-milking, sir,' she said."

"You've certainly come home with it. It's absolutely disgraceful! A national scan—that is to say, a scandal. Have you any explanation?"

Janet had. But would Pops darling mind listening to it in the morning-room, as his little Janet craved an egg?

Pops darling listened in the morning-room. Janet, even when mixing her metaphors with egg, was no mean *raconteuse*. By the time she was sketching in the arrival of the relief column at Wine Street, the Baronet had developed a severe cough—so severe, indeed, that he was obliged to keep his handkerchief permanently over his face. So Janet kissed him and he broke down completely.

"Oh!" gasped Sir Arbuthnot. "Ah!"

"But I haven't quite finished, pops."

"Eh—how do you mean?"

"Well, so as to make certain that *somebody* would bail me out—naturally I didn't want to make you, darling—I had to make the bait attractive."

"Bait . . .?"

"Yes. All those dear idiots had proposed to me at one time or another. Some more than others. So I got the sergeant to telephone each of them to the effect that the man who ransomed me would win my hand and heart."

"Good God!" shouted Sir Arbuthnot. He paused for breath. "And may I ask which Galahad got in first? Tell me the worst."

"Jimmy Strathdoughnutt beat Freddie Fotheringay by a short head. He's coming round to see you at any moment."

"But, dammit, you don't mean to tell me you're going through with this—this—transaction? You're not in love with this nincompoop, are you?"

"Of course not, pops. He's got a nice face and a Hispano-Suiza, but I don't love him. That's where you come in."

"What the devil d'you mean?"

"He's coming round to see you—about me. You've got to talk to him—about us."

"Us?"

"The Family. Frighten him, pops. Frighten him so badly he'll go and marry a policewoman for protection. Tell him that there's insanity in the family or that we've snored for generations—anything. Only treat him rough."

"I will," said the First Baronet grimly.

MURDOCH, of the *Messenger*, was no coward, but his heart sank to his carefully polished boots as he rang the door-bell of the Orange home. After an interval the door opened and Murdoch found himself in the presence of a distinctly vintage butler. To his surprise this butler regarded him with none of that acidity which the minion of *The Messenger* had learnt to expect from the attendants of the Great.

"Your name, sir?" The butler looked almost benevolent.

"Mbrmph," muttered Murdoch, who, under this cryptic *nom-de-guerre*, had frequently rushed in where better-paid colleagues had feared to tread.

"Ah, yes," replied the butler. "I fancy Sir Arbuthnot is expecting you. This way, sir."

Dangerously easy, so far, thought Murdoch. How could Old Orange be expecting him?

The butler threw open a door and showed Murdoch into a mellow, panelled room, at the far end of which an elderly man sat at a desk, with his back to the light.

"Mr. Mbrmph," coughed the butler, and withdrew.

Sir Arbuthnot got up from his chair and extended a hand.

"Come in, my boy—sit down. Have a cigar. Have a whisky and soda."

The startled Murdoch found himself in a deep chair, with a Corona projecting like a bowsprit from his pink face. The whisky and soda he refused.

"I hope you'll pardon me calling on you, Sir Arbuthnot," he managed to say at last. "But I wanted to see you on the subject of—er—that is, the subject of——"

"My daughter?"

Murdoch began to feel a little dazed. Was this a frame-up?

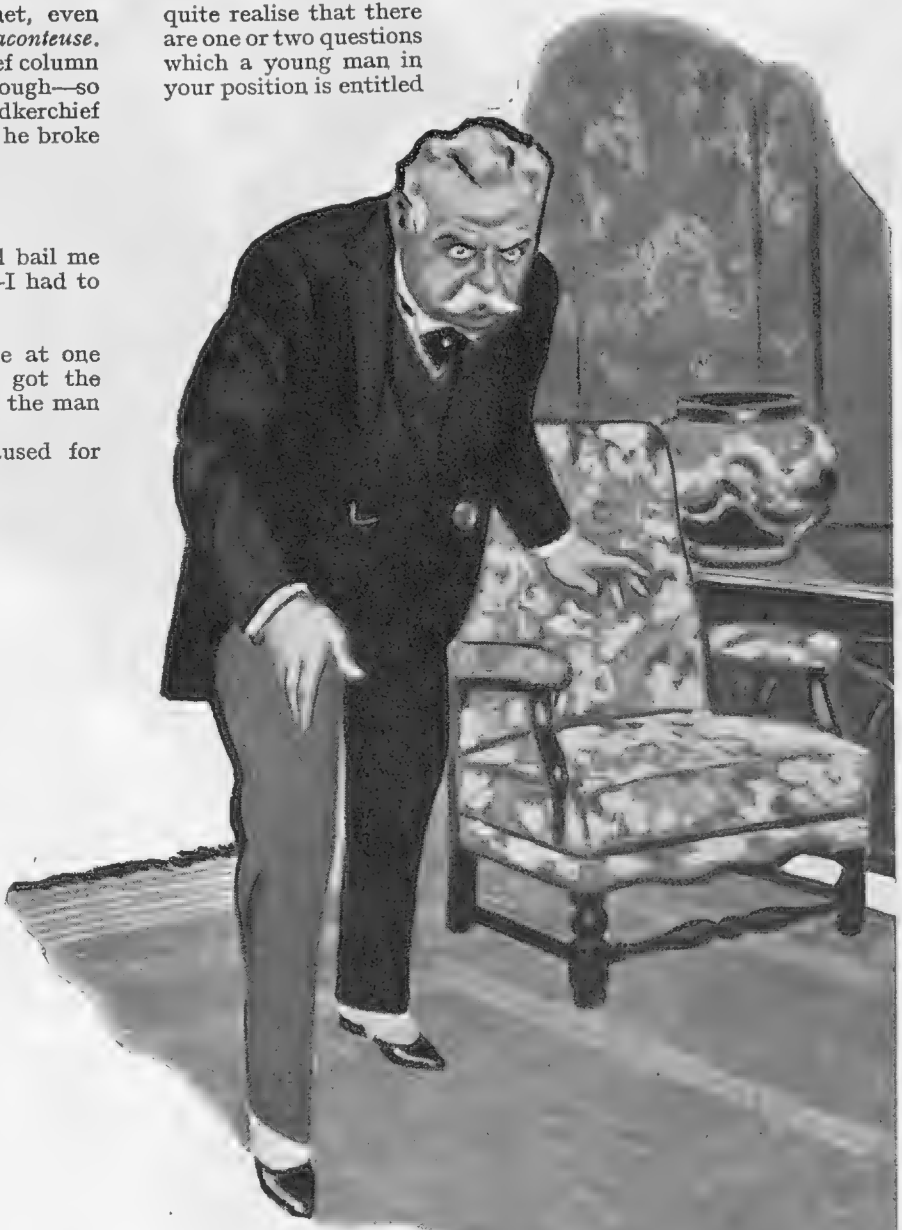
"Well—ahem!—yes, Sir Arbuthnot. In—in connection with the—er—affair—I mean the little—er—incident at Wine Street this morning, that is——"

"Of course, my boy, of course. I quite understand. From your point of view I suppose it was—ha—quite an important little incident—eh, what?"

And for the first time in his life Murdoch was dug in the ribs by a baronet. He mopped the perspiration from his face.

"Very important," he admitted. So the old fish knew all about it anyway. But would he spill any dope?

"Naturally, naturally," continued Sir Arbuthnot, "and I quite realise that there are one or two questions which a young man in your position is entitled to ask. Have a whisky and soda."



"Thank you," said Murdoch. This was the easiest interview ever.

"For instance, you would, I take it, like to know something of our family."

"Thank you very much," said Murdoch.

"Well, it is a long and somewhat unsavoury story," confessed Sir Arbuthnot, with enthusiasm. "On her poor dear mother's side—I am a widower, you know—Janet is descended from a long line of hopeless dipsomaniacs in Cumberland, whose origin is lost in the mists of iniquity. With the exception of my poor dear wife, they all drank themselves to an early grave. Have a whisky and soda."

"Thank you very much indeed," said Murdoch, his eyes shining. He could see his first paragraph already. "My side of the family," went on the Baronet with relish, "possesses an even blacker record. My ancestors were West Country onion-growers, a fact on which even their best friends were loth to comment. For six generations, moreover, we have suffered from hereditary insanity. My great-grandfather used to go about everywhere with a piece of pork, under the firm impression that he was a bean. My grandfather was a homicidal maniac. And my father spent his life collecting left-handed butterfly nets. I, myself, suffer from hallucinations and invariably take my soup with a bicycle-pump. You can, therefore, easily realise that what Janet did this morning was nothing more than the impulse of an unbalanced temperament. Have a whisky-and-soda."

. . .

"Sir Arbuthnot," said Murdoch, with tears of emotion in his eyes, "you have done me a great service—a service which I shall never forget. And now I hope you will not think it ungrateful of me if I hurry off?"

"Not at all, my boy, not at all. Circumstances, of course, alter—Why, Janet—"

"Hullo, pops darling," said Janet, "I just looked in to ask you not to be too hard on my boy-friend when he arrives." Then she noticed Murdoch. She gave him a dazzling smile. "Sorry. Thought you were alone, pops. But aren't you going to introduce me?"

"Intro—introduce you——?" he gibbered.

"Yes, please," said Janet.

"Bub-bub-bub-but isn't that your boy-friend?" Sir Arbuthnot stabbed an accusing finger at Murdoch.

"Not yet," said Janet.

"If you will excuse me, Sir Arbuthnot," said Murdoch, hurriedly, "I'll be getting back to the office. My editor——"

"Your WHAT?" shouted Sir Arbuthnot.

"My editor, Sir Arbuthnot. I know he will feel, as I do, that you have been extraordinarily frank and generous in granting me this exclusive interview."

"Look here," howled the Baronet, "isn't your name Strathdoughnutt?"

"No, Sir Arbuthnot. Murdoch is the name, of the *Daily Messenger*."

The Baronet seemed about to burst. His mouth opened and shut like a cod's, but no words came.

Then suddenly his atrophied senses seemed to revive. With a roar he dived at Murdoch, who side-stepped with that agility which Fleet Street instils into its sons. Feeling, however, that the diving season had now opened, Murdoch himself dived for the door. As he went, the infuriated Baronet picked up an oriental vase and hurled it at the reporter.

The vase passed Murdoch far out to starboard and hit a slender young man who was just entering the door. The slender young man slipped quietly on to a priceless Bokhara rug.

"OH, Oh, Oh!" wailed Janet. "It's James, and you've killed him." She rushed across to the inanimate form of the slender young man and propped his head in her lap. "James dearest, Jimmy darling, Jimbo my pet," sobbed Janet, disintegrating portions of Ming pottery from James Strathdoughnutt. "Oh, I never knew how much I cared till now."

"Nor did I," muttered the Baronet, gazing at his vase.

Janet turned on him. "Why don't you *do* something instead of standing there like a fish?"

"Fishes don't stand," said the Baronet testily. "What *does* one do?"

"Get some water. Get a doctor. Get Simpson. And get a move on."

They got some water. They got a doctor. They got Simpson. And James Strathdoughnutt got better. So much better that during the afternoon he cornered Sir Arbuthnot in the library and applied for the position of son-in-law.

"Now look here, young man," said Sir Arbuthnot firmly. "I've got plenty of Ming vases but only one daughter. Do you love her?"

"Sir Arbuthnot, I worship the ground she walks on."

"H'm, I should not remind Janet of that too often. She might start running. Does she love you?"

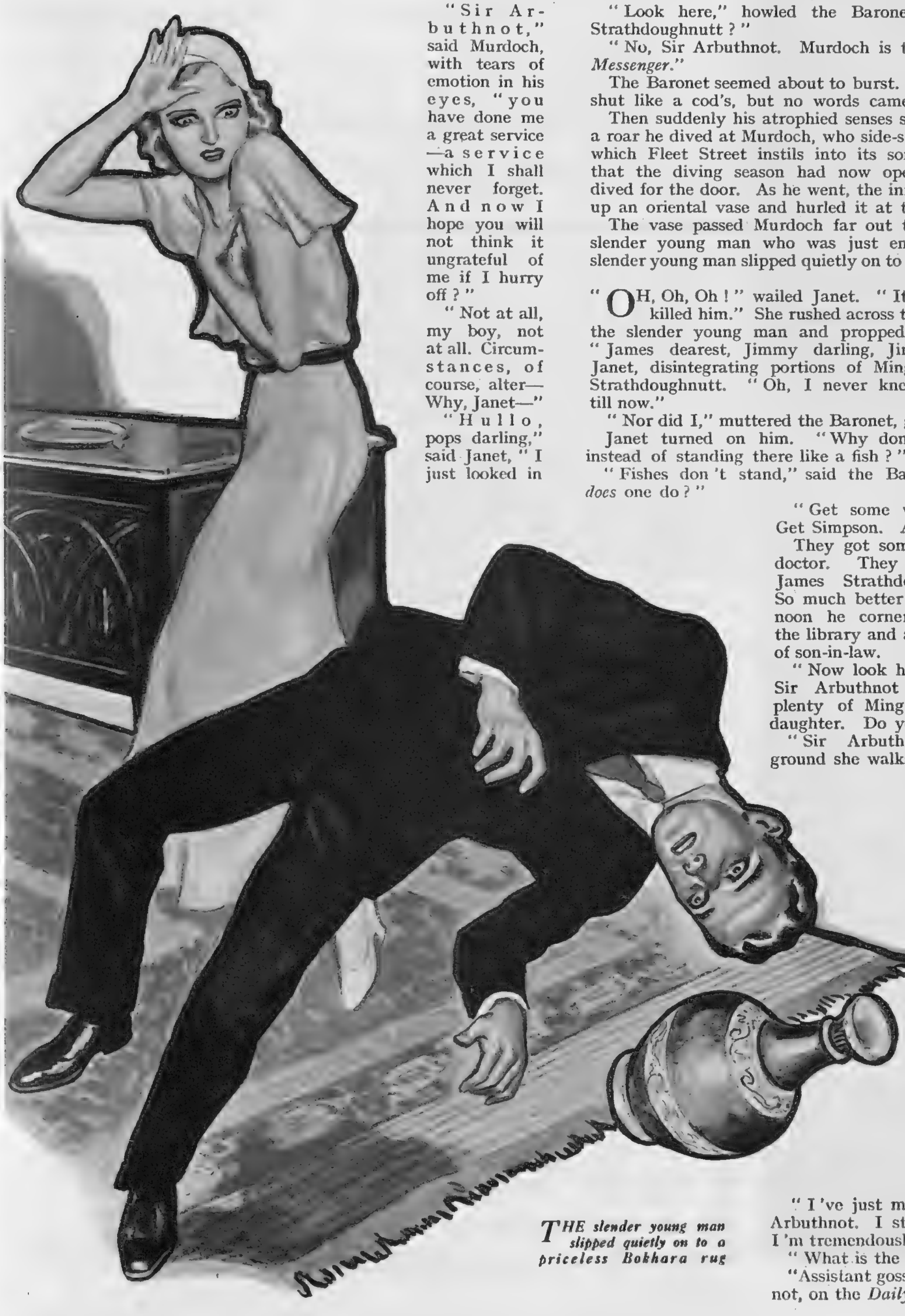
"Well, Sir Arbuthnot, she has just told me that I look like Gary Cooper, and I hoped——"

"Yes, yes—that's a good sign. But I want to impress this on you, young man: I don't care whether you're a millionaire or a stockbroker; the man who marries Janet must have a JOB."

"I've just managed to get one, Sir Arbuthnot. I start next Monday, and I'm tremendously keen to get to work."

"What is the job?"

"Assistant gossip-writer, Sir Arbuthnot, on the *Daily Messenger*."



THE slender young man slipped quietly on to a priceless Bokhara rug

The BROTHERHOOD

"The Persons—Men and Women-
vilest of trades . . . are of many
different languages. In spite of a
. . . 'Each for himself' is the guiding
of Society are real Parasites who live

SHE had expected to be rushed off to Constantinople in the Simplon-Orient express, and she thought it terribly thrilling of him to take her instead by sea, six days lolling across the Mediterranean in a little cargo-boat. Her first dawn out she saw the rising sun turn the peaks of the Corsican mountains to gold. She saw sailing-boats with lateen rigs threading the Ionian narrows, a marble temple against a sunset hill in Attica, the snow-cap of Parnassus, and the mountains which for ever guard Arcady. She saw the four great cenotaphs amid their little white crosses on the Gallipoli headlands, the little red-and-white villages of the Straits, a ship flying the red flag of the Soviets as they rolled into the Sea of Marmora; the last moon came up and glimmered on the shipping in the Golden Horn. She was so happy; she seemed to be living in a dream, in which she floated on for ever with this tall, grey-eyed husband, with his fascinating Russian accent, beside her—a husband still strangely remote and unfamiliar, despite his passionate adoration, or perhaps because of it.

"I have a villa at Stamboul. You will love it. We will have our honeymoon in my home, *our* home, eh, little one?" And it seemed as touching, as romantic, as this wandering journey across the sun-bathed southern sea. Back to her own rooms after their marriage before the public notary; sitting up on the day train to Marseilles; a little cabin to herself on the boat—"it will just hold you; no room for me; the captain will give me a bunk in his cabin; but it will not be long before we reach Stamboul, and my villa, *our* home, and then, my darling . . ." How wonderful they should have met at Lally's studio party in Paris that day; how wonderful—and how sad!

Frankly—

THIS sober account of a world evil—the International traffic in souls—is not that Sensationalism of which certain sections of the Press are often accused, but a courageous gesture to the need of facing facts, however unpleasant they may be to complacently respectable members of Society. Only by awakening Public Opinion can such evils be stamped out

Because she lived three more years before she passed out (heart trouble; but in the circumstances a certificate of death from natural causes, although formally correct, was a little ironical) in that very high-class *maison de tolérance* in Vienna, a city which she had reached by somewhat devious ways and after singular vicissitudes.

IT was very unfortunate for her that her attractive Russian husband (whom the League of Nations Travelling Committee of Enquiry would have been interested to meet and talk to during their prolonged investigation into the international traffic in women; he could have told them a thing or two if he had cared), a natural preyer on women who had migrated to France after Russia went Red and Petersburg no longer held opportunities, should have run across her at the Bohemian studio of the middle-aged English *rentier* whom he had

# of the DAMNED

who are engaged in this nationalities and speak world-wide camaraderie principle. These Pests on the body as well as on the Soul . . ."

From The League of Nations Report on "The White Slave Traffic"

By C. Patrick Thompson

met in the hotel at Monte Carlo (she lives in Paris, and with gigolos, and is amusing when sober). Her American mother, who had kept her at boarding-schools in France and England, had taken her third husband, and, not wishing to confess to a grown-up, nineteen-year-old daughter, had flown over from Berlin, had a sweet little talk with her at Eastbourne, and asked her what she wanted to do with herself. An art career? Charming. An allowance of a hundred-and-fifty a year would do her very well in Paris. She could make friends, paint, have a lovely time. Mama would herself take her to Paris and see her settled in and settled down. And then, good-bye and God bless you.

The Russian, tall, lean, mysterious, scented prey as soon as he lifted her hand to his experienced lips and gave her a glance from his narrowed, smiling wolf's eyes. He got her story at their first meeting, and took it to a friend of his as fast as a journalist moves to a newspaper office with a scoop. A girl, a real find. What about a market? Anyone in prospect? What about money? They would have looked her over, the *souteneur* and the financier. Lovely, unawakened, and what the Americans call "dumb." The financier thought he knew of a likely market. But for a worth-while price the girl must reach the market still unawakened. Doubtless the *souteneur* grinned. The wine-seller is proof against the temptation to consume his own wine.

There would have been haggles about the money to be advanced for the trip, a swift and efficient arranging of details; passports, papers, marriage, safest route, contacts on arrival. In a case like this it would not be necessary to go to the expense of a framed-up marriage, forged papers. But the fewer examinations of papers, the better. The transportation was by sea because that way frontiers, and the expert and experienced examiners of papers, are avoided; and there are ill-paid Greek cargo-boat skippers very willing to do a little job of work like this for a small fee.

THE girl went to a villa in the hills above Stamboul, but it was not her husband's villa. An indomitable girl might even then have put up a fight to get back, to escape from the terrible trap she had been baited into. It has been known. They wait, plan, bribe; and they get away and reach a Consulate or the police. (Some have reached the police, and have been returned whence they came; the great United States not being the only land on the planet where police captains have understandings with the underworld, or, at least, are not averse to doing favours at a price. But that is by the way.) This girl was not a fighter. Once in the trap she yielded to her fate. She made no trouble. Her life was not hard, in the material sense. She was a rare treasure, an exceptional find; and when one special man, who had paid highly for her, was tired, she would be taken away and sold or hired out again, and, so long as she proved amenable, made the best of a bad job, she would live as softly and even as luxuriously as a harem pet.

So long as she did not make trouble. The brotherhood of the damned have an old saying, borrowed and popularised by Mr. Scarface "Al" Capone, in connection with merchandise of another sort: "We are only supplying a demand, and we don't want no trouble in our business."

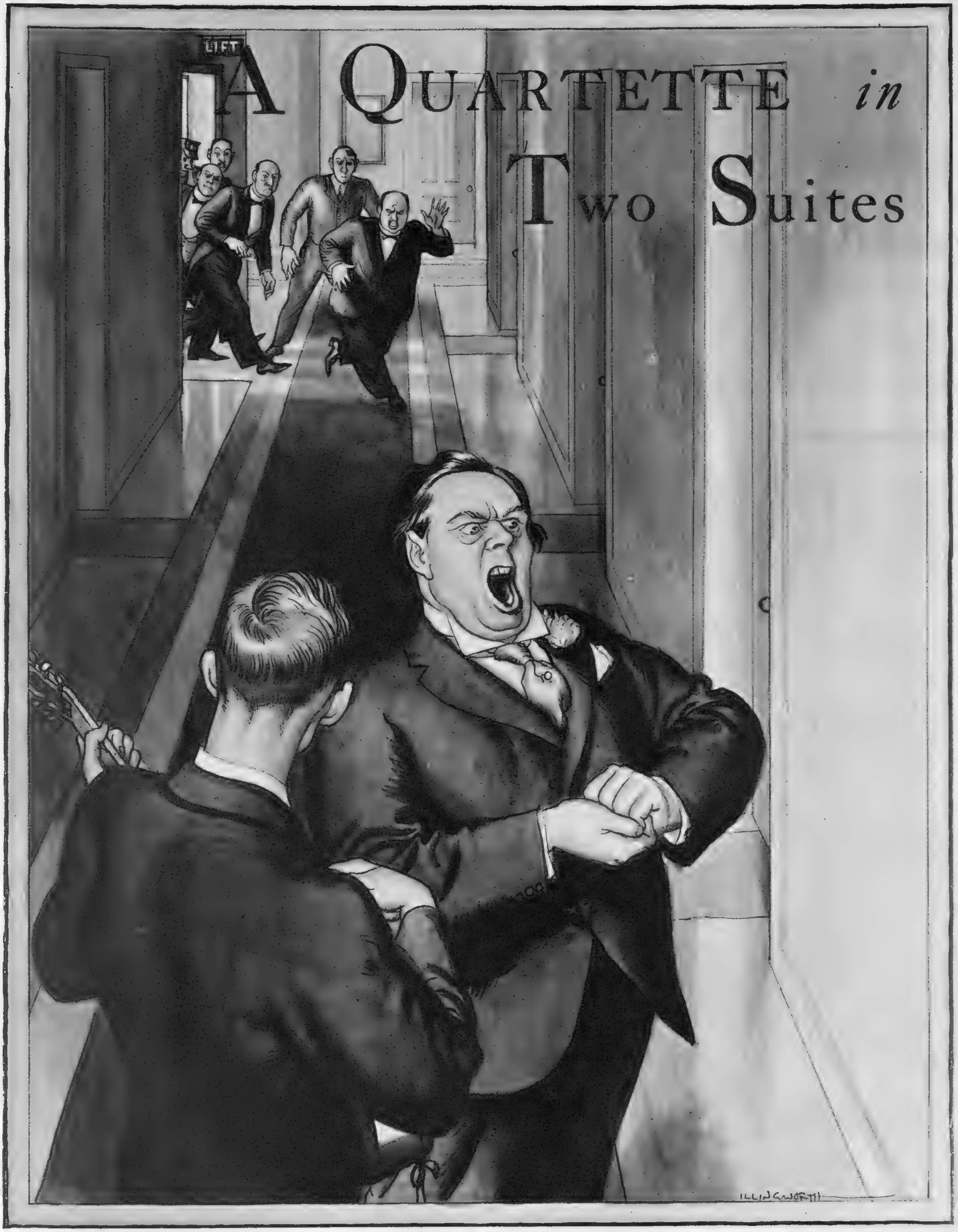
. . . .

It is to avoid that bugbear, trouble, that the brotherhood of the damned has come into being. It is one of the strangest brotherhoods on earth, and of all, the most evil. It has no password, no ritual, no sign, and no uniform. Yet so close is the bond between these people that they recognise one another at a glance, though they be of different races and creeds, and though they come from opposite ends of the earth and meet for the first time.

A man will find a girl in Warsaw and cross Europe to St. Nazaire or Genoa, take ship to

(*continued on page 92*)

A QUARTETTE *in* Two Suites



AT that moment the lift door clanged loudly and there stepped out three waiters, a porter, and the manager of the hotel. The party bore down on the minstrels at the double

WHEN there's a squall of the high C, and the chest A—which seems so many miles below it—sounds as though the ship has sprung a leak, then it is time for the operatic tenor to seek port, which Signor Poggini had now done—at Dr. Bols's consulting-rooms in Harpole St.

Not that the Signor thought there was anything wrong with his voice. Tenors never do. But Dr. Bols had discovered a certain congestion of the vocal chords and a small pimple on the larynx itself. And it was just as well, now one was "resting," to have these defects put right, which Dr. Bols said he could certainly do, although the treatment would be long—like Art, but a shade more costly.

Artistic Temperament *and* Artistic Vanity *together*, conspire *to* render *a fading* Tenor not *a* figure *of* Tragedy *but of* Fun

By

Peter Blundell

"Say 'ah'," said Dr. Bols, as, clad in a white overall, he bent over his patient, who was seated in the operating chair with his bull-head thrown back and his mouth well open—the famous mouth which has more than once astonished Covent Garden.

"Ah . . ." said Signor Poggini, "ah—ah . . . ah . . ."

"Excellent," said the doctor, a large man with the head of a Bismarck. "You have a wonderful breath control. Now, keep very still. I will not hurt you more than necessary."

"Ah . . . ah . . . ah . . ."

"Your vocal cords are wonderful," continued the doctor, as he stabbed at the pimple on the larynx. "A glimpse at them and at your extraordinary resonance cavities would have told me at once, without knowing your name, that you had a remarkable tenor voice. Does that hurt ? No ? Then lift your right hand when it does, and don't move, or I may sever an artery."

"Ah . . . ah, ha . . . ha . . . ah."

"Keep absolutely still. . . . Excellent. You are a splendid patient. Yes, I can always tell the fine voices, even when their owners are unknown to me. For instance, I am betraying no professional confidence, but perhaps you have noticed—very still, please—on the last two occasions you have been to see me, two ladies in the waiting room, both youthful, and one dark and one fair ? The dark one consults me for a similar throat condition to your own, but without the pimple and therefore less complicated. Ah, I thought that would hurt. We will stop for to-day. Gargle with this, please."

Signor Poggini sat up in the chair and, having used the glassful of peroxide solution, handed it back to the doctor. The parts surrounding the famous mouth had now come together, revealing the massive face of a man in the early fifties, dark, long-haired, clean-shaven, and with that air of grim determination which comes from years of singing leading tenor rôles in grand opera—and securing the rôles to sing.

"I noticed the ladies you mention," he said in a high-pitched voice. "In fact they are staying at my hotel. I did not know the dark one sang."

"She must have the voice of a century," said Doctor Bols with conviction. "I am certain of that from the appearance of her vocal organs. A lyric soprano of the tenderest timbre. Not for nothing has she delicate vocal cords set like jewels in a larynx beautiful in contour beyond the dreams of even a Benvenuto Cellini. They are Americans, too, but I confess the name, Clara Hess, is not familiar to me, and I know personally most of the world's nightingales. You have not heard the name, Signor ?"

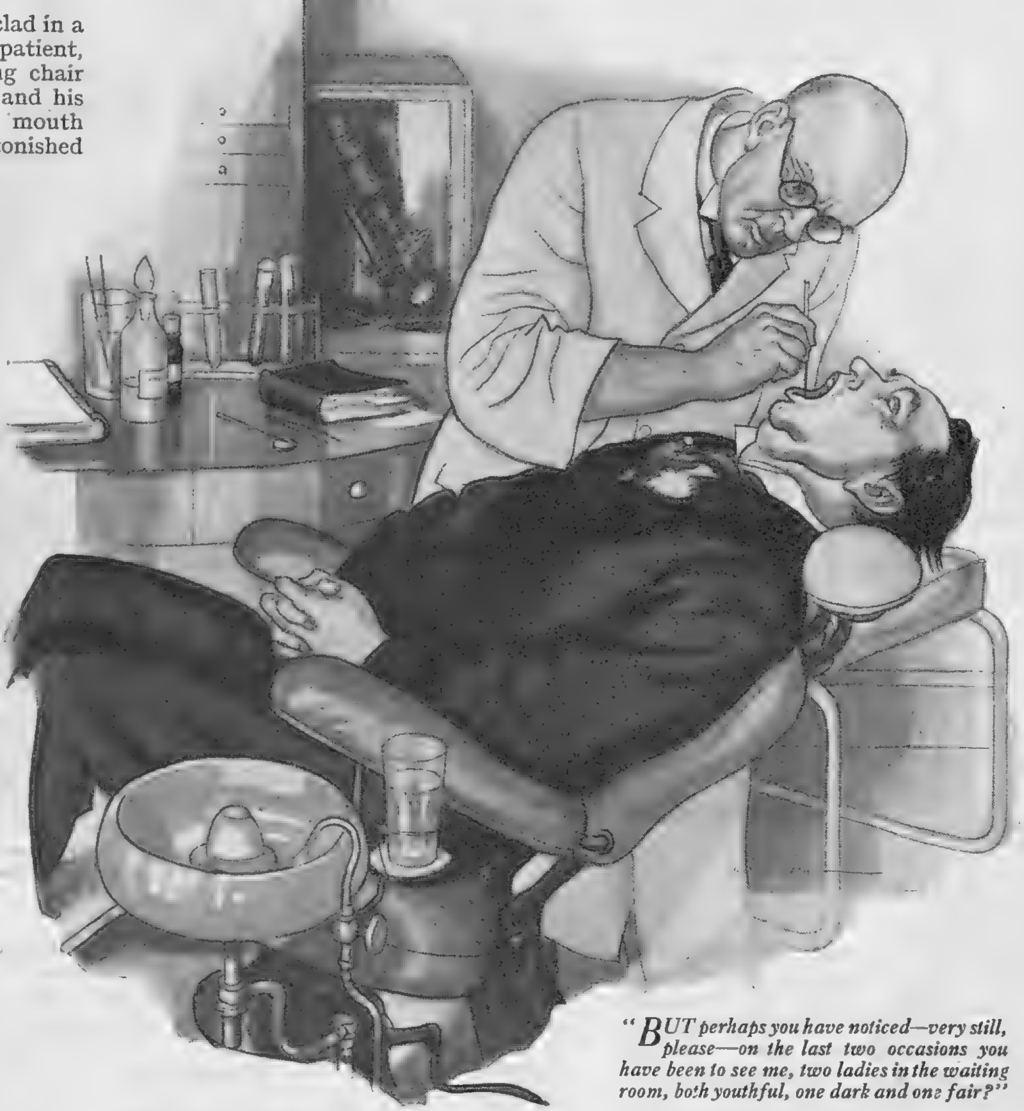
The tenor thought a moment, and then shook his head. He rose to go, and produced a crocodile leather pocket book. Dr. Bols waved his hand in the direction of the mantelpiece as if brushing away a fly, and with the corner of his left eye counted the five one pound notes and the two half-crowns his patient deposited on it.

"You have not heard the name ? You will soon, Signor, I assure you. Please come again on Tuesday at the same time. The pimple is progressing favourably."

"It is not a known name," said Signor Poggini rather contemptuously. He shook hands and left the house.

Pensively he walked down the street, a walk fitting to the solemnity of Harpole Street, where men stagger out of the houses of doctors and quacks either under sentence of death or skinned alive. Georgio Poggini, however, was not thinking of life and death but of lesser things.

"Hess," he muttered, his plump, ringed hand feeling his purple tie to ascertain if the priceless pearl pin was still in position after all his adventures. "Hess."



"*BUT perhaps you have noticed—very still, please—on the last two occasions you have been to see me, two ladies in the waiting room, both youthful, one dark and one fair?*"

Illustrated by Illingworth

Where had he heard that name ? Was it the name of the bootmaker who made those patent leather boots with cloth tops which he had so admired on Scarpio, the Scala baritone, when they lunched together at Pasgani's ? No, that was Hext. He gave it up, lit a cigarette—which was disobeying doctor's orders—and strolled moodily onwards through the spring sunshine. He would ask Willie. Yes, Willie would know. What was the good of employing a secretary-accompanist who didn't remember things like that ?

Anyhow, what did it matter who the lady was ? What did anything matter compared with the fact that grand opera was starting at Covent Garden the following week, and for the first time in more years than he cared to count they had not offered him an engagement. There must be a misunderstanding somewhere. All the musical world knew that Georgio Poggini had returned to London from his triumphant tour of the Antipodes. Yet not a word had been said about his singing at Covent Garden. He had, too, studied all the Press-cuttings the agency had sent him, and not a single newspaper had had the grace even to say that Georgio Poggini would be missed at Covent Garden.

He would arrange to have it noised abroad, he ruminated, that he was undergoing treatment for a pimple on the larynx. That would silence evil voices. Impatiently he threw away his cigarette, and boarding a taxi, was driven to his hotel.

Another half-crown! And the driver had not even thanked him. Probably he mistook him for an Italian, as people often did, for he had been much in Italy. The fare really was about a shilling. He smiled a trifle dismally, as he let himself into his private suite, at the idea of his thinking about sixpences. George Poggini could never have afforded a taxi in the old Melbourne days. He hoped it would never come to that again. But Australia—he had to admit to himself—had not been too cordial during this last tour.

"Willie!" he said rather sharply, from the hall.

But the sound of the piano in the sitting-room still continued. The accompanist was evidently absorbed. It was annoying that he should be absorbed, not in the study of the tenor part of "Tosca" as he ought to have been, but in playing over a little silly love-song he had composed, a song so trifling, and in fact so rubbishy, that the tenor had refused point-blank to sing it even in the Australian bush.

Signor Poggini stalked to the sitting-room door and thrust it open.

"Willie!" he said in a peremptory tone.

The pianist jumped from his seat at the grand piano. He was young, with ginger hair of unmusicianly shortness, and he wore a blue serge suit cut plain. Only the wild enthusiastic look in the large-pupilled grey eyes betrayed the artiste.

"You, Signor. Back already?"

"You're still wasting your time with that rotten song," said the tenor, sinking into the largest arm-chair. "It ought to have gone into the dustbin long ago."

His secretary reddened.

"It's a copy I've made," he explained, taking the manuscript off the music-stand and stuffing it into a drawer in the cabinet. "I'm sending it to a publisher. They may give me a bob or two for it."

He sat down on the piano-stool.

"I still think the air is rather catching," he suggested meekly.

"So is smallpox," pointed out the tenor severely. "But smallpox isn't music either. I must insist that my name is not connected with the song."

Willie Wilson nodded dutifully.

"I'd rather lose money on it than bring you in," he asseverated. "It's an entirely different thing from your Art, of course."

"Of course," agreed Signor Poggini with dignity. "Reverting to something I heard this afternoon," he continued. "Have you heard of a singer called Clara Hess?"

"Hess, Hess." Willie smiled. He really had the look of a good fellow. "Yes, she's a Boston girl who came out at the end of last season. The coming prima donna, so I read in one of their musical journals. She's engaged for the next season at the Metropolitan."

"She sounds well," admitted the Signor thoughtfully. "You remember me pointing out to you the other day two young ladies in the hall and saying that I had noticed them at the throat specialist's?"

Willie Wilson started and reddened slightly. He had in fact noticed one of these ladies most attentively.

"You mean that fair, distinguished-looking—"

"I mean the dark, dignified lady with her little friend," said the tenor. "They were sitting there as usual when I entered just now. Go down and, as unobtrusively as possible, ascertain their names and the numbers of their rooms."

Willie Wilson nodded, smiling. His employer, like most elderly operatic tenors, was both moody and masterful. This despatching him to find out about strange ladies was no new thing in the profession. Still, Poggini, when things were going well, wasn't a bad fellow.

"At once?" he asked.

The tenor nodded imperiously.

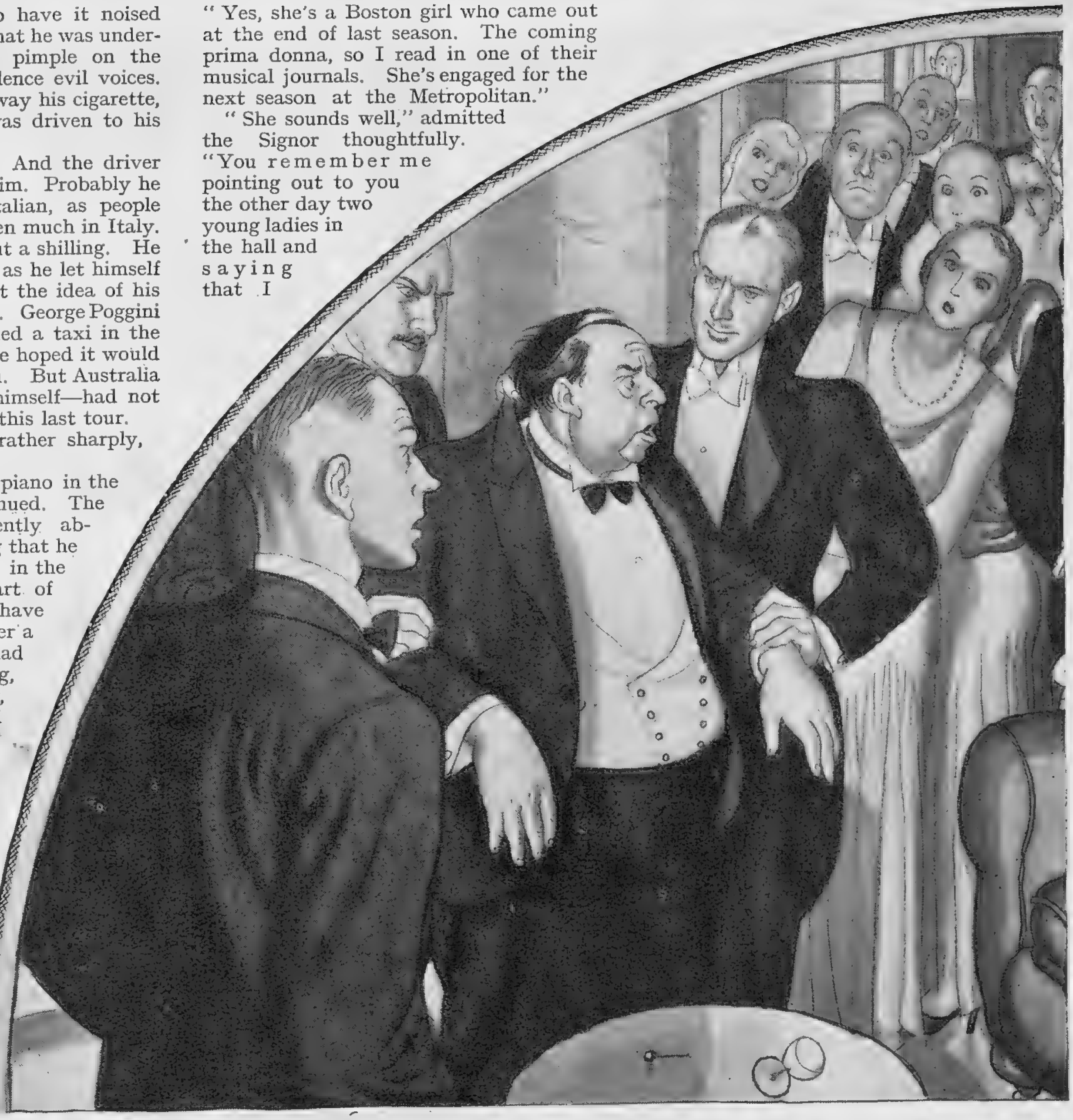
He lighted another cigarette, when the other had gone, defiant of his doctor's advice concerning the treatment of the pimple on the larynx, and sat on, frowning at the cloth tops of his patent-leather boots. Clara Hess was a star in the ascendant, while he— Every star waned but in their waning many of them were still golden, whereas he had never been careful about money. This suite and the upkeep of himself and his accompanist cost pounds and pounds a week. Yet if he cut down expenses people would say he was down and out. Then there was that tiresome pimple on the larynx, a simple pimple, but it certainly harshened his voice and cost much for its upkeep. If he had a wife she would probably give it some inexpensive home treatment.

Willie Wilson came back quickly.

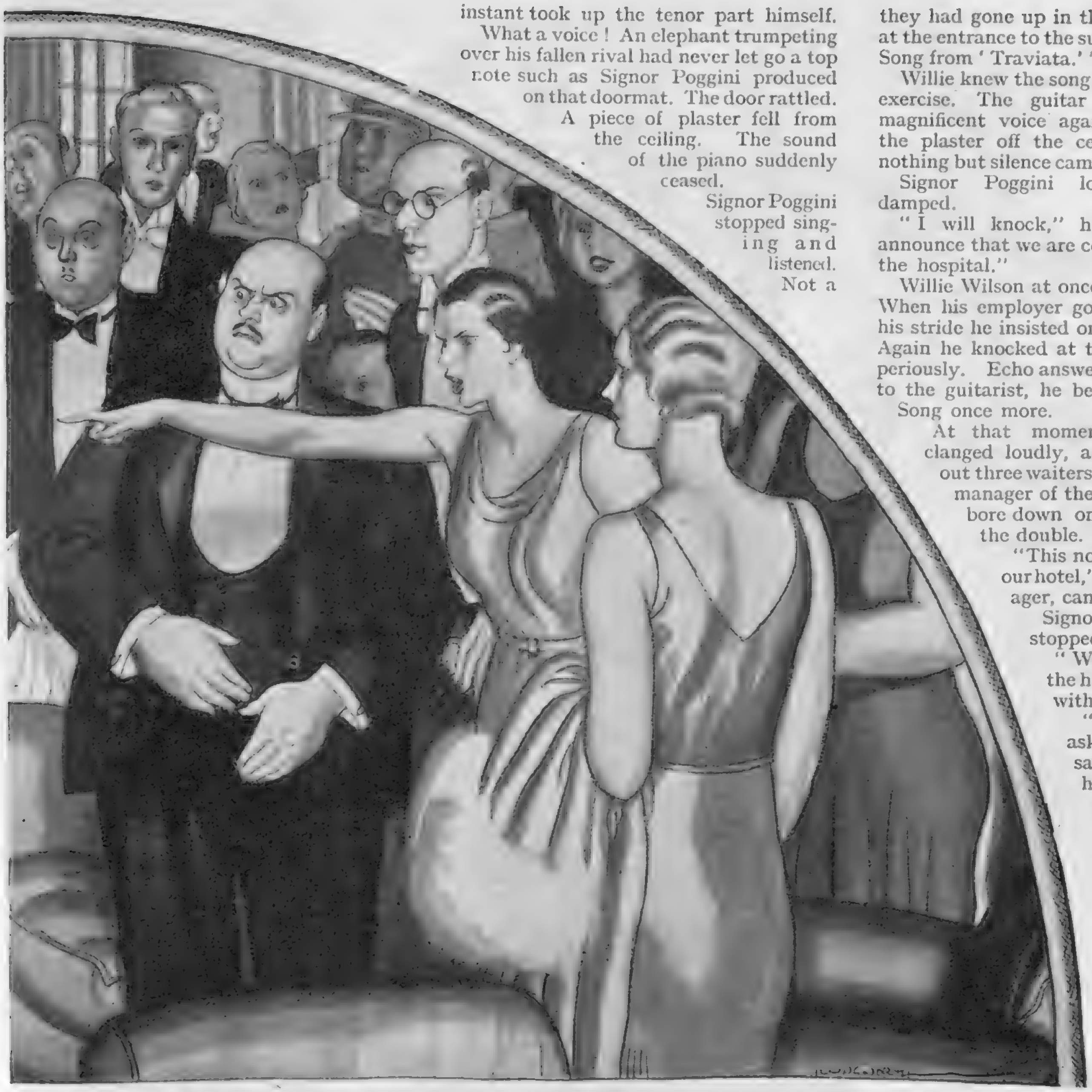
"They are a Miss Morgan and her companion from New York," he announced. "The reception clerk told me. They are occupying a similar suite to this on the top floor. You look tired, Signor," he added sympathetically. "Can I do anything?"

"I was thinking about that tiresome pimple," said the tenor. "It's a great trial. A suite on the top floor," he mused. "A curious place for a suite."

"The ladies are musical, the reception clerk told me. They were not sitting in the hall when I went down. He said they practised music every evening before dinner, and they took that suite in order not to disturb the hotel." The tenor looked at his platinum wrist-watch.



THE tenor was not resisting, but appeared paralysed with manager. "This man," she declared, pointing to Signor



astonishment. Miss Morgan was conversing excitedly with the Poggini, "has been sneaking round my suite all the evening"

"They must be practising now," he commented.

And without a word of explanation rose and left the suite. One cannot be plagued to explain one's movements to one's secretary.

Outside was dimness and luxurious stuffiness. From along the deserted corridor came the distant noise of a lift in motion. The tenor walked rapidly to the lift doorway and caught the lift coming up. It disgorged him solitary in the solitude of the top floor.

And almost at once he heard a woman singing. The voice, his trained ear told him, was unique. Nightingales, thrushes, larks, canaries, all the birds, he said to himself stagily, as he stooped and listened at the door of the suite, had helped in the making of that glorious soprano. She was singing the "Miserere," from "Il Trovatore," and next moment another voice, a contralto, took up the tenor part. Signor Poggini's lip curled. This voice was small and harsh. How much better he could do himself. He stood on the doormat, a conceited smile hovering about his mouth, waiting till the luscious soprano began to pour out the music of the second stanza. And at the correct instant took up the tenor part himself. What a voice! An elephant trumpeting over his fallen rival had never let go a top note such as Signor Poggini produced on that doormat. The door rattled. A piece of plaster fell from the ceiling. The sound of the piano suddenly ceased.

Signor Poggini stopped singing and listened. Not a sound came from the suite. The magnificence of his voice had evidently struck the inmates dumb. After all, prima donnas were only women, shy, timid creatures at bottom, as he should know, if anyone. He was smiling as he walked away. Romance was what youthful prima donnas always looked for, and who could supply their demand better than a *primo tenore?*

"Willie," he cried theatrically as he burst into the room. "Still playing that trashy song! You've been doing it all the week. Put it away! It grates my nerves as an artiste. Willie, there is work to do!" He struck an attitude, placed his hand on his heart. "I am in love with a queen of song. Bring your guitar! We go at once to serenade her."

"What!" ejaculated Willie Wilson, jumping up from the piano. "Serenade!"

"Yes, dear chap," explained the tenor. "As we did that Spanish girl in Madrid."

"But surely this is different," expostulated Willie in some dismay. "That was in Spain, where custom allowed it. Besides, she was a member of our company."

"Get the guitar and come!" ordered his employer, frowning.

"And now play me," he said, when they had gone up in the lift and arrived at the entrance to the suite, "the Drinking Song from 'Traviata.'"

Willie knew the song like the five finger exercise. The guitar twanged. The magnificent voice again began to chip the plaster off the ceiling. But again nothing but silence came from the suite.

Signor Poggini looked somewhat damped.

"I will knock," he decided, "and announce that we are collecting for—er—the hospital."

Willie Wilson at once stood well aside. When his employer got thoroughly into his stride he insisted on having his head. Again he knocked at the suite door imperiously. Echo answered him. Signing to the guitarist, he began the Drinking Song once more.

At that moment the lift door clanged loudly, and there stepped out three waiters, a porter, and the manager of the hotel. The party bore down on the minstrels at the double.

"This noise is forbidden in our hotel," shouted the manager, cantering up.

Signor Poggini at once stopped singing.

"We are collecting for the hospital," he stated with aplomb.

"Casualties?" asked the manager sarcastically. Then he recognised the singer, who, as a person who occupied the first floor suite, was of importance to the hotel.

"I thought I knew that glorious voice," he remarked with an obsequious bow. "The trouble is, Signor Poggini, that the ladies in this suite complained as they went out a little while ago that they could not tolerate singing in the corridor. Ah, if they had only realised the musical treat that they were rejecting!"

"Then the suite is now empty?" ejaculated Signor Poggini. "Come Willie, we waste time here."

Flinging a glance of contempt at the manager, he strode to the lift.

"I owe you an explanation," he remarked directly he and his secretary had regained their suite. "You must have thought me somewhat eccentric just now."

Willie Wilson just avoided shrugging his shoulders.

"Eccentric," he exclaimed. "Not at all. The artiste in you peeped out a little, Signor. That was all."

The tenor nodded approvingly and went to the side table and helped himself to a large cocktail.

"You exhibit sense sometimes, Willie," he commented. "Sit down. Smoke this cigarette. A light? Good. Now listen carefully. I intend to marry at once."

Willie started.

"You look surprised?"

"It's rather sudden," Willie confessed.

The Signor smiled.

"I am one of (*Continued on page* 104)

The Last of the Matadors

By Ferdinand Tuohy

THE signing up of Manolita Tulla, the first señorita torera, for bullfights at Barcelona, Saragossa, Valladolid and San Sebastian, is a sign of the times; not so much of further light and airy invasion of the male realm as of the lengths it is already necessary to go, in Spain, to attract the multitude to those arenas of blood and sand where once it swarmed. A Spanish girl confronting the bull, in one hand the scarlet muleta, and seeking with the other to give the final estocade with precision to the maddened and panting beast's fatal spot! How Espartero, how Bombita and Manuel Garcia and Machaquito, Nino de la Rosa and Granero, Chiquelo and Joselito and Gitanillo, how they all must turn in their graves at thought of such humiliation! A woman, a *woman*, erect in their place of glory, of valour, and of death . . .

Yet even should it be Manolita's fate to be borne round the arena impaled on tossing horns, new sensation as this may provide, it is hardly likely to save the bullring from the Nemesis, slow, may be, but certain, which is creeping upon it. Another great institution, as unequalled for its racial colour and thrill as for its degradation of the higher anthropoids, is passing.

A humaner place, Europe will none the less be drabber for its exit, since much will vanish besides the corrida, a whole national atmosphere moulded by the centuries. Bulls shall not be baited, nor horses terribly offered, but much of Spain will probably be like Warrington on Saturday afternoons, watching futbol. That is, if all goes well. It may be that for a considerable period Spaniards will substitute killing themselves for killing the bull.

IF bullfights could have maintained their hold without the horses—*if*—the safety valve they yielded to a fiery people and also the glorious ensemble of excitement, spectacle, and music that they offered, stoking the arts, might well have justified their perpetuation these times when anything capable of taking people out of themselves, and none more so than the masses, requires to be handled carefully. The bull suffered, yes, but in a blind and dazed fury, and very briefly; the amalgamated suffering of all the bulls in Spain this century cannot have approached the unpunished martyrdom of those eighty horses brought latterly from the Argentine to a continental abattoir.

However, and precisely, the horses could not be dispensed with, were wanted back in all their original vulnerability and terror. The aficionados of the bullring are falling away for divers reasons, one of which is that 18,000 horses' lives (it is computed) have been saved in the past three years

TWO pictures of Marcial Lalonda, the Spanish star in the arena at Madrid. He is retiring at the end despatching 200 bulls and drawing approximately

CHIQUITO, the famous boy matador, asking his master's formal permission to kill the bull. This ceremony is known as "La Allernativa"

MANUEL MEDINA, who was decorated by President Zamora on the occasion of his killing his ten thousandth bull

With *the* coming *of the* Republic, *the* most conservative of European peoples *has taken* a great step forward *in* matters *humanitarian.* The gladiatorial relic *of the* Bull Fight is perceptibly waning, while *Fut Bol, and other* innovations *of* British inception, *are* correspondingly *increasing*

MARCIAL LALANDA about to kill a bull with a single stroke of the sword. He is one of the most skilful matadors that Spain has ever known

matador of to-day, of this season, £12,000 for so doing

through the introduction of body-shields or "petos," by that missed and likeable sportsman, Primo. Horses still receive terrible shocks, and not infrequently are killed (as I saw one at Granada gored in the unprotected breast), or drop dead from fright blindfold though they are, but in the absence of the oft-repeated dragging out of carcases many of the aficionados or fans do not feel they are getting their money's worth. That is one cause of the corrida's decline.

THE more one examines other causation, the more it seems that the bullring's evening has been primarily beckoned, not by any pronounced change of Spanish heart, but rather by hard, eternal, undodgeable economics. The tendency to move away from savage spectacles, just because they are savage spectacles, is not yet considerably apparent. No doubt it will be manifest in due course as Spain's 77 per cent. illiteracy, legacy of the old régime of obscurantism, thins itself out. Indeed, we have it on the authority of the supreme latter-day bullfighter, Juan Belmonte, that such will be the case. Asked if he thought it likely that the corrida might soon be suppressed, Belmonte replied: "The thing is not impossible. With time, as the public becomes educated, the corrida will seem too barbarous a pleasure. It is a very cruel spectacle." Be that as it may, it is tolerably certain that the present Azana Government, which is "humanitarian," although several of its members, including the Premier and Foreign Minister, periodically attend bullfights in order to keep in with the people, it is fairly certain that little governmental headway would be possible in weaning Spaniards and their women and even their children from their Sunday blood sport, did Spanish silver still retain its value of pre-war years. Scratch the sand and you find the peseta. Otherwise, the world crisis.

Time was, not so long ago, when favourite matadors earned as much as eight and ten thousand good pesetas (say £500) for twenty minutes' work in the ring. But it was work. One could give a good show, take real risks, at that price. The "mariposa," the "fan," the supreme "natural," all the most beautiful, graceful, and disdainful passes would regularly rouse the aficionados to throbbing heights of enthusiasm. *Ol . . lé! Ol . . lé!* And the bulls—they were the right stuff, too. Great averted beasts of five, six, even seven years, and so many of them "manso," meaning that they went for the man and not his cloak. Casualties? Yes, of course there were casualties. The "cornadas" were part and parcel of those great days; days well and truly paid for and enabling those whom fortune enfolded to lord it in gilded splendour, as one would see them progressing in almost royal carriages to the acclamation of Sevillans. And such record breakers of hearts!

In point of fact, it was the peseta that started the rot which now all aficionados agree has reached critical proportions. A rot among their favourite matadors who have gone soft, who no longer take the risks of yore, who avoid, when possible, the more daring passes, who lamentably betray themselves all too frequently as out for a quick, unbrilliant kill, who parade too obviously a get-rich-quick-and-escape-and-retire attitude.

Some years ago South America, with dollars to burn, went berserk on the corrida and Spain's leading matadors, crossing the ocean, found money for nothing among a public scarcely well up in science and finesse. That went on until the South American republics went broke, whereupon Spain's idols recrossed the ocean—and tried to put over the same kind of stuff in the cradle of the corrida. It didn't succeed. There were tumultuous "broncas," or what we would call the bird. Yet nothing to what now supervenes, since the peseta has fallen. Because this implies that the popular matadors are receiving not half, perhaps not quarter as much as formerly, and why should they put up the same class of show for that? They don't.

IN 1931 the number of corridas had declined by 54 compared with the preceding year, and the number of novilladas or the essential, graduating killing of three-year-old animals by budding matadors, by no less than 354. The decline will undoubtedly be far more accentuated for 1932. Only two matadors are holding their own, Marcial Lalanda and Ortega, and even they on occasion come up against a broncas, the outburst being as likely as not provoked by these masters taking on only three or four-year-old, undeveloped beasts. The crowds simply will not collect, the relentless shrinkage in gates deriving, in sum, from a mixture of lack of horse blood, inability to afford the gate money, constant fear of being caught in an outburst of violence (the women tending to be left more and more at home), interest in futbol (especially among the young whose girl-friends are also orienting themselves away from the arena where fanned, in two senses, their mantillaed mothers), political and sociological distraction, and, above all, fed-up-ness among aficionados with constantly inferior work in the ring. I should put the horse shield as the least actuating cause of decay.

This season another straw has fallen on the camel's back with the appearance of something quite new and over-professionalised in the form of a trust. A species of Jeff Dickson has signed up, exclusively for sixty corridas, Lalanda, Ortega, and a novice named Corrochano, the idea being that the trio should tour the country making a corner in such acceptable monies as survive. A Seville father named Bienvenida, with three sons to offer, has replied with a counter-trust, and great publicity is being vamped up—a fight to the death between the two trusts, that sort of thing—yet the wiseacres predict just one sequel in the long run: "arranged" work in the ring, calculated to lead to further popular tepidness.

Turning to the Government, it desires to see the end of bullfighting, but would operate by insinuation and as imperceptibly as may be. The feeling is that shame attaches to the Spanish name, a foreign reaction that has widened since so many now see bullfights on the screen, and that, in addition, the bullring was one of the lulling expedients resorted to by the monarchy, much as Lenin branded religion "the opium of the masses." A far-extending move has been to sit heavily on the capea or time-honoured baiting to death by boys of young bulls and even of cows and cow-calves let loose in impromptu rings formed by a barricade of carts in village squares. At one time as many as 20,000 animals would be done to death in this fashion annually, and when the monarchy fell powerful vested interests in the shape of bullbreeders, bullfighters and impresarios sought to re-establish the national fiesta integrally because the more of these capeas held, the greater number of would-be novillos or aspirants to the ring would present themselves. Novillos have to kill a three-year-old animal at a novillada and if they bear themselves well are solemnly consecrated as professionals in the regular sphere by an attendant maestro, this being the proudest moment in a bullfighter's career, when he is publicly handed the sword and the muleta by an Ortega or a Lalanda. The capea is now forbidden save when professionals operate in a properly enclosed space and humantarians anticipate a big falling-off in the number of novilladas held as a consequence. The fear among fans is that eventually the flow of human matadors will be dried up at the source, as also may the breeding of bulls for the ring be seriously compromised if the new law for the splitting up of the vast Andalusian estates and the handing over of them to the peasants is persevered with since on these lands all the champion animals of Spain have long roamed at liberty until required. Here, again, the Government is slyly hitting the corrida. More openly, President Zamora has become patron of the Society for the Protection of Animals and Plants, whose chairman is the Home Secretary and which works through the agency of delegates in the fifty provinces. Prizes are offered in four fields: (*a*) to school teachers for the best essays on humanitarian subjects and on how to promote gentleness to our dumb friends, (*b*) to journalists for the best articles setting forth the utility of good treatment to same, (*c*) to police who get the best results from enforcing and explaining the law, (*d*) to artists for the best propaganda efforts. Plants are included in all four categories, they, too, apparently being considered sentient.

Of necessity a deal of additional unemployment is being provoked, and among rather excitable customers who possess with followings. There are said to be over two hundred matadors, picadors and banderilleros morosely out of jobs in Barcelona alone. The Government is trying hard to serve the Midi of France with this explosive material. An ambitious historical corrida has just been staged at Arles showing how it was in Spain in the year 1800. The Government lent lorries for the transport of a gorgeous carpet to cover the ring, of authentic calèches of Goya's time and which carried beauty queens, of rich tapestry hangings from the royal factory, and of soldiers of Flanders. But, alas, much the same tale emanates from Arles, Nimes, Céret and Marseilles as from over the Pyrenees. For a variety of reasons, not least the poor nature of the displays compared with the past, the crowd is not rolling up. At Nimes there are to be but three big corridas this summer as against seven formerly.

RAQUEL MELLER'S song, *El relicario*, always reconjures the great toreador Espartero, who long had the crowd at his feet with his eternal smile and "figure of a small girl." Espartero was without a peer in the so-called "natural" pass consisting of holding the muleta in the left hand and, leaving the body entirely exposed, inviting the bull. Horns down, the puzzled beast would charge. And Espartero, with a simplicity born of utter domination, would draw the bull once, twice, half a dozen times right round his body, holding himself immobile from the waist down.

EL GALLO, the famous matador. No one knows what has become of him but he lives on in ring history as "the divine baldhead"

In course of time, though, a challenger appeared in Guerrita of Cordoba. Espartero felt the ground slipping. One day, in Madrid, he found himself alternating with his rival. The first bull was his, and a terror it immediately proved. Perdigon was its name and, powerful and unmanageable, it also did that dangerous thing: chose a corner of the ring from which it refused to be dislodged. Espartero, determined not to leave the animal to Guerrita, approached and sought to manœuvre the beast. "Take care!" cried the multitude as one voice. "Get your men to change that bull's position or you're dead!" "It will either be him or me," said Espartero-the-little-girl, turning his legendary smile to the spectators. A moment later he was dead. The song doesn't tell it quite like that, but so it was.

A PARTICULARLY savage bull, just released from his black box, blinks in the sunshine of the arena

An awkward moment

Then there was El Gallo. No one knows what has become of El Gallo, but he lives on in ring history as "the divine baldhead." Spaniards almost deified the Cock for his stepping straight from a Goya, for his embodiment of native inconsistency, for his being a living page from Spanish literature. Superstitious, a creature of fantasy, artist, libidinous, kind to the poor, now cruel, now the worst of matadors, now excelling them all, the multitude thronged to El Gallo, even if the odds were on his putting up the poorest show, as often he did. Spaniards stood for things in El Gallo which must have led almost to the lynching of others. Sometimes El Gallo would crumple up before a puny little beast with banana horns, "a horned rat." And next time the greatest of bulls would be lightly dismissed with a "faena de las suyas" (work all his own). El Gallo was not to be comprehended. A character, a divine character both off stage and on! It was reckoned he spent a fortune on the fattest and finest cigars, which he smoked continuously, earning the nickname of "the steam engine." His manners were those of a caballero, not of an ostler.

To-day, El Gallo's wife, a dancer named Pastora Imperio, is looking for him under the new divorce laws. It is rather a gamble inasmuch as the missing "divine baldhead" may be a millionaire, and yet again may be in the workhouse, he having alternated before in these two domains.

JOSELITO, otherwise El Gallito, has bequeathed an undying page. A poignant verse is sung in his memory, commencing:

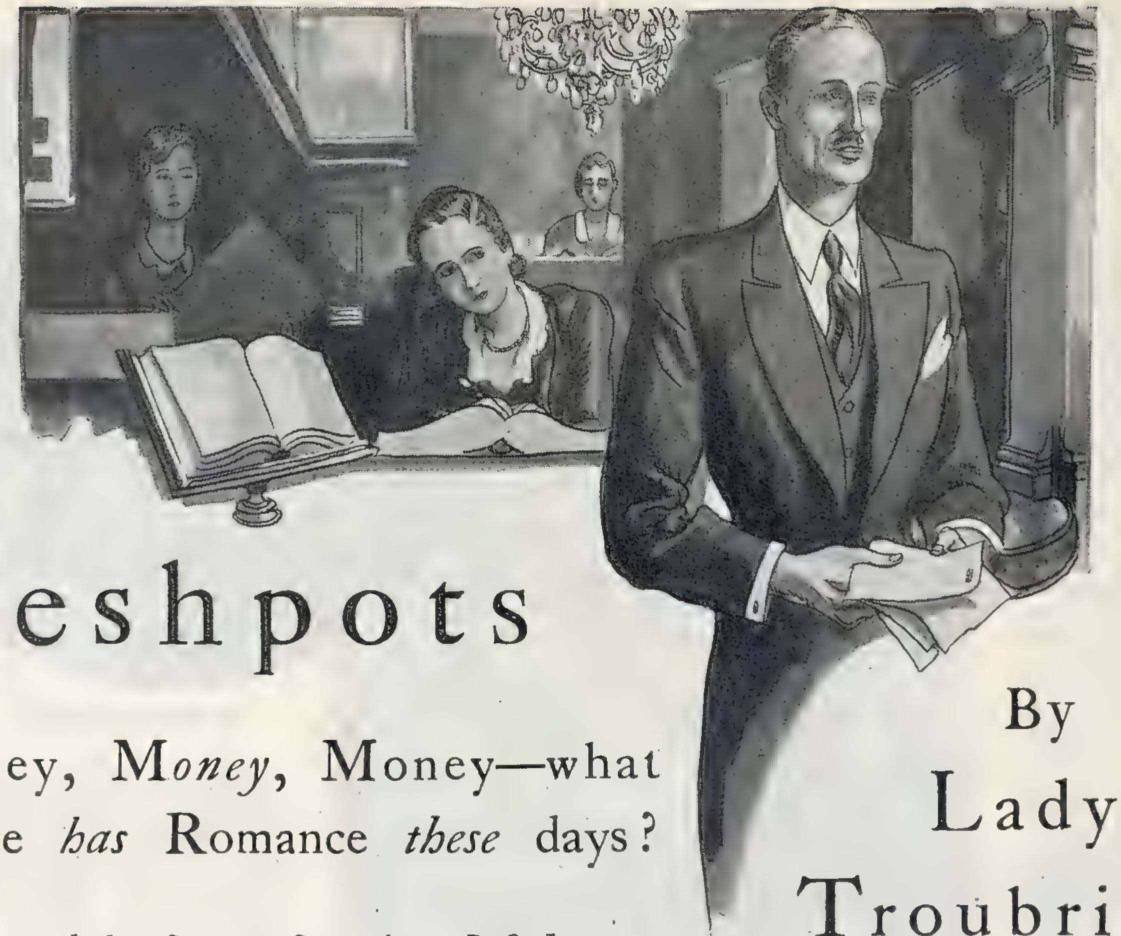
El Gallito era un gran torero.

El Gallito and Belmonte, both Sevillans, were the great rivals, yet how differing, the former a scientist to his finger tips and known as "the surgeon," the latter a rude attacker with label "the suicide." But Joselito it was who died, and at twenty-two. The end was quite unnecessary. Joselito could command the highest figure at the chief corridas, yet he was always modest and, remembering his own origin, the gypsy quarter of Triana in Seville, would occasionally display his talent in small, out-of-the-way arenas. This kindness one Sunday brought him to Talavera. The day before, he was a prey to black presentiment. He would not be comforted. "The bull gives the tosses, God chooses the victims." Before his entry, El Gallito prayed long in the little plaza chapel. Shortly after, he was back in the chapel, but this time as a corpse. He had committed the one scientific error of his career, and the bull, a beast named Bailador, had been quick to pounce upon it.

Belmonte has survived. His name dominates the bullring, past and present. There never was anybody like Juan Belmonte, for sheer fighting and killing of bulls. Many prettier, many with greater genius, never so fierce and unremitting a fighter. A lameness from birth did not deter him. From his *début* he revolutionised the gory art. It had been the habit to stand fairly far from the bull and to change position in accordance with that animal's movements. Belmonte didn't care where the bull went, but chose his own ground and imposed it. And he closed always and kept close up. He was more wild animal tamer than matador. He seemed to mesmerise his bulls until these saw nought but the scarlet before them. There was something telepathic about Belmonte and the bull. The animal knew that it was up against its master. The bulls were *afraid* of Belmonte, and how the crowd roared with delight at thought of that! Never mind if art, science, were lacking. Belmonte had "placed the red cap of revolution" on the ring. He was the "Terremoto" (earthquake). The country became divided into Belmontistos and Gallistos (Joselito). Ugly and uncouth to look upon, and Joselito handsome, nevertheless the crowd rose every time to Belmonte.

How humbling an exit he was to make. Four years ago he retired, well-off, across the ocean. Last autumn he determined to re-appear under the Republic. He was 39 and out of training, and would lance two young bulls from a lovely Andalusian steed. That would fetch the crowd just the same. It did. To the old Madrid arena. And, as might have been expected, the crowd clamoured that their lost idol re-assume the mantle of super-killer which had wafted him to fame. Danger? Had not Belmonte subjugated every bull, during nigh twenty years, and taken but one wound? "Con el capote!" bellowed the multitude. Even when the "Earthquake" dispatched his first bull beautifully, as did the aristocratic matadors of old, leaving footwork to vulgar toreadors, the tumult did not lessen. The upshot was that the idol dismounted and prepared to tackle the second animal in the ordinary way on foot. The beast proved "manso," would not be tired out or enticed, went its own way. "Take care!" came chorused warning. Belmonte waved answer and was seeking to compel his adversary to action when, without any warning, the bull turned and charged like lightning. And the next instant Belmonte was being rolled over and over. Not a cry. Deathly silence. The carrying off of the idol who had returned. A

(*Continued on page* 96)



Fleshpots

Money, M*oney*, Money—what chance *has* Romance *these* days?

By Lady Troubridge

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

At the precise point in the hall of the Cosmopolitan Hotel where the June sunlight was met and routed by the discreet glow of the innumerable electric lights Drogo Mortimer stood, nonchalant, immaculate, indomitably amiable.

Behind him the porter, silhouetted against a background of rows of dangling keys, hid a yawn with a white-gloved hand emerging from a gold-braided sleeve. Right of him a sleek, dark young man flicked the pages of a ledger, leaning an arm on the shining counter, while a subordinate murmured softly in his ear. Voices were never raised at the Cosmopolitan. Everything was low-toned, exquisite. The luxury crept about you like a silken veil, shutting you out from the rude sounds of common life.

Drogo Mortimer was part of this luxury. He welcomed you to it as your feet passed from the marble of the outer vestibule to the deep pile carpet of the inner hall. Carefully calculated, the impression Drogo made; calculated and paid for. So much for Eton and Oxford, so much for his father's title (eleventh baronets are rare), but, and this was the cunning part of it, quite a fantastic sum for personality.

Drogo's smile, so emphatically the smile of a gentleman. Not subservient, certainly not superior, but full of a non-committal friendliness which might deepen into good fellowship or freeze into dignity according to circumstance. Then Drogo's voice, not too Oxford, but crisply staccato, with a sudden drop to a soothing cadence wonderfully effective in dealing with irate visitors.

The management rated all these things at their true value when they made him their chief receptionist, and Jacques, who could bring all fashionable London rolling up in their cars because he was the greatest *restaurateur* in the town, knew to a hair's-breadth the significance of that slim, aristocratic young figure in the scheme of things at the Cosmopolitan. He knew, because few things escaped those black beady eyes, that Miss Olive, assistant clerk at the reception desk, was in love with Drogo Mortimer, cleverly though she hid it. And she was not the only one. Drogo's charm penetrated to the hidden recesses of the hairdressing salon in the depths of the vast building, and caused Miss Grace, of that department, to insinuate her auburn shingled head and becoming leaf-green over-all into his line of vision as often as she could. Miss Hester, from the Turkish Baths, was another of his victims and timed her arrival with Drogo's early walk in the hope of a careless good morning from him.

But Jacques also knew that Drogo seemed immune where women were concerned. The affair of the Baroness Waldster, for instance. Jacques always considered that to have been the acid test of Drogo's discretion. When a rich lady client of uncertain age becomes sentimental over a handsome member of the staff, one can easily be in the soup, thought Jacques, the trouble that ends in a scandal. Drogo had been of a discretion simply perfect, and it had not been easy, Jacques knew that also.

What he didn't know was that this immunity of Drogo's was the result of a memory, and there is nothing like a memory for arming a man against auburn shingles and melting glances, and nonsenses of that kind. Drogo stood now, watching the shining glass doors revolve on their super hinges, casting a wary eye on those who came and went, waiting for the important client.

He looked up at the electric clock, then strolled over to the counter.

"What time exactly are Sir Andrew and Lady Roxford due?"

It was Miss Olive who answered him.

"Well, now," she said, consulting a chart, "but sure to be late; those sort of people think it gives them more importance."

Drogo laughed.

"You're a bit of a Bolshie, aren't you?"

He didn't mind passing the time with Miss Olive. He wanted distraction just now, to turn his thoughts from the Roxfords.

"Oh, I'm a Bolshie all right, where millionaires are concerned! Living here makes you that. I've seen Sir Andrew's picture in the paper, and if you ask me he needs every penny of his money, for he's no oil painting." She was surprised to see a sudden response flame for an instant in Drogo's eyes. It died as suddenly as he turned away. His quick ear had caught the banging of a car door.

A heavy middle-aged man in a grey tweed coat was pushing through the swing doors. After him, a slim young woman wrapped in summer ermine. Next, a harassed-looking valet holding a dispatch box, and a dark little French woman clutching a crocodile jewel case.

Obviously the Roxfords had arrived.

Drogo stepped forward, but something had gone wrong with his usual smile; it lacked spontaneity.

"I think you're expecting me," said the burly man, "Sir Andrew Roxford." His voice was faintly aggressive.

"Certainly, Sir Andrew. Everything is quite ready. You have the suite facing the Park. It gets all the sunshine, that is if there is any." He always said something cheerful like this to arriving guests, and he usually laughed at this point. To-day his laugh wasn't quite right either.

It died in his throat as his eyes met the woman's, wide with amazement above the great ermine collar.

"Drogo!"

And he answered: "How do you do, Lady Roxford."

He said it calmly, deliberately, but he wasn't feeling calm or deliberate: for Lady Roxford happened to be his memory.

She had ruined his life, or he thought she had, by throwing him over for a richer man. He would have travelled many miles not to see her again, and here she was, more heartrendingly lovely than ever, and he, as one of the hotel staff, was welcoming her. Life had an odd sense of humour, thought Drogo, conducting them to the gilded lift. The wrought iron door snapped back and he stepped in behind them.

Sir Andrew observed him as they shot up to the second floor.

"You've met Lady Roxford?" he questioned, faint surprise on his heavy clean-shaved face.

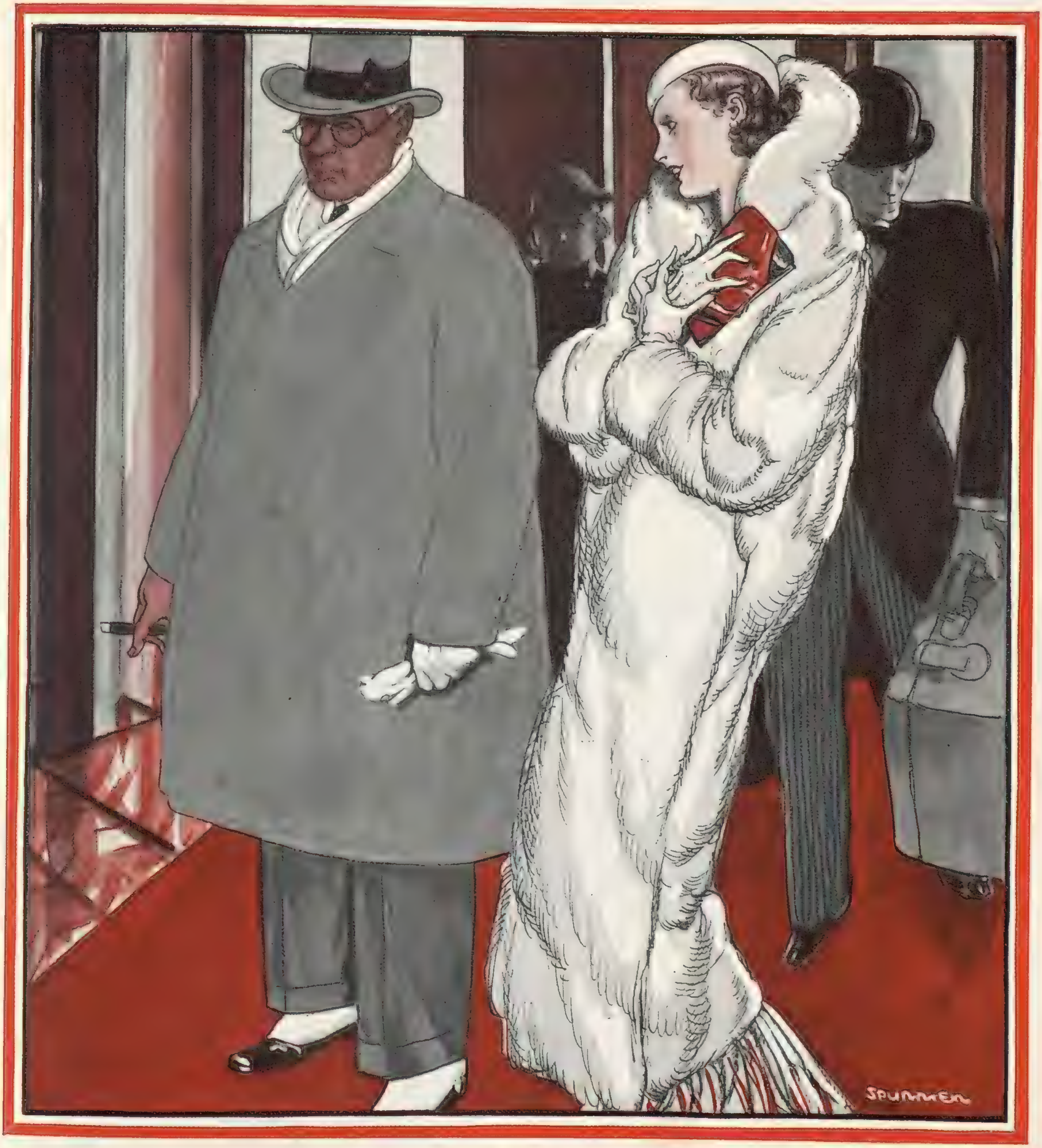
"Yes. I was at school with Lady Roxford's brother, Bunny Heathersett." Sir Andrew looked still more astonished.

"Indeed."

He was aware that gentlemen earned their living in unconventional ways nowadays, but still . . . an hotel . . .

"Drogo's an old friend," said Venice Roxford in her soft slurring voice. She wished Andrew hadn't called her Lady Roxford to Drogo, and she wished he wouldn't stare at him in that inquisitorial way; and what she really wished was that she was still Venice Heathersett.

Their suite was all dim blue and gold. It had an Italian stone mantel and bowls



A HEAVY middle-aged man in a grey tweed coat was pushing through the swing doors. After him, a slim young woman wrapped in summer ermine of lilies standing on refectory tables below arching mirrors ringed with arabesques of dim glass flowers. There were mauve and apricot carnations in the bedrooms to match the walls, and Venice's bathroom was all fresh, foamy green, like a mermaid's grotto. The luxury soothed her. Luxury always did, but she was upset at meeting Drogo, there was no doubt of that.

Drogo, shadowy by the door, was asking, " Is everything as you like it ? Is there anything more we can do ? If so, you have only to say."

It was awful to hear him saying these things. Venice twisted her rope of pearls with uneasy fingers as Andrew patronised him, but she let him go without a word. She would see him later . . . later, when Andrew had gone.

In the passage Drogo met Olive, a sheaf of papers under her arm. She thought he looked as white as paper himself.

" I like their cheek," she pronounced, " making you show them to their rooms. It's not your job. Why didn't you send someone ? "

" Why should I ? "

" Because you'll fag yourself out. You must keep up your dignity. All the same," she added inconsequently, " I wouldn't mind having her fur coat, and she knows how to slap on the lipstick ! "

Drogo said, " Never discuss clients. I've told you that before."

" And you'll have to tell me again," said Olive cheekily. " It's the only fun I have here."

The hurrying figure of the lift attendant appeared at the end of the long corridor.

" They're asking for you, Mr. Mortimer," he panted. " The Rajah of Neipore and his suite have just arrived."

" Coming."

Drogo stifled a sigh not unconnected with the room he had just left and descended to deal understandingly with the potentate's requirements.

SIX o'clock found him patiently explaining to a large lady from the Middle West the varying attractions offered by London's theatres, contriving at the same time to indicate that he was merely the receptionist, and not the hotel gigolo. He got rid of her finally, passed a finger round his collar, settled his tie, and saw that his hour of release had come.

It was just then that the telephone buzzed at his side.

" Lady Roxford on the 'phone for you, Mr. Mortimer," the operator informed him.

" Drogo . . . it's Venice." Her voice came slurring softly. " Can't you come up and talk to me for a bit after dinner ? Andrew's got a meeting somewhere."

Standing in the crowded hall Drogo foresaw that talk. The disinterring of many dead things which were perhaps not dead after all ; Venice twisting the knife deftly in the old wound.

" Sorry," he said abruptly, " afraid I'm too busy."

Across the wire he heard her sigh.

" Not even for five minutes ? " she persisted.

" I'm afraid not." Doggedly.

He replaced the receiver with unnecessary firmness. " That's that," he told himself.

And upstairs Venice stared out of the window at the plants on the roof garden. It was stupid, this desire she felt to see Drogo, to hear his voice. She had finished that affair a year ago ; buried it in a nice, safe, comfortable grave and stamped the earth down on it. It was absurd to be so upset because she had met him again. Her marriage hadn't turned out so badly. Andrew was rich and successful, too ; very satisfactory that, when everyone she knew was broke and poor dear Drogo was doing something very like a waiter's job here . . . and yet when she saw him standing under the pale glare of the electric light with his unforgettable grace and that cool, ironic look in his eyes, it hurt her terribly.

How much did he remember ? *Her* memory just now was appallingly clear. Her first sight of Drogo when Bunny brought him back for the holidays, young and dark-eyed, he was, with a shy, disarming smile. She was always his favourite. He would laugh and tell her things and when he went away he stole her photograph. . . . He came again and again, and suddenly he was grown up and wildly in love with her. Stolen kisses, secret love-making and then begging her to marry him and go to Kenya on seven hundred a year. Of course she couldn't do it, but it gave her a queer contraction of the heart still to recall his frenzied despair when she told him.

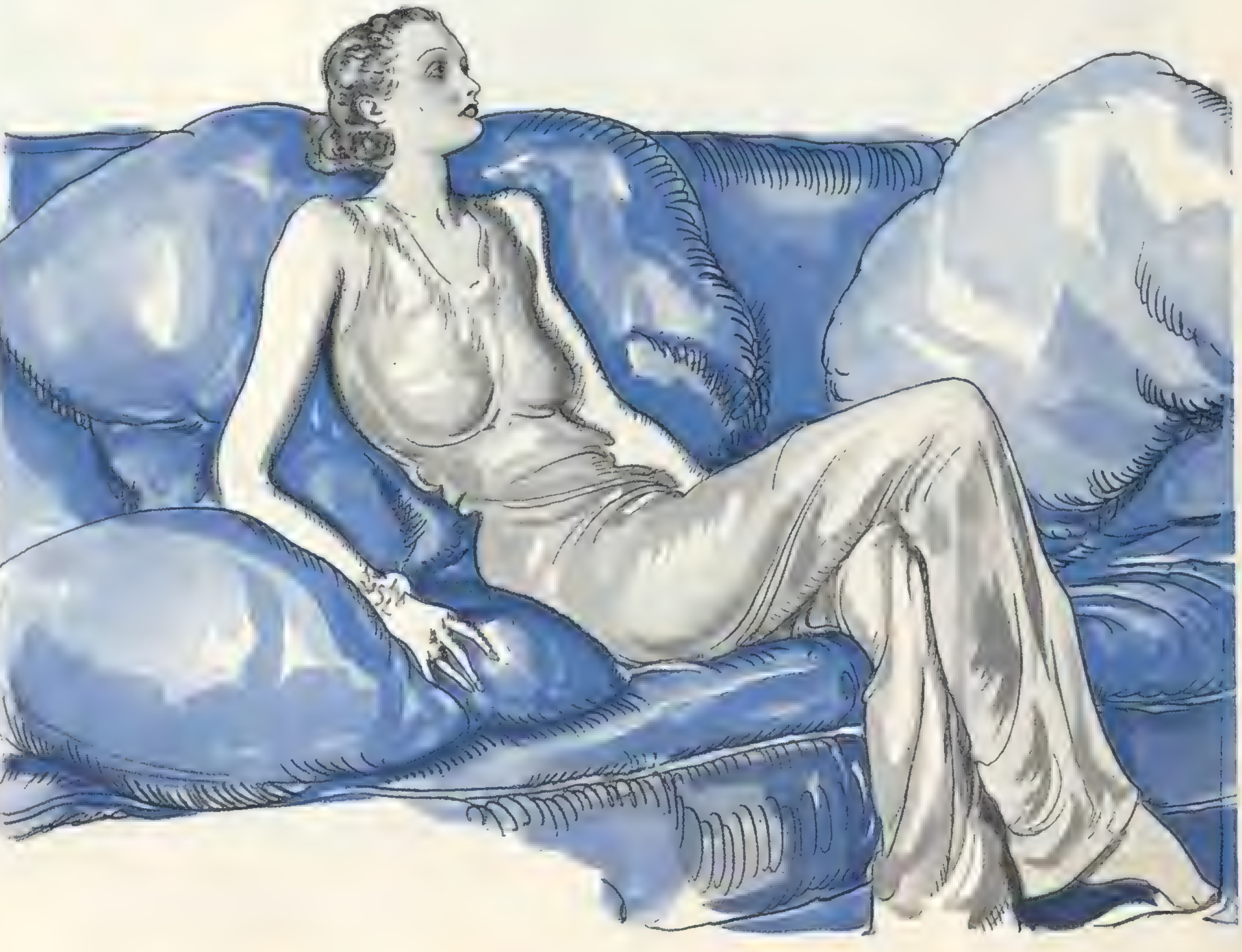
Poor darling Drogo, she'd loved him terribly. But mustn't think of that past delirium.

DRESSING, reddening the sullen curves of her mouth before the triple mirror which gave her back her restless loveliness, pulling her comb through the heavy waves of her bright hair, the thought of him obsessed her. It wasn't a girl's feeling any more. She knew now what Drogo's passion would have meant, just as she knew what she had missed. Definitely she admitted to herself as she looked across the dinner table at Andrew that he couldn't make her happy. Not him, only what he stood for ; only the fleshpots. Rather ghastly that, when one came to think of it ; but the cage was so golden she had managed to forget the bars. Andrew was in high good humour to-night. He had been to a conference all day, was going to see another colleague this evening. Things were going the way he wanted them to. They generally did with Andrew, and as he snapped the lock of his red leather dispatch case and fastened his light overcoat he spared a thought for Venice's dull evening.

" When all this is satisfactorily settled I'll take you to Paris, V.," he promised, watching the brilliant figure in the gold pyjamas.

" Lovely," she said without enthusiasm. There would be no Drogo in Paris. The City of Light had lost its appeal.

When the waiter had wheeled the dinner table gently from the room Venice



threw herself on the sofa, a listless figure dangling a scarlet mule at the end of her foot. It was very still. The roar of the evening traffic was subdued to a faint purr, and the June air, stirring the heavy curtains, brought in the smell of leaves and grass from the Park. Venice's head was a blur of gold against the dark blue of the cushions. Her heavy lids sank a moment, then lifting them she saw without surprise that Drogo was standing at the end of the sofa watching her. Subconsciously she had always known that he would come.

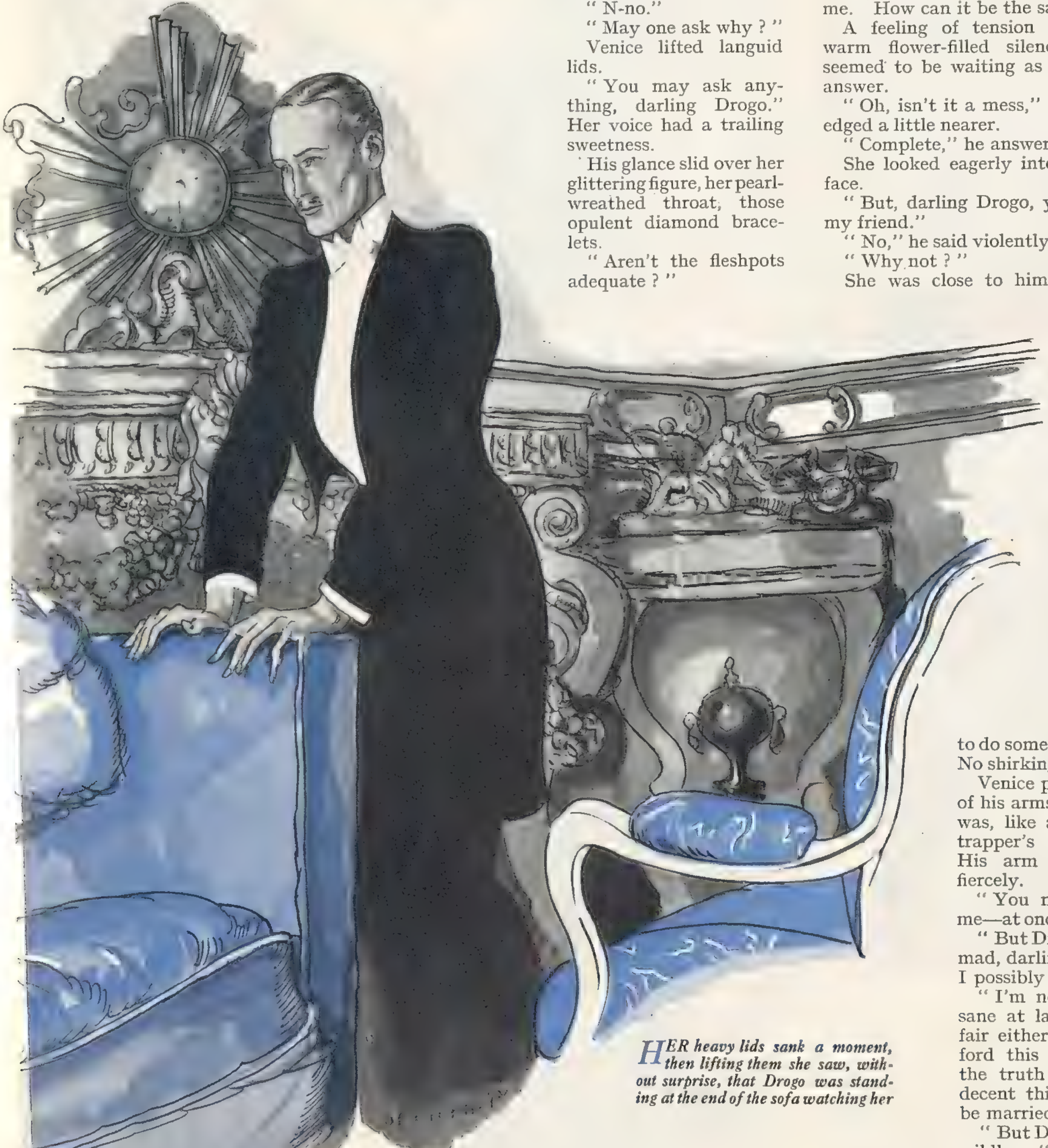
" A study in gold, I see." Drogo was holding his voice steady.

" Do you like it ? " Venice asked softly.

" Immensely, so appropriate."

She wrinkled her white forehead.

" Are you trying to be rude to me ? "



HER heavy lids sank a moment, then lifting them she saw, without surprise, that Drogo was standing at the end of the sofa watching her

" Certainly not, it's as much as my place is worth," he sneered.

" This is futile," thought Drogo savagely. " We're making conversation like cross-talk comedians." Venice had put her feet to the ground and was sitting upright now. He dropped down by her side, staring at her.

" Are you happy, Venice ? " he asked abruptly.

Venice studied her carmine nails.

" Oh . . . yes."

" Just like that."

Picking up a vanity case of coral and gold, monogrammed in diamonds, she deliberately powdered her face with a hand that shook slightly.

Leaning towards her, Drogo seized her wrist.

" Are you happy ? " he demanded.

A quiver crossed the exquisite serenity of Venice's face.

" N-no."

" May one ask why ? "

Venice lifted languid lids.

" You may ask anything, darling Drogo." Her voice had a trailing sweetness.

His glance slid over her glittering figure, her pearl-wreathed throat, those opulent diamond bracelets.

" Aren't the fleshpots adequate ? "

His smile defeated her, and surprisingly she began to cry.

Drogo steeled his heart against those tears.

" Don't do that, my dear," he said. " You were so right to turn me down for Andrew Roxford. No sensible girl could have done anything else."

" You know you don't really think that," she sobbed.

" But of course."

He was watching her tear-stained face implacably.

" You played for safety. You're splendidly secure. Let's leave it at that."

" But I can't bear seeing you working in this way . . . *you*, Drogo."

" I forbid you to pity me."

His tone was like a blow. She clutched at his hand.

" Don't be so hard on me. Be like you used to be."

Drogo averted his eyes. The familiar fragrance of her scent was beginning to unnerve him.

" Suppose we talk sense," he said more gently. " You're married, and not to me. How can it be the same ? "

A feeling of tension crept into the warm flower-filled silence. The room seemed to be waiting as he was for her answer.

" Oh, isn't it a mess," she sighed, and edged a little nearer.

" Complete," he answered gloomily.

She looked eagerly into his enigmatic face.

" But, darling Drogo, you can still be my friend."

" No," he said violently. " No."

" Why not ? "

She was close to him now ; her red mouth perilously near. Drogo lost control.

" Because I'm in love with you still, damn you," he said between his teeth.

" Oh, I'm *glad*," she breathed.

Then she was in his arms and he was kissing her hungrily. He raised his head at last and looked at her steadily.

" We've got to do something about this. No shirking now, Venice."

Venice pulled herself out of his arms; frightened she was, like a bird with the trapper's hand in sight. His arm recovered her fiercely.

" You must come with me—at once—to-morrow."

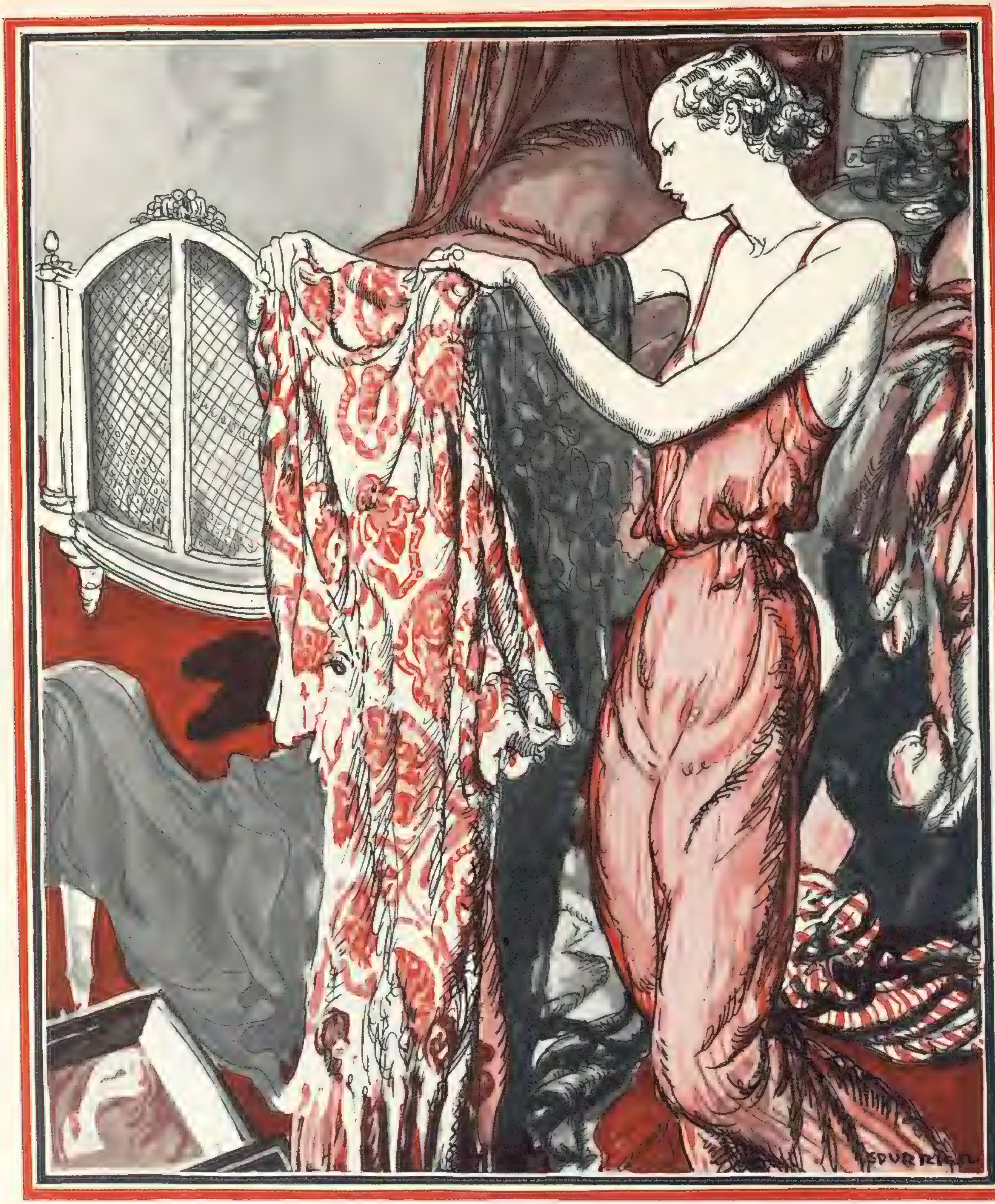
" But Drogo . . . you're mad, darling . . . how can I possibly come ? "

" I'm not mad. We're sane at last. You're not fair either to me or Roxford this way. Tell him the truth ; he'll do the decent thing and we can be married."

" But Drogo," she began wildly. " Your job . . ."

He laughed at her scared face.

" I'll chuck that, of course, and find another one. Don't be afraid, my sweet; we may have some rough going, but I'll take such care of you."



IN the mauve and silver splendour of her bedroom, Venice was packing

She shut her eyes against his shoulder.

" Oh, Drogo."

He drew her close.

" Venice, I'm crazy when I think of it."

Venice felt his craziness stealing over her too, but she still hesitated.

" Where should we go ? " she faltered.

Drogo took a moment for thought; then suddenly :

" I know the very place, in Cornwall, a cottage leaning over the sea, miles from anywhere. My old nurse owns it. Big jolly kitchen, stuffy little parlour, white attics under the roof with texts on the walls and guttering candles at night."

" Spiders," said Venice in a low voice as if trying to accustom herself to the idea.

" Heaps of them," laughed Drogo, " and moths flapping about, and sometimes a bat."

Venice shuddered.

" Oh, Drogo, not a bat ! I should go all to pieces if I met a bat ! "

Her awed face delighted him.

" It shouldn't come near you," he promised. " I'd defend you with my life."

His smile slipped into gravity.

" Oh, darling," he went on earnestly, " the relief of getting away from this disgusting luxury and living hard and simple."

Venice didn't speak, but she was admiring Drogo. Why wasn't she like that? Her closed lips gave him a sudden sharp anxiety.

"You'll come?" he questioned tensely.

"I wouldn't miss the spiders for the world," mocked Venice tenderly.

He drew a long breath of relief.

"Ah."

The gold clock sunk into the wall above the mantelpiece ticked away ten minutes of a Dream before Drogo stood up.

"I'm going. I can't be found here by Roxford."

Then with a sudden recollection, laying firm hands on her shoulders,

"Just one thing you must do for me: leave all these behind."

His hand touched her neck, her braceleted wrist, her rings.

A faint thrill of fear crossed her dizzy mind.

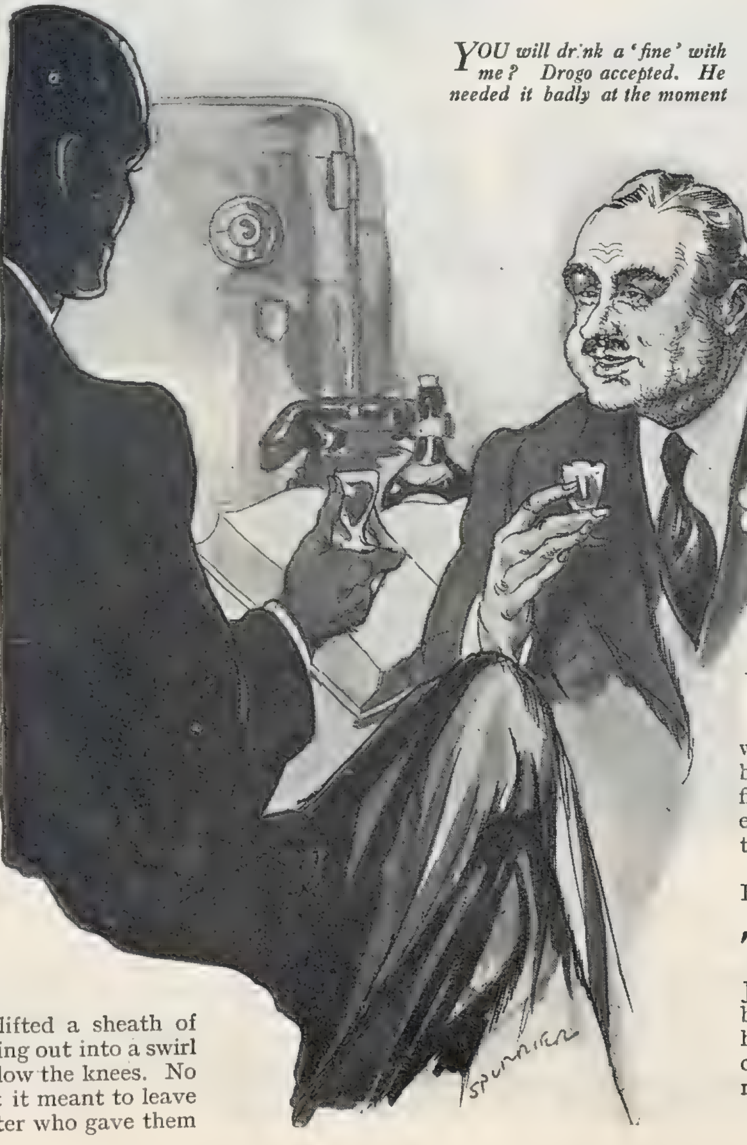
"*Must* I, Drogo?"

He nodded gravely.

"No fleshpots. We must start fair."

She bent her head in acceptance. She couldn't refuse him anything. Jewels didn't seem to matter in this white heat of emotion. She was just Venice, who had never had any. Andrew's wife appeared a fantastic figure without any real existence. Drogo was satisfied. His sense of justice demanded the sacrifice. He kissed her hand tenderly.

"To-morrow," he whispered, and was gone.



YOU will drink a 'fine' with me? Drogo accepted. He needed it badly at the moment

IN the mauve and silver splendour of her bedroom Venice was packing. A small suitcase stood open on the floor, and from drawers and cupboards she had pulled stacks of clothes which drifted over the chairs and dripped from the silk-covered beds almost on to the carpet. Impossible to decide from among these gorgeous heaps which of these subtle expressions of herself would be appropriate to journey in this little suit-case to those tiny Cornish rooms. Sitting back on her heels she fingered a dance frock of white tulle dusted faintly with diamonds glistening like frosted snow that has lain all night. Fantastic to think of taking that, or its white velvet coat with the great collar of silver foxes. She tossed it aside and lifted a sheath of fragile gold sequins flaring out into a swirl of glowing loveliness below the knees. No man could know what it meant to leave perfect clothes, no matter who gave them to you or how you got them. Too much to ask of any woman; decidedly too much to ask of her.

"I'm getting awfully nervous," thought Venice as she felt the tears starting to her eyes. Jerking open another drawer she lifted out a carefully folded layer of lingerie, tiny tucks, little close pleats, lace so fine that it laughed at cobwebs, embroidery like fairy weaving. As she packed them she thought of that old nurse of Drogo's throwing them into a wooden tub on washing day, rubbing the delicate fabrics with clumsy unskilled hands. To shut out this picture she thought feverishly of Drogo's face, recalled the magic of his smile, the look in his eyes. Thought of his letter sent up by hand soon after Andrew left for an early appointment. Such a dear letter, so joyous, so tender and exulting; practical too, for he told her the sleepers were engaged on the night mail, the rooms taken by wire, and he would be waiting at Paddington just before eight, watching every taxi for her. By now he would have resigned his job; perhaps he was packing, too, somewhere in the great building. It was terribly risky, all this, like jumping blind out hunting, not knowing what was on the other side of the fence.

How awful if she was to fail Drogo. Yet how could one stop being oneself, become a person who liked being poor and obscure, who didn't need furs and jewels or had a soul above them?

Deciding at last on a couple of plainer dresses which were all she could find room for, she thrust them hurriedly into the case and shut down the lid.

The acid test of the jewels came next. From the bracelet on her wrist she took the little gold key and turned it in the lock of the heavy leather box. Deep in each velvet tray they blazed at her with their delicate splendour, bracelets intricately patterned, brooches ranging from great plaques to tiny brilliant drops and circles of light; pearls as splendid as those looping the turban of an Indian rajah.

And Drogo ordained she must take none of these.

In a searing revelation the truth came to her. She had failed him already, she couldn't leave them. They were a part of her, of the only life she could live now. Tragic to have to tell him this again, but of two agonies she must choose the lesser. She must write to him this moment, while there was still time . . . .

It was the naked truth she flung on paper, sitting in that untidy, beautiful room.

"I can't do it, Drogo. . . . I can't be poor. If only we had any money between us. . . . if only I'd been brave long ago, life might have been wonderful, but it's too late now. Be happy, Drogo, and don't hate me too much, because I can't alter."

Hastily she scrawled a P.S.:

"I haven't told Andrew anything. I'll make him take me to Paris this evening."

It was done. In a few minutes Drogo would know what a shabby little beast she was. She was safe, quite safe and secure from sordid struggles and rough going. It was a deadly sort of safety, and very lonely. A few tears splashed on her clasped hands for the dream that was Drogo.

She was able to smile at Andrew when he came back, the conference successfully over, a jeweller's case in his hand.

"Like it?" he asked, when she had undone the wrappings and was staring at a cabochon emerald ring.

"It's lovely."

Her voice was still unsteady, but Andrew didn't notice. He took her listless hand and slipped it on her finger. He was decidedly in a good mood. More money would roll into the Roxford coffers, his colleagues were duly impressed with his business acumen, his wife was a credit to him. So when she begged to go to Paris that day by the five o'clock air mail he agreed willingly enough, rang bells, gave orders, started the machinery of departure.

Not a very perceptive man, Sir Andrew Roxford.

THE hands of the big clock in the hall pointed to three-thirty. Jacques had just bowed off the last belated luncher, and a heavy somnolent hush had fallen on the hotel. Jacques, called to the telephone, now transacted mysterious business in his office.

Miss Olive, deep (*Continued on page* 114)

The Grim Shadow

Training *the* Man *with the* MICROSCOPE

A Curriculum *of* Crime—T*he* School *for* S*cientific* Sleuths *in* Switzerland

PROFESSOR BISCHOFF, whose misleadingly gentle manner hides a ferocious scientific mind!

IN a Swiss city that shall be nameless, about midnight not so long ago, a youth was walking home with two companions after a gay evening's entertainment at a modest café; they were all of them perfectly sober, but the boy was going home with a girl on either arm!

Suddenly a sharp report rang out . . . and he fell, face down, on the pavement . . . and lay still.

His two friends, thinking this just " another of his jokes," went on—but soon came running back as he made no movement. The street was deserted and quiet. . . .

Then, to their horror, as they bent over him, they saw him unconscious, and they saw, too, an ominous slow crimson stream that *was spreading sluggishly over the pavement by his head—blood!*

It was not long before the two terrified young women got help—a crowd collected, the police were called, and the apparently dying man was carried away. There was not the slightest clue to the assassin, nor to the motive for such a crime, for the street had been entirely deserted.

Right:

HERE are two classrooms with their strange decoration and stranger equipment

The youth recovered after a grim struggle; the bullet had entered his head through his hat on the left side, and had lodged behind the right eye. Although the radiograms showed its position plainly, it could not be removed, and he lost the sight of his eye. All the police found in their first feverish search had been a small spent cartridge-case near him where he lay . . . and suspicion even began to attach to his two girl companions, who vigorously protested their innocence.

Then it was that one of the most amazing laboratories ever harboured under the academic wing of a university got busy! The famous *Police Scientifique* of the University of Lausanne reconstructed the crime—spun the unbroken thread through their expert fingers and told the world the story of the *man who fired at nothing—AND MISSED IT!* With his experts and his pupils Professor Bischoff (of the poker face and surgeon's fingers . . .) did what he and his unique Institute are so often called upon to do—he stepped in with his cameras, micro-cameras and microscopes, and presented the police with a prisoner—the prisoner with irrefutable proof of his deed *and the Jury with the PROOF OF THE PROOF!* And—Professor Bischoff's carefully selected students with an excellent demonstration of their art.

L'Illustration Suisse

THEY discovered the small pistol hidden in his wardrobe, but apparently unfired . . .

The hat of the victim showed that the bullet had entered it from the left and above; the radiogram showed the entrance of the bullet into the skull and the angle at which it lay—behind the right eye; it was shown, therefore, that, as he stood when that shot rang out, the victim was pierced through his hat by a bullet coming at an angle of some 38 degrees . . . and that the incriminating imaginary line thus produced led, all too plainly, to the only balcony in the street. Armed with a search warrant the police entered this room and found it inhabited by a perfectly normal young man, who, very naturally, denied any knowledge of the matter. He even denied it when, searching diligently, they came upon a small calibre pistol hidden in his wardrobe. He agreed that it was his, but pointed out with some firmness that *it had not been fired;* and, indeed, insisted that he had not used it for some time.

The possession of a revolver and the fact that an imaginary line of 38 degrees leads from one's room to the scene of a shooting does not convict; and the youth continued to protest his innocence.

Professor Bischoff took the pistol and the spent cartridge-case to his laboratories . . . and returned with the story nearly complete!

over the Criminal of To-day . . .

By
Joan
Woollcombe

At this stage, if he is telling you himself, the scientific detachment of the expert will give way to the pleasure of the scientist in an expert piece of work! He shows you the bullet case; one side has a deep indentation showing that it had been thrown or had fallen from a height . . . that is all, until the micrometer revealed that it exactly fitted the pistol and until a further firing of six identical shots provided six more spent cartridge-cases and the micro-camera got to work.

Un crime
mystérieux
Qui est l'assassin ?
Cette nuit, quelques jeunes gens rentraient ch
lorsqu'un coup de feu, tiré d'on ne sait où
Immédiatement transporté
poste de secours le blessé avait

L'Illustration Suisse

THEY found him lying shot, with no clue to assassin nor motive. This was one of the crime problems that the Institute of "Police Scientifique" of Lausanne was called upon to solve

Police Scientifique

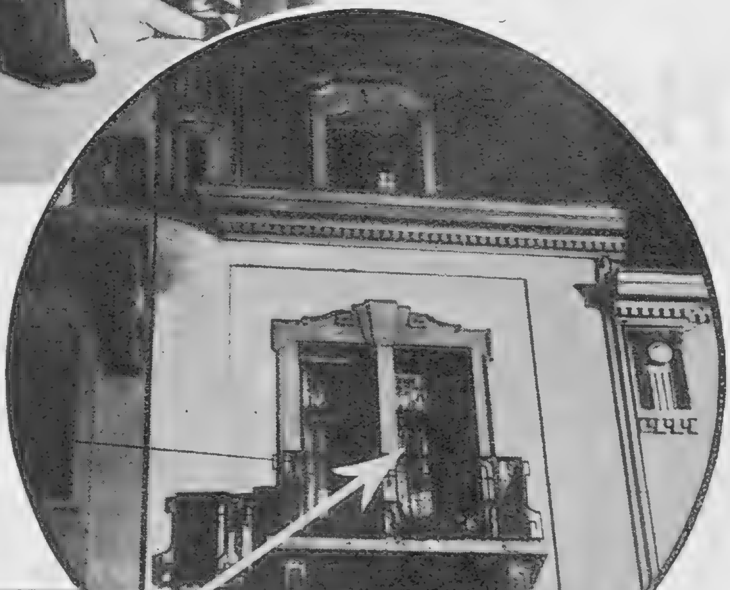
As all the world knows, the firing of a bullet leaves, on the spent case, a series of marks that are to the revolver as thumbprints to the human; and the micro-camera very obligingly revealed the fact that this revolver alone could have fired the spent cartridge found by the prostrate body of the victim!

An illuminating set of enlargements proved this, photographically; and, what is even more important, were the proof of the proof to the jury. Faced with this evidence, the wretched youth confessed that he had fired the shot . . . and then the experts obligingly took the case a step further—proving that the shot was fired at random and that, from the position of the balcony and the victim, *the young man could not have sighted for an aim!*

THE final step was the confession that explained the motive—the missing link in a strange story. A lonely boy had that night wandered in search of a "lady friend" and had failed to find anyone to alleviate his solitude. Morosely, he had gone out on his balcony, watching the passers-by. Indeed, his neighbours later testified that he often stood watching the crowds that only served to accentuate his isolation.

Finally, nearly at midnight, there had come along the deserted street his unfortunate victim—*with a girl on either arm!* That was the final touch! Seizing the pistol, he had fired in their direction with "That'll teach him to have two girls while I cannot find even one . . ."

To his genuine horror the incredible happened, and he saw this unknown youth fall. This, borne out by the evidence, was the story when, faced by those photographs, he saw that denial was out of the question.



Right:

HERE is pictorial evidence of the careful reconstruction that led to the identification of the balcony from which the bullet travelled

L'Illustration Suisse

AN excellent exercise for the pupils of Monsieur le Professor Bischoff, in that amazing school of his in the austere University. The Institute that is entirely independent of any police or similar authority—that confers a coveted Degree in the Scientific Detection of Crime, and that trains embryo Sherlocks in the modern manner with a formidable array of the newest machines that the sciences of medicine, chemistry, photography and law can devise!

But they have to be exceedingly careful in their selection of students for this training—*they learn too much to remain harmless. . . .*

However, it is not only Swiss murderers, forgers and embezzlers who turn cold at the sight of these Graduates; but, from Brazil to India, from Poland (*Continued on page* 121)

Gilbert Frankau on
“Third time Lucky . . . ?”

BEFORE these words appear in print I shall have contracted matrimony for the third time. For this various of my men friends would award me a Victoria Cross, others a quiet cell in some private lunatic asylum. My women friends—women being naturally pro-marriage—are not so scornful. And, personally, I am facing my fate, if not with complete bravado, at least with a reasoned confidence that this third adventure of mine is going to be a success.

Why, you ask, this confidence ?

Do I acquit myself of all blame for the failure of my other two adventures ? Certainly not. Just as it takes two to make a marriage, so does it take two to break the ties of that particular estate.

It is no use pretending, as so many adventurers and adventuresses who have been shipwrecked on the perilous sea of marriage do pretend, that it was the mate's fault for refusing to obey the captain. In all matrimonial ships there are two captains, and the responsibility for a wreck is mutual.

There is “ no such animal ” as a faultless husband. And although there may be such a creature as a faultless wife, that very faultlessness will often drive an ordinary *moyen sensuel* spouse on to the Divorce Court rocks.

For this reason only fools take sides in other people's matrimonial squabbles. “ Poor Eve,” the wise man says to himself in such circumstances, “ may be the perfect angel of her friends' estimation. But that Adam is the perfect devil I beg leave to doubt.”

Because modern marriage is not the simple “ as long as ye both shall live ” affair of the simple-minded Victorians. Humanity nowadays is making history's highest demand on existence. We live in a period of continual self-questioning and continual dissatisfaction. Nor can this estate of marriage, originally founded for the satisfaction of three common human needs, escape the doubts, the questionings, the dissatisfaction of this present age.

Human needs, and especially woman's needs, are no longer simple. Every new spiritual idea, every new material invention, adds to the complexity of human wants.

As civilisation grows older the civilised animal grows subtler. Nowadays we take nothing for granted—except our ever-growing desire to escape from the rigid bonds of pre-war thought.

Post-war thought knows only one convention—never to be conventional. The higher the type the greater its urge to complete freedom of the individuality from social restraint.

Our grandfathers and grandmothers, marrying by creed, were largely content to live by code. We, their grandchildren, refusing their code, demand the right to live by the light of our own consciences. Increasingly we reject their theory that the more intimate forms of human relationship (that of parents and children, for instance) can be subjected to text-book discipline. And most of all do we reject the text-book theory when applied to that most delicate and most difficult of all forms of human relationship, marriage.

“ Even in marriage,” we say, “ there must be no fixed code, no definite subjection of one party to the other, no restriction of individual freedom.”

How then, realising this, can a man of my age and of my profession even contemplate matrimony, and for the third time, with a girl twenty years his junior ?

One purpose of this article is to answer this question. And to answer it frankly. Let me admit, therefore, without the slightest hesitation, that my primal reason for taking this step is the fact that I am very deeply and very sincerely in love. If, however, you ask me to elaborate this answer by analysing those three words, “ being in love,” I can only say that the very essence of being in love—even for one of my profession—is an almost total inability to analyse that particular emotion, or rather complexity of all the emotions, in cold print.

Only great poets in the hot frenzy of their youth have been able to depict their own love-emotions in cold print. And even in their effusions the critical eye can discern something of what my mother called "literary insincerity." While in all their maturer work one can read something of love's distrust, a melancholy, a doubt as to whether even the deepest, the sincerest love can guarantee the lover that marriage with the loved one will insure life-long bliss.

Most human experience, indeed, tends to prove that there is no such state as one of life-long bliss; and that anyone who dreams of attaining such a state through mere love leading to mere matrimony is a crazy romanticist, only fitted for that cell in a private lunatic asylum which some of my men friends would award me.

Nevertheless, though I realise this also, it does not shake my reasoned confidence that I am taking no more than the average human risk in adventuring the sea of matrimony for the third and last time.

Nor am I willing to admit that a love conceived in his maturer years need, of necessity, obliterate a man's intellect. Ought it not, on the contrary, to put a keener edge on all the faculties? If my own case is in any way typical, the answer to this question is in the affirmative. Because I have never before been so keenly conscious of those apprehensions from which all true wisdom springs.

For if, as I have always held, Fear was the actual beginning of knowledge (and the first hairless ape who took refuge behind a fire in a cave from the prowling sabre-tooth the original founder of civilisation), my very apprehensions, let alone the fact that I have conquered them, prove that one can be a lover, and a husband, without being of necessity a fool.

As my second admission, therefore, let me state with equal frankness that I did not decide to undertake this third voyage without at least contemplating the possibility of a third shipwreck.

Even after my intellect had assured me that I disliked and resented the state of bachelorhood, that these last two years had been unutterably lonely ones, and that marriage, like bachelorhood, is a habit which, contracted young and persevered with into maturity, cannot easily be broken—and even although my emotions kept assuring me, as they assure every man and woman in similar circumstances, that there was no risk whatsoever—I remained the doubter.

"Twice before," said doubt, "you have embarked upon this sea. Twice before your galleon of happiness has gone down with all hands."

But that doubt is of the remote past now; and my confidence of success all the more reasoned because I have dared to contemplate failure, and not to contemplate it alone.

There would be far fewer unhappy marriages, I feel, if prospective husbands and prospective wives were a little more frank with one another, if they were to let their imaginations face the disadvantages as well as the advantages of modern matrimony.

But since it is possible that nobody can appreciate those disadvantages until he or she has actually experienced them, let us consider another phase of my personal problem. Granted the commission of matrimony, what do I demand of matrimony, what do I expect?

MARRIAGE

MRS. Gilbert Frankau, *née* Susan Harris

That answer, at least, is an easy one. I both expect and demand a reasonable measure of happiness, not alone for myself, but (this being the true crux of the whole matter) for the girl who is going to be my wife.

If any marriage, we are both agreed, does not bring this reasonable measure of mutual happiness, either party to it is morally entitled to break the civil contract. All unhappy marriages, we both believe, are definitely immoral, and contrary to the laws of human nature.

Our common duty, therefore, is to insure each other against all unreasonable unhappiness. And if you ask us how on earth we are going to do this, we reply, "First and foremost, by making as utterly certain as is humanly possible in these difficult times through which the whole world is now passing that the economic basis of our life partnership shall be sound."

"Solvency first," is to be our matrimonial motto.

And if this comes as a shock to the sentimentalist and the romanticist—if it seems to anybody that such a motto is incompatible with a man and a woman being truly in love with one another—we can only be sorry for them. Because to this primal truth about modern marriage our faith is pinned.

Modern marriage, we both believe, is nothing if it is not a complete partnership. And how can this partnership be complete if it disregards the main factor of modern civilisation?

The main factor of modern civilisations, possibly of all civilisations, is a reasonable

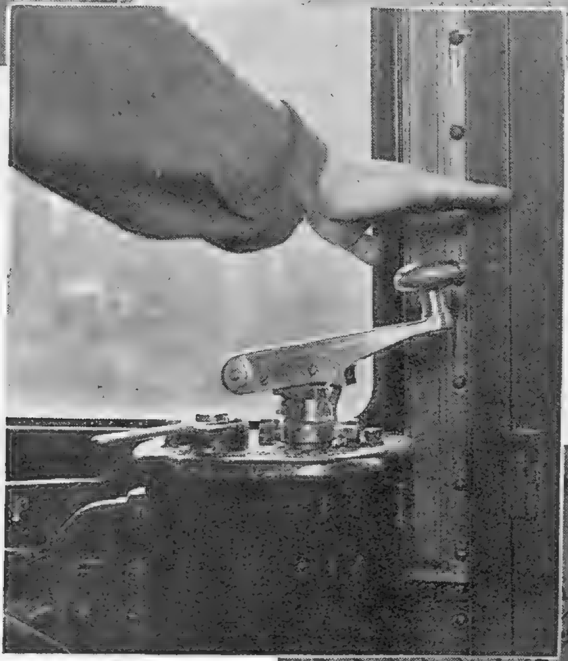
(*Continued on page* 112)

The *Safest*

S*peed*, Crowds *and* irreconcilables *that* are

By G. A.

Above:
A PICCADILLY train at Sudbury Town Station



Left:
THE "dead man's handle." The knob in the handle is fitted with a weak spring which is easily held down in normal running. Releasing the knob cuts off the current

THE signalling arrangements are absolutely automatic, and a trip-cock on the line prevents a train passing a signal at danger

JUST as it seems strange that the faster our railway trains become the greater the degree of punctuality attained, so also it appears an anomaly that the most intense service of trains should boast the greatest degree of safety for its passengers.

But, nevertheless, the Underground Railways of London, on whose lines as many as forty trains per hour in one direction are run at rush intervals, holds easily the pride of place in the matter of freedom from accidents. It is quite true to say that the safest mode of travel existing now in highly civilised districts is by tube train.

In the first place it must be realised that the tubes had to adopt every available device to assist would-be travellers to get to their destination as speedily as possible, otherwise the time spent in descending to the level of the lines and waiting for a train would outweigh such time as was saved in avoiding crowded streets.

Obviously, a continuous service of trains was essential, and, in view of the tremendous crowds likely to use the system, every possible means of ensuring that the trains could load and unload quickly and follow on each other's heels with safety.

Nowadays, after the tubes have been in existence for more than thirty years and the District line—the original Underground—for a further twenty-five years, it would indeed be hard to suggest any means whereby the safety or speed of the system could be improved upon.

From the moment one enters an Underground station the safety devices are at work. Not always visible, but still doing their part quietly and efficiently.

Assume for the moment it is one of the stations equipped with lifts. There is no possibility of anyone falling down the shaft, or becoming trapped between the edge of the lift and the shaft, for the lift cannot move until the gates are properly shut. Above the gates are spring catches which fly open when the gates are opened and cut off the electric current by which the lifts are driven. Closing the gates completes the circuit and allows the motors to operate.

Supposing, however, the lift developed a fault and stopped half-way down the shaft. There would be very little delay in the journey of the passenger, for there is a door in the side of the lift by which you can step into the lift in the next shaft, which would be brought to the correct position for the change as soon as the stoppage took place.

In the event of a complete failure of the power, the lifts may be brought to the surface by emergency hand-winding gear. The door in the side of the lifts is seldom noticed by passengers, probably because of the number of theatre and other advertisements usually placed on the sides. Still, they are quite easily seen if you take a more careful glance next time you travel this way.

The lift speed is carefully regulated, and any tendency to excess speed brings into action a brake, which corrects the trouble automatically.

THE newest type of lift is controlled entirely from the outside and needs no official to travel up and down with it.

At some of the smaller stations, the lift contains a small booking stand, and tickets are taken actually on the lifts. In these cases, the man in charge of the booking booth can communicate

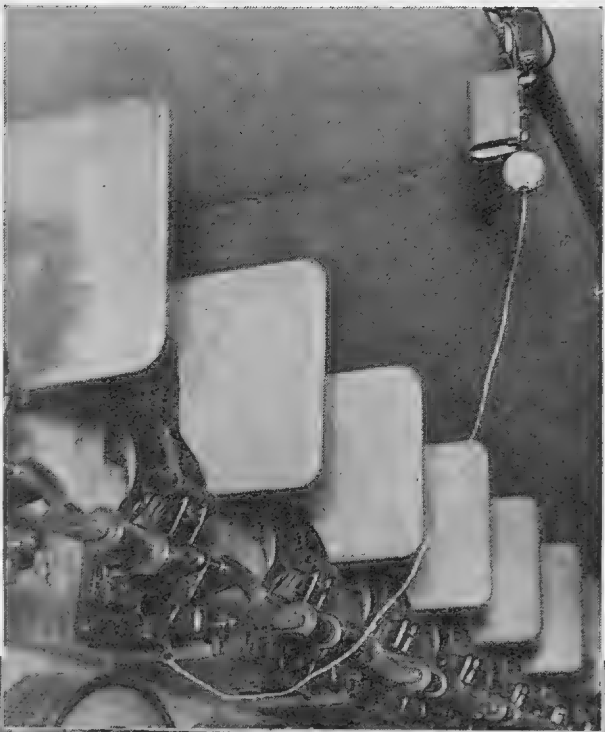
Travel *on* Earth

Safety *are the* three apparent *harmonised* by the U*nderground*

Field

Right:

A TUNNEL telephone device. When operated the ball falls, bringing out the circuit breaker in the sub-station



Below:

A DRIVER pinching together the wires that run alongside the tunnel to cut off the current

with the surface in emergency by means of telephone wires in the shaft.

The newer stations are, of course, equipped with escalators, and these will replace lifts in many of the older stations before long. Each escalator has an emergency device attached, consisting of a circular brass case with a red paper in front, and instructions for use in case of accident.

A lady on the tubes was recently heard giving a graphic description of this device; she declared that it was like a fire alarm, only a first-aid brigade materialised instead of a fire brigade, in answer to a shrill buzzer!

Actually the paper disc conceals a pair of wires, which have only to be pressed together to stop the escalator.

The arrangements to ensure safe train running are most carefully thought out. Most people are familiar with the "dead man's handle," although there seems to be some difference of opinion as to what exactly happens when the driver releases his hold on the handle.

The "dead man's handle" itself is really only the knob on top of the control handle, and it is fitted with a weak spring which is easily held down in normal running. Releasing the knob cuts off the current and applies the brakes, bringing the train to a standstill within its own length.

THE driver can stop his train in any part of the tube and telephone from his driving cab to the sub-station

Another familiar object is the pair of bare copper wires running along the tunnel sides. The pressing together of these wires cuts off the current automatically, and the driver then, by means of a portable telephone which is hooked on to the wires, is able to inform the sub-station of the emergency which has necessitated the cutting off of the current. Obviously it would be extremely unsafe for passengers to leave a stranded train and walk along the track to a station, if the current remained on.

Originally these wires enabled the driver to acquaint the sub-station with his desire to cut off the current, but it was found to be quicker and safer if any member of the train staff, by pressing the wires, could cause the current to be shut off instantaneously.

The signalling arrangements are absolutely automatic, and the human element has no hand as in the case of surface lines. The system is delightfully simple in principle, since each train places the signal at danger as it passes, and does not allow it to be "all clear" until it has passed further signals and set them at danger in turn.

A recent slight accident—the first for many, many years—has brought these signalling devices to the public notice, and it was frequently explained how a trip-cock was raised in the lines as long as the signal was at danger. The effect of the trip-cock is to hit a projecting lever under the train which sets the air-brake in action. In some ways the system is not unlike that found on some varieties of toy clockwork (*Continued on page* 116)

Queer Tales of Long Ago:

Collected, Painted and Described by

F. MATANIA, R.I.

No. 26. The Goddess born of a Father

THE sole rival known to pagan mythology of Omnipotent Jove was Minerva, the circumstances of whose birth demonstrate, more perhaps than any other legend, the superb, gigantesque —and sometimes gross—imagination of the poets of antiquity.

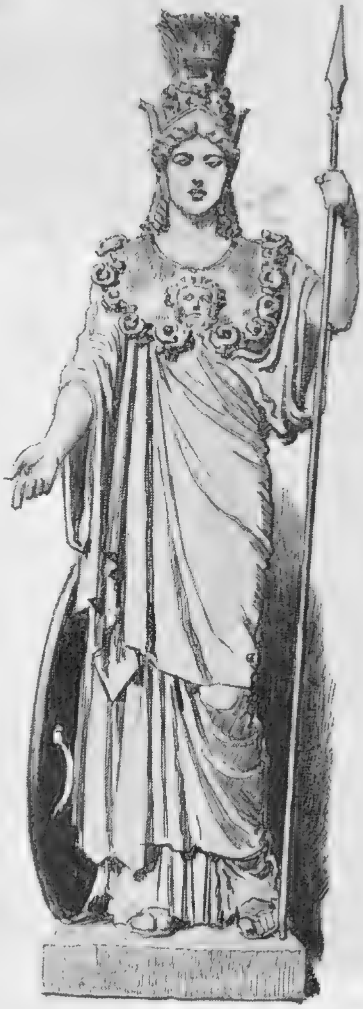
The tradition runs that Jupiter was united in bonds of heavenly wedlock to Metide, the wisest of the goddesses and the protagonist of Prudence. A prophecy delivered jointly by Uranus (Heaven) and Terra (Earth) had decreed that the issue of Metide should surpass in excellence all existing divinities. The Thunderer was disconcerted at this and considered how best to maintain his established supremacy.

So soon as he learned of his wife's expectant motherhood he resorted to a solution remarkable for its energy: he swallowed Metide!

This was, to the ancients, no act of celestial cannibalism; according to the beliefs yet to be traced in rites of primitive peoples, by that act he incorporated (literally) in himself the qualities of both mother and child. Likewise, knowing his (Olympic) world, he precluded the possibility of any other god raising up from Metide deities to dethrone him!

The decrees of the classic Fates, however, were superior to the shifts and devices of the classic gods. Immortals, as mortals, were bound by the warp and woof of their symbolic tapestry. A few days later, Jupiter was afflicted with headaches of celestial force.

Pursuant to his policy of energy, the Thunderer summoned Vulcan and bade him open his head to discover what so agonised him. With his blacksmith's axe the limping god smote the brow of the lord of heaven with a heavenly blow, laying open the skull. Born by a divine Cæsarean section, performed by a divine *accoucheur*, a masculine midwife, forth from his brain sprang Minerva, armed *cap-à-pie* and fully grown to goddess's estate. So potent was she at her birth that she was strong enough to help her father in his great war against the Titans.



"WHO sprang, full-armed, from Jove's immortal brow"

One of the most prominent qualities incarnated by this divinity was that of chastity. Her own was stubbornly and successfully maintained even in the Olympus of her day. Despite the many attempts on her purity made by many deities, enthralled by her severe beauty, she remained the Virgin Goddess.

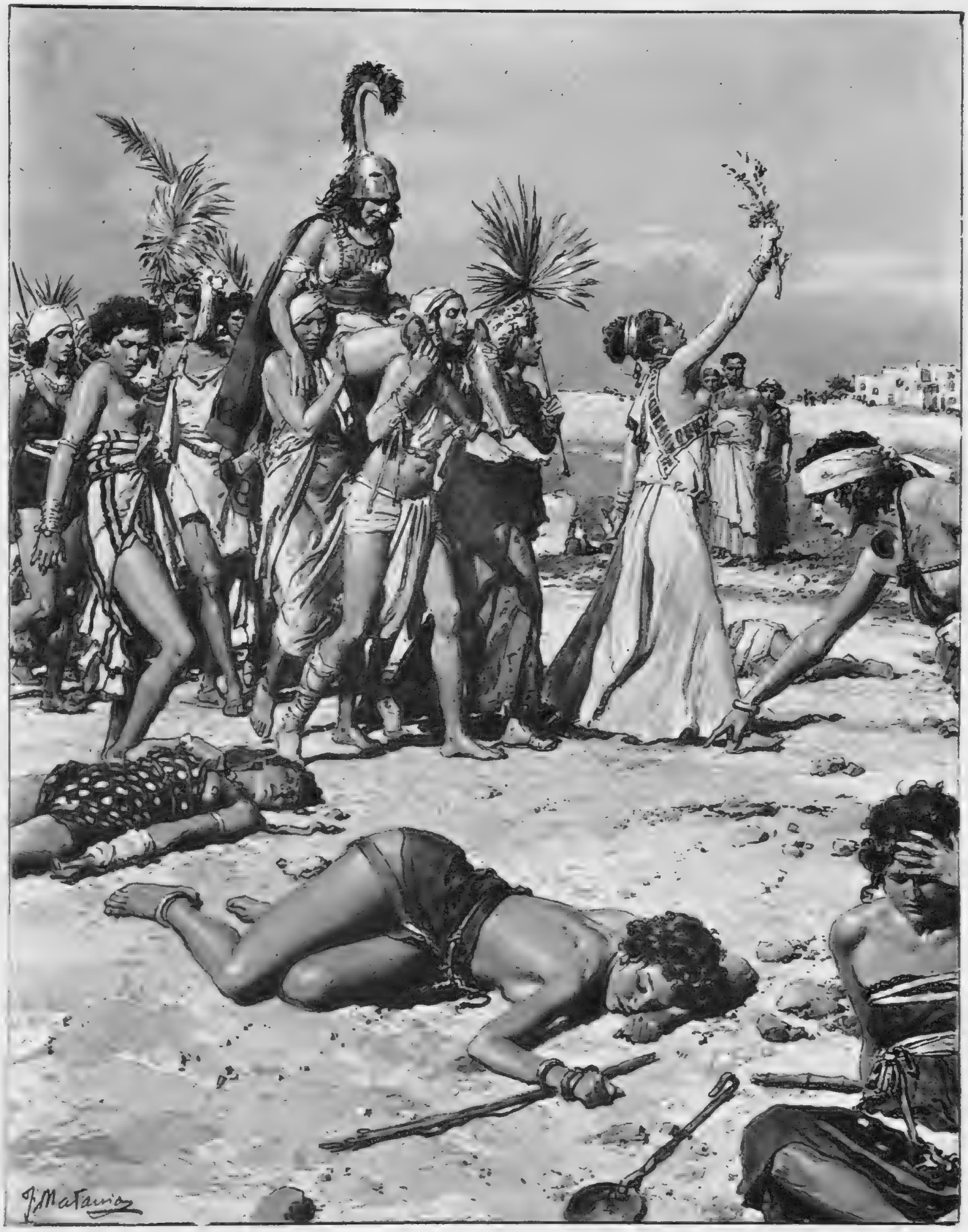
The worship of Minerva was established in almost every civilised community in the Mediterranean world. Rites of the most imposing nature in temples of magnificence were celebrated in diverse places under diverse forms. In the kingdom of the Ausis, a couple of hundred miles from Tunis, near a lake then called Tritonis Palus and now known as Sebka el Faroon, an especially peculiar festival of Minerva was celebrated in the period 200 B.C.

This was performed by those girls whose reputation for modesty was unsullied. They were assembled on a certain field and divided into two groups. At a given signal, the opposite parties started a furious fight. A contemporary writer, in his description of it, terms it an "improper fight," a phrase meaning that no regular weapons were furnished to the combatants. Sticks, stones—and finger-nails—formed their accoutrements of war.

The maiden who above all her peers distinguished herself in battle—for Minerva was goddess of war as of wisdom—was arrayed in the traditional costume of the divinity—armour, greaves and a Corinthian helm—and, so attired, was drawn in triumph on a chariot round the lake.

Those who died of their wounds—a tenet which opens a tragic door into the psychology of Antiquity—were not honoured, but were insulted in their funeral rites, for they were held to have been incontrovertibly proved immodest and unchaste, enjoying their reputation, upon which they were elected to participate in the festival, under false pretences.

No. 27. The Blossom—or Weed—of Slavery



The Ordeal of Chastity by Battle

The Festival at Tritonus Palus to honour the goddesses of Warfare, Wisdom and Chastity

THE mind of mankind has ever given to history the cloak of legend, and it is only with an intense and informed effort that one may obliterate the colour cast by the story, and see things in the photographic clarity of black and white. In something of the same way, certain words have so puissant an atmosphere about them as to deflect the rays of man's thought, so that actuality is hard indeed to come by.

There is, perhaps, no word so inherently "atmospheric" as "slave." From the Orient with its odalisques, to the Occident with its Uncle Toms, from the Helots of classic Sparta, exposed to the free as a warning, to the negroes of the nineteenth-century rubber plantations of the Congo, the word "slave" conjures up visions of chained, beaten, suffering, even sacrificed *misérables*. Yet a glance at the real—not the (in this case, *bad*) ideal—presents a different aspect of the great basis of the pagan world.

Slaves were not merely servants, but artisans—even artists—of every type. Originally derived solely from the ranks of those captured in war, aliens acquired by right of purchase, the offspring of such *servi*, and convicts, the status was later, with the progress of education, enlarged to include other ranks. So complicated, indeed, did the institution of slavery become that an entire *codex* of laws had to be framed to regulate its existence.

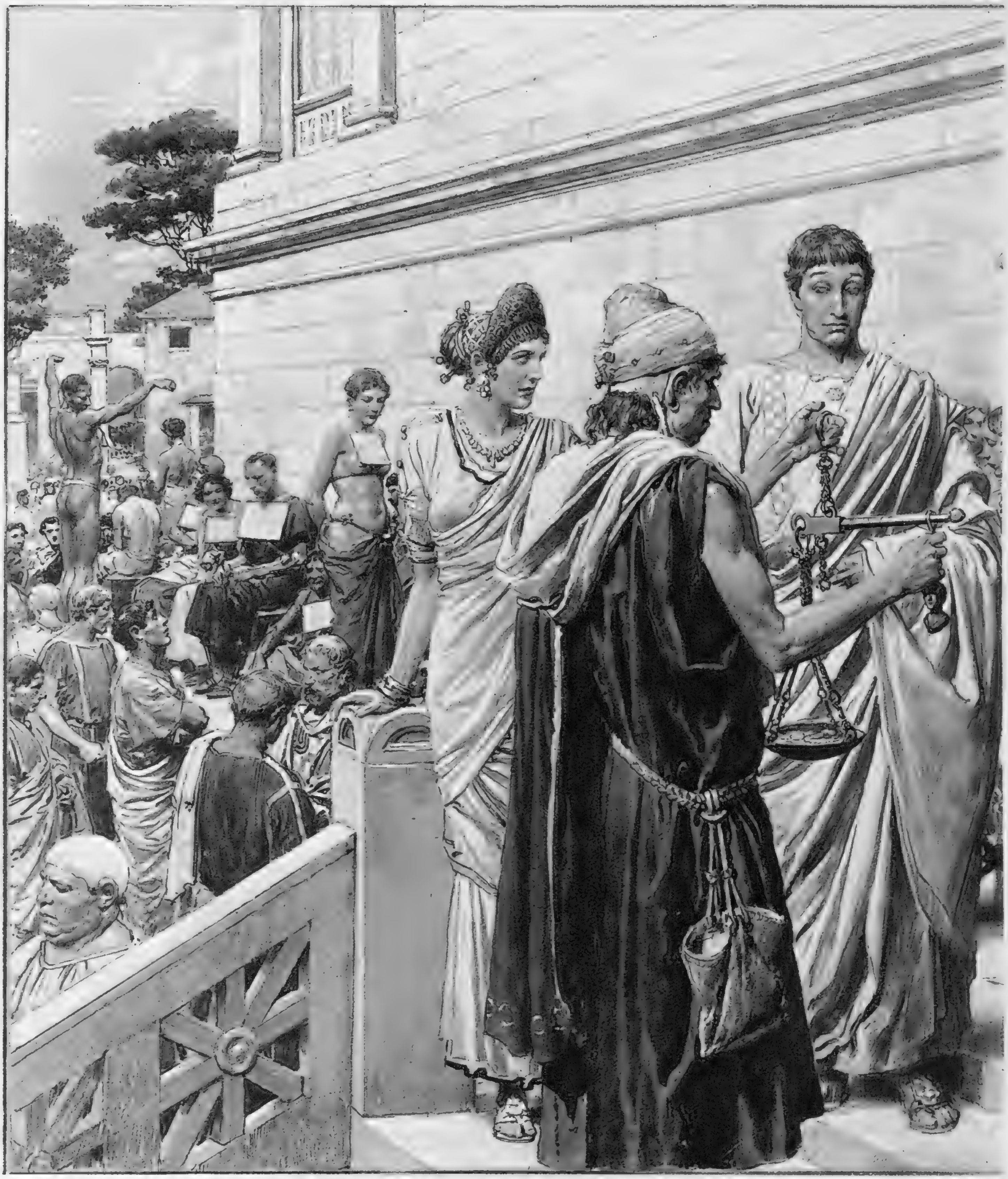
It is true that a master—*dominus*—had over his slave the right of life and death. But it was limited. If it were proved that the ultimate penalty had been unjustly, over-severely, or frivolously inflicted, the master was liable to severe, even to capital punishment.

It is obvious that the good or bad treatment of a slave depended very largely on the psychological make-up of his master, but there was always the safeguard that the slave represented so much tangible security, so much actual cash value, that it was to the interest of the master to maintain him in all fitness. For those for whom the whim of the moment outweighed self-interest, there was the dual protection of the penalty for unjust judgments, and the rarity (save in the decadent Empire) of perversity and perversion.

To such a pitch was the safe-guarding of slaves brought that one may still read of such a case as this: A female slave of great beauty had incurred a severe whipping, but an even more severe penalty was held *in terrorem* over the executioner, should he mar with the slightest bruise the fair and delicate skin of the original culprit! One may well conjecture that the punishment was a caress—and a mockery.

A slave, or the child of a slave, showing any inclination for any vocation—art, music, science, literature, architecture, engineering—was immediately given all opportunity to develop the talent. Thereby,

(*Continued on page 42*)



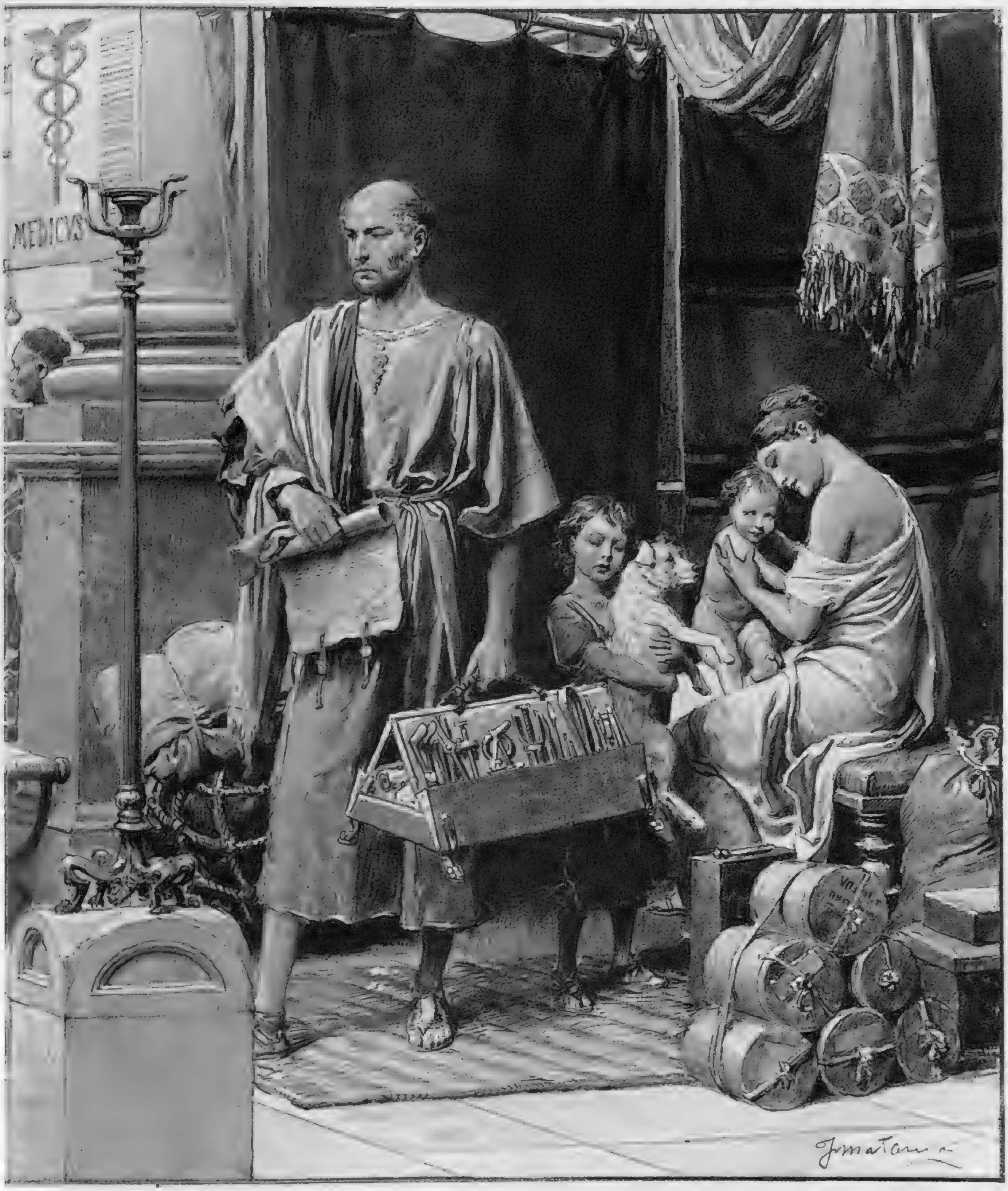
The Sale of a Surgeon in the Slave Market at Rome. By law, his

be it understood, he increased his own value to his master, and many fortunes were made by the owners of highly skilled slaves. *Servi*, again, were instructed in various branches of industry, and the management of business; they were entrusted with the administration of huge properties and invested with high responsibilities. They were permitted to work on their own account, paying merely a percentage — albeit, probably, a high one—to the *dominus*, and, with the balance, to purchase slaves to their own use, personal or administrative.

A high-class slave could scarcely be detected from a free man. Once it was suggested that a special uniform should be imposed upon the whole class, but the scheme was, wisely enough, rejected: it were foolish to allow the *servi* to discover how great a proportion of the population of the Pagan Roman Empire they formed.

A new career opened up in the *Orbis Terrarum* which owned the Latin sway: many capitalists invested their money in maintaining gangs of slaves *on hire*! These slaves were not only let out to private persons, or privately-run industries, but even to the State, for such work as building, agriculture, and mining. When the task for which they had been engaged was terminated, they returned to their impresario to await the next assignment.

SLAVES, it is interesting to note, were insured! Antigenes of Rhodes was the first to become established as the forerunner of the Prudential! For an annual contribution of eight *drachmæ*, for each slave in the army Antigenes



purchaser had also to acquire his diploma, instruments, books—and family!

of Rhodes undertook to reimburse the owner with the full value of the slave should he run away!

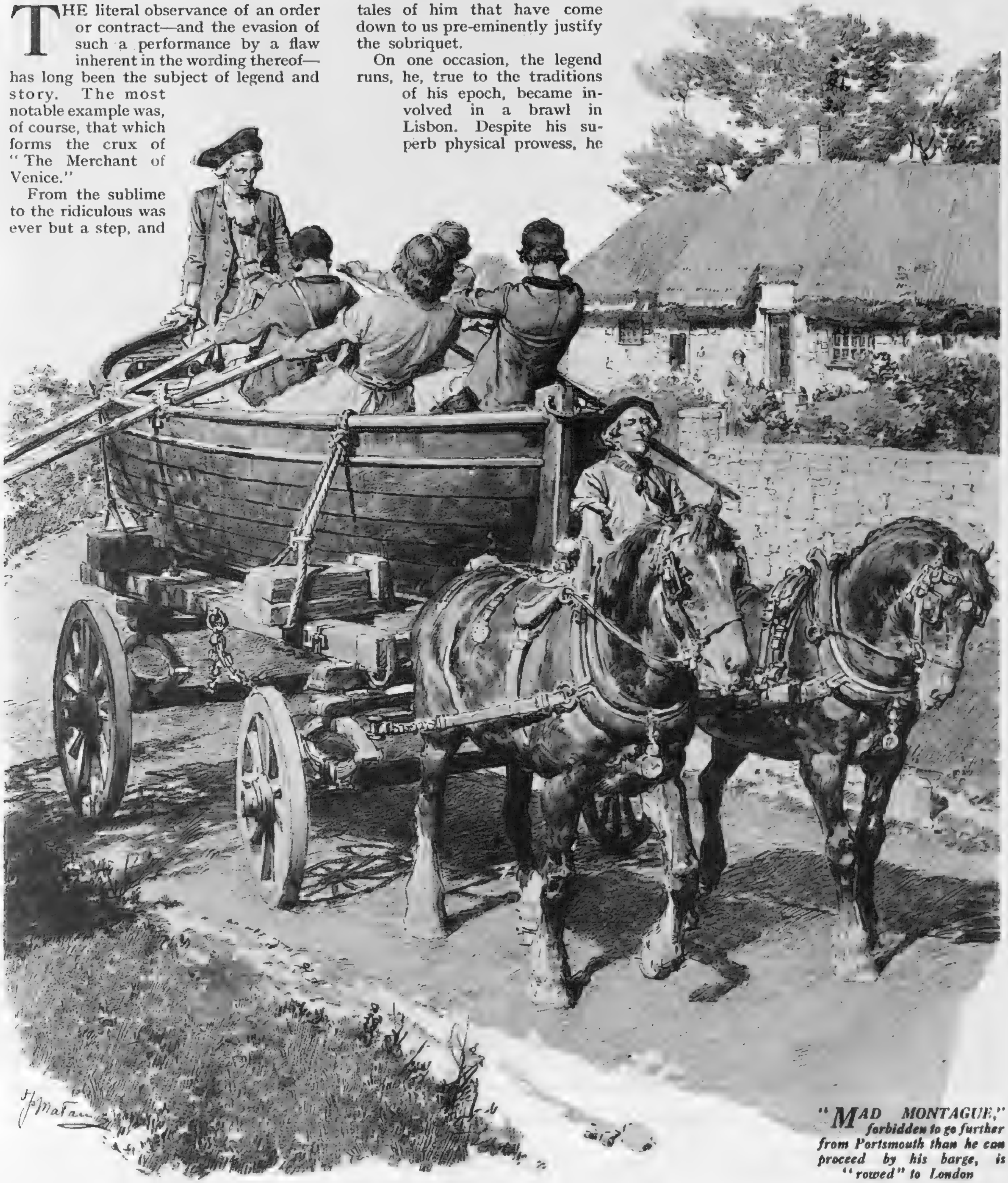
In Rome there was a permanent market for every type of slave. They were exhibited at their best, and the vendors—*mangones* or *venalitii*—were obliged by law to state frankly all their bad points as well as their good ones. This obligation, however, did not prevent them from resorting to all manner of tricks: they "doctored" their slaves even as racehorses were "doctored" a hundred years ago and wine is "doctored" to-day. Slaves up for sale were stripped to the skin, and many of them were medically examined before the purchase was completed. The price was regulated by their age, strength, beauty, and ability.

It is interesting to note that a pregnant woman was not considered as two slaves (albeit the offspring of a female slave, even by a patrician father, held the servile status), for it was a cardinal principle of *Lex Romana* that, until its appearance upon the face of the earth, a human being was free.

The slaves to be auctioned were lined up on a daïs with a board hung on the breast of each, on which was displayed his, or her, description, personal and mental.

Enormous prices have been recorded for girls of extraordinary beauty or for cooks of esoteric talent. Musicians, singers, hairdressers, artists, sculptors, doctors, and surgeons all fetched large sums. The so-called "chosen" slaves were sold separately from the crowd—in separate lots, as it were—and treated with all the (*Continued on page* 45)

No. 28. The Sanity of "Mad Montague"



"MAD MONTAGUE," forbidden to go further from Portsmouth than he can proceed by his barge, is "rowed" to London

THE literal observance of an order or contract—and the evasion of such a performance by a flaw inherent in the wording thereof—has long been the subject of legend and story. The most notable example was, of course, that which forms the crux of "The Merchant of Venice."

From the sublime to the ridiculous was ever but a step, and from the tragic "Jew that Shakespeare drew" to the Hon. William Montague is as delicious an example of that step as any on record.

Mr. Montague was a captain in His Britannic Majesty's Navy during the latter half of the eighteenth century—the great days of the Senior Service. And Captain the Hon. William Montague achieved so great a reputation for eccentricity that he was known universally as "Mad Montague." Indeed, the few tales of him that have come down to us pre-eminently justify the sobriquet.

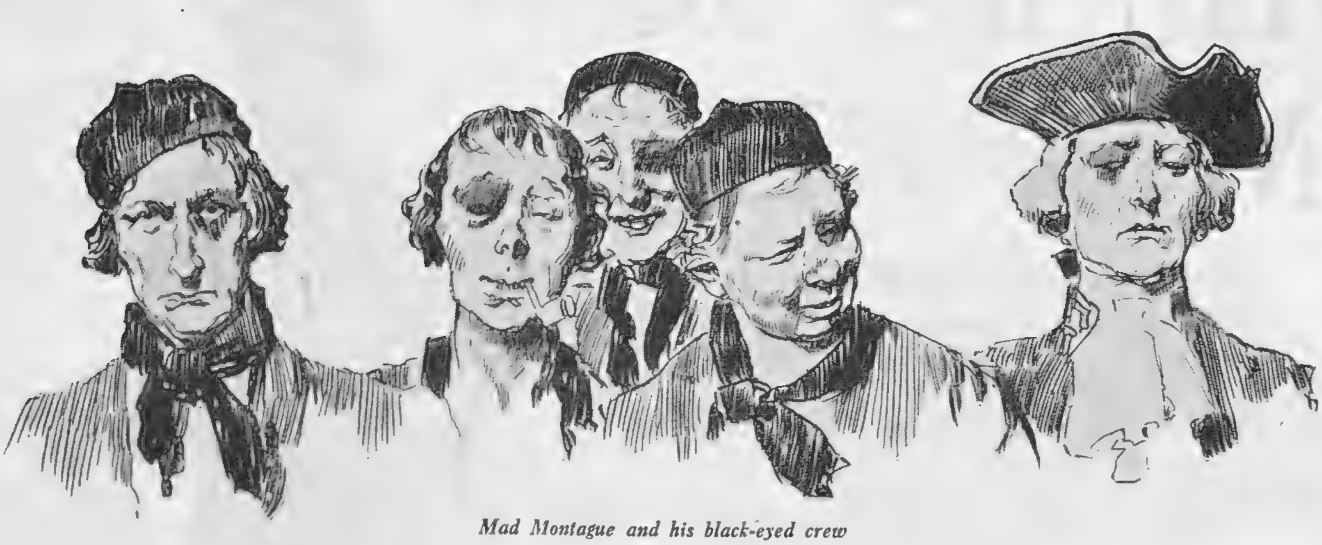
On one occasion, the legend runs, he, true to the traditions of his epoch, became involved in a brawl in Lisbon. Despite his superb physical prowess, he received a healthy black eye. History does not relate what happened to his antagonist! But on the following day, wishing once again to go ashore, he found that his English dislike of being conspicuous, especially by reason of a facial disfigurement, proved almost insuperable.

He therefore ordered the crew which was to attend him to decorate itself with artificial black eyes! The starboard rowers appeared with their right, the larboard rowers with their left eyes "in mourning." In such a galaxy of marred humanity, Captain Montague presented no phenomenon at all!

This episode, however, is small beer compared to the ingenuity he displayed on another occasion, whereby he rendered nugatory an order by sheer obedience.

At this particular time, Captain Montague was in the command of Sir Edward (afterwards Lord) Hawke. With

Queer Tales of Long Ago: *Continued*



Mad Montague and his black-eyed crew

due formality, the captain asked permission of the Admiral to repair to London to attend to certain private business, but the High Command deemed the occasion inopportune—it was the era of almost constant warfare upon the High Seas—and instructed Montague to go no further away than he could proceed by his barge.

Nothing daunted, "Mad Montague" ordered in Portsmouth the construction of a large truck set on wheels, capable of being drawn by horses.

This done, he loaded his barge with provisions and loaded the truck with the barge. He "embarked" his crew, inspanned horses, lashed the boat to its carriage and drove away to London, ordering his mariners to carry out the motions of rowing just as though they were afloat.

The ridiculous appearance which this contraption presented can rather be imagined than described. The Admiral, on receipt of news of the event, and being at once jealous of the honour of the Service, and tickled at the ingenuity of his subordinate, despatched a fast messenger with permission for Captain the Hon. William Montague to proceed to London by whatsoever means he might desire.

The Blossom—or Weed—of Slavery

(Continued from page 43)

consideration due to their personal value. The illustration depicts the sale of a surgeon with his wife and children, his surgical instruments, and his books of lore rolled up in cylindrical cases. It should be noted that a law remarkable for its humaneness and its humanity had early been passed prohibiting the splitting up of families, so that husband and wife and children were not separated as were, on occasion, the slaves in the Southern States of America.

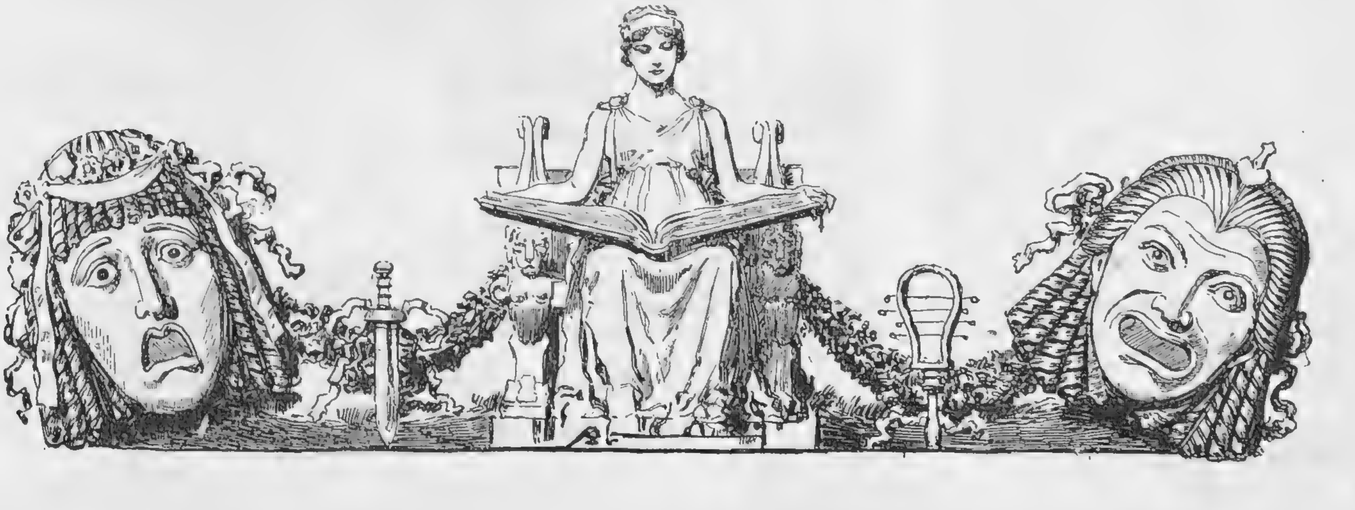
The cardinal features of slavery, however, may be summarised in the fact that a slave, whether sold to a master or not, had his food and his lodging constantly assured. While unsold, the merchant who possessed him was, through sheer self-interest, compelled to keep him well and fit. The tragedy of modern life among the masses—the procuring of one's daily bread and nightly bed—was, and is, the privilege only of the free. That, possibly, explains why yet another law was put upon the statute book, restraining any free man from selling himself into slavery.

It is, in fine, a moot point as to whether or no slavery was a terrible institution. The sword of Christendom has been drawn against it for centuries; but when Christians had the power of freeing slaves who were willing to go into convents or monasteries, if any should prefer to return to secular life they had perforce to resume their old status. It is recorded that many preferred slavery. Even the flesh-pots could scarcely compensate for the misery of servitude—if the conditions of servitude were so appalling as is commonly thought.

Take a glance at the modern world, in which any one who is not wealthy, has to strive with might and main for the bare necessities of existence, whether or no he possessed ability, whether or no he is granted the divine boon of health; the modern world with its teeming millions of unemployed, its millions of young people of both sexes struggling against titanic odds to earn sufficient food for a day; who are *free* to become Pierpont Morgan—if they have the luck, *free* to starve if they have not. . . .

The ghost of starvation—hollow-cheeked, gaunt, grisly, and grinning—never haunted the fevered brain of a slave.

I have been reading history almost all my life, and I should be grateful to any more learned, more widely read, man than I, who could show me one single instance of a slave being out of a job!



Marriages *are* Made *in* Heaven

Go-getters both, with *both* eyes *fixed* on the *main chance . . . but* it was *not only* Antony *who counted* the world *well lost* for love

By Margery Sharp

THIS is a story of the days when people still had money and the hotels of the Riviera were able to charge twenty-five francs for a dry Martini: days now so remote that they begin to take on the faint glamour of a grown-up fairy tale. The oranges and lemons, hanging like balls of pale and deeper gold, brought no thought of a tottering standard. In expensively-decorated casinos large sums of currency passed fluently from hand to hand. Paradise, in short, *à la rue de la Paix*—or rather *à la Place Vendôme*, where all the banks are. Not all, indeed, of its inhabitants were equally wealthy; but since those who had no money were as a rule far more charming, and above all far more intelligent, than those who had, a certain levelling process was pretty constantly in action all along that sunny coast. The methods had been more or less standardised from generation to generation: but no one had ever quite discovered how to standardise the results.

The Château Bérénice was built in the year 1596 as a slight tribute to one of the mistresses of Henri IV. Or so say the guide-books: in any case, the story is still worth money. The original construction, when M. Poire came on the scene some four centuries later, had long crumbled away; but one tower remained, and round this nucleus, with indomitable energy, he gradually built up the most expensive hotel between the Alps and the Pyrenees. The rooms in the old wing (for which M. Poire naturally charged double) numbered no more than six: but such is the force of historic association (especially if tinged with scandal) that those six amply sufficed to fill the remaining two hundred. The other great feature of the Château was a wide stone terrace, built up almost from the shore and conveniently planted with orange trees and umbrellas in alternate tubs: across which, at the moment when this moral history opens, a very beautiful young man was slowly sauntering in the direction of the lounge. No sooner, however, had he reached the door than he faced about, appeared to consult his watch, and wandered idly back to where a girl in white was sitting under one of the yellow sunshades.

She was a very pretty girl, with slanting blue eyes and dark hair almost as sleek as his own, but it was none of these undeniable attractions that drew the young man out of his way. The fact was that they were two of a kind, sharing (as both had seen at first glance) a common childhood of innumerable boarding-schools, parents living apart, and holidays on the Italian Riviera. They also suspected each other of recommending shoe-shops on a commission basis and giving dancing lessons in order to vamp the richer pupils; and because of all this the young man dropped into a vacant chair beside her and said casually:

"Hello, I've seen you before."

The girl stared back with equal candour.

"Yes. On the blue train."

"And at Nice. . . ."

"And Paris. . . ."

"And that place outside Alassio. . . ."

At which they both burst out laughing, so that a certain Mr. Schlumberger, appearing in the doorway to the lounge, thought, "Hello, little Sonia's found a friend."

"My name," little Sonia's friend was saying, "is Leonard Bayes, but most people call me Dicky. Would you like a cocktail?"

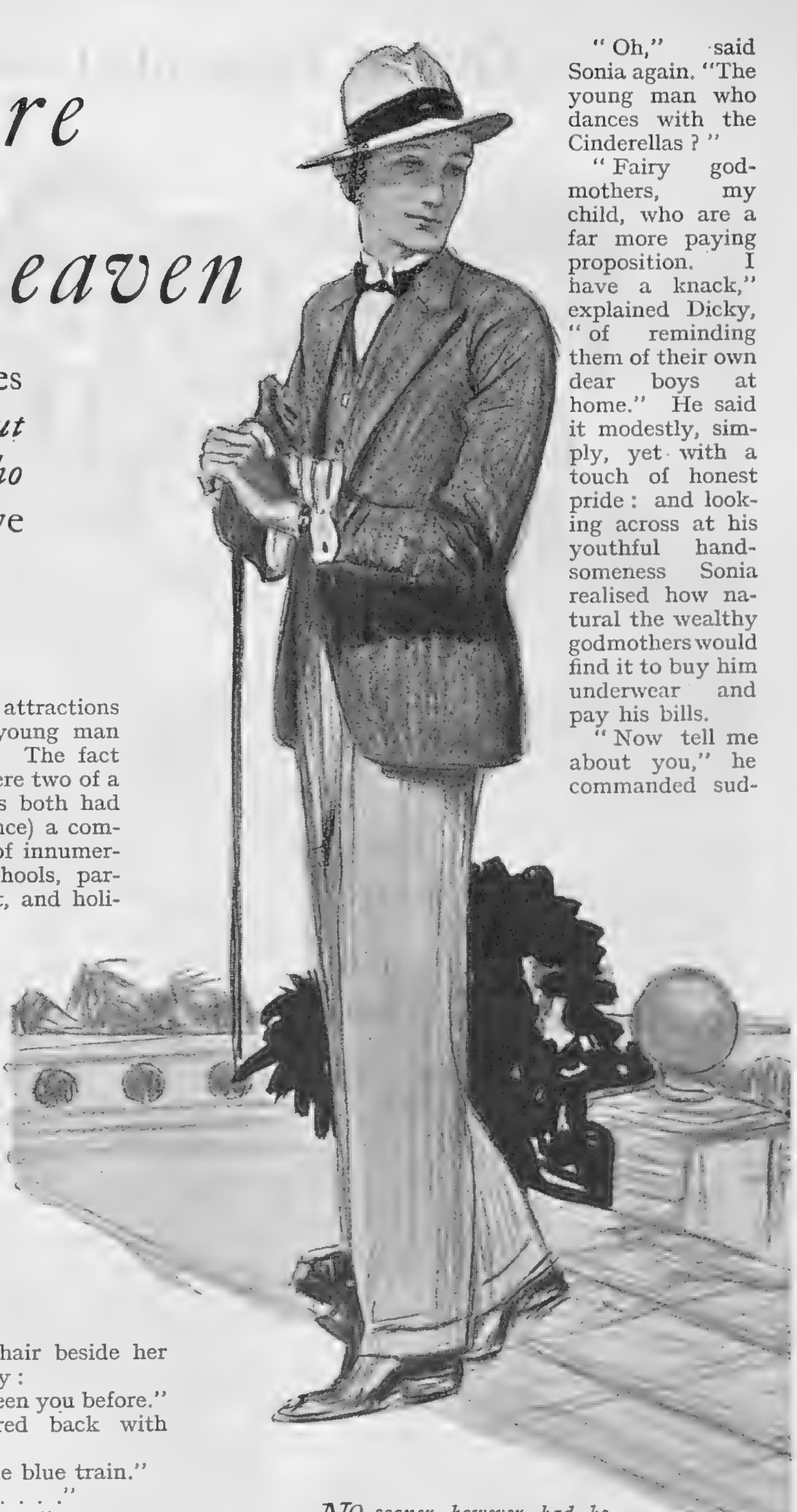
His companion ran a practised eye over the perfect suit, the peerless shirt, the immaculate shoes.

"Can you pay for it?"

"Frankly, I can't," admitted Dicky. "At least, not personally. But if we went on sitting here long enough someone might come by and stand us another and then the waiter could give them the bill for the lot."

"Oh. That sounds as though you're pretty well known . . . by the waiters."

"Of course. I'm practically on the staff."



NO sooner, however, had he reached the door than he faced about, appeared to consult his wrist watch, and wandered idly back to where a girl in white was sitting under one of the yellow sunshades

"Oh," said Sonia again. "The young man who dances with the Cinderellas?"

"Fairy godmothers, my child, who are a far more paying proposition. I have a knack," explained Dicky, "of reminding them of their own dear boys at home." He said it modestly, simply, yet with a touch of honest pride: and looking across at his youthful handsomeness Sonia realised how natural the wealthy godmothers would find it to buy him underwear and pay his bills.

"Now tell me about you," he commanded suddenly. "Tell me what brought you here and how long you're going to stay?"

She folded her hands in her lap and smiled demurely.

"As long as my employers choose. I'm a lady companion."

"My God!" Dicky gaped at her with frank astonishment; and indeed, now he came to consider the matter, she was dressed with quite noticeable plainness. The neat white skirt, the knitted cap and sweater, would have looked perfectly in place on a vicarage tennis-court and it was only his misspent past which enabled him to recognise in them the utter simplicity of the ultra-expensive. "Who's the victim?"

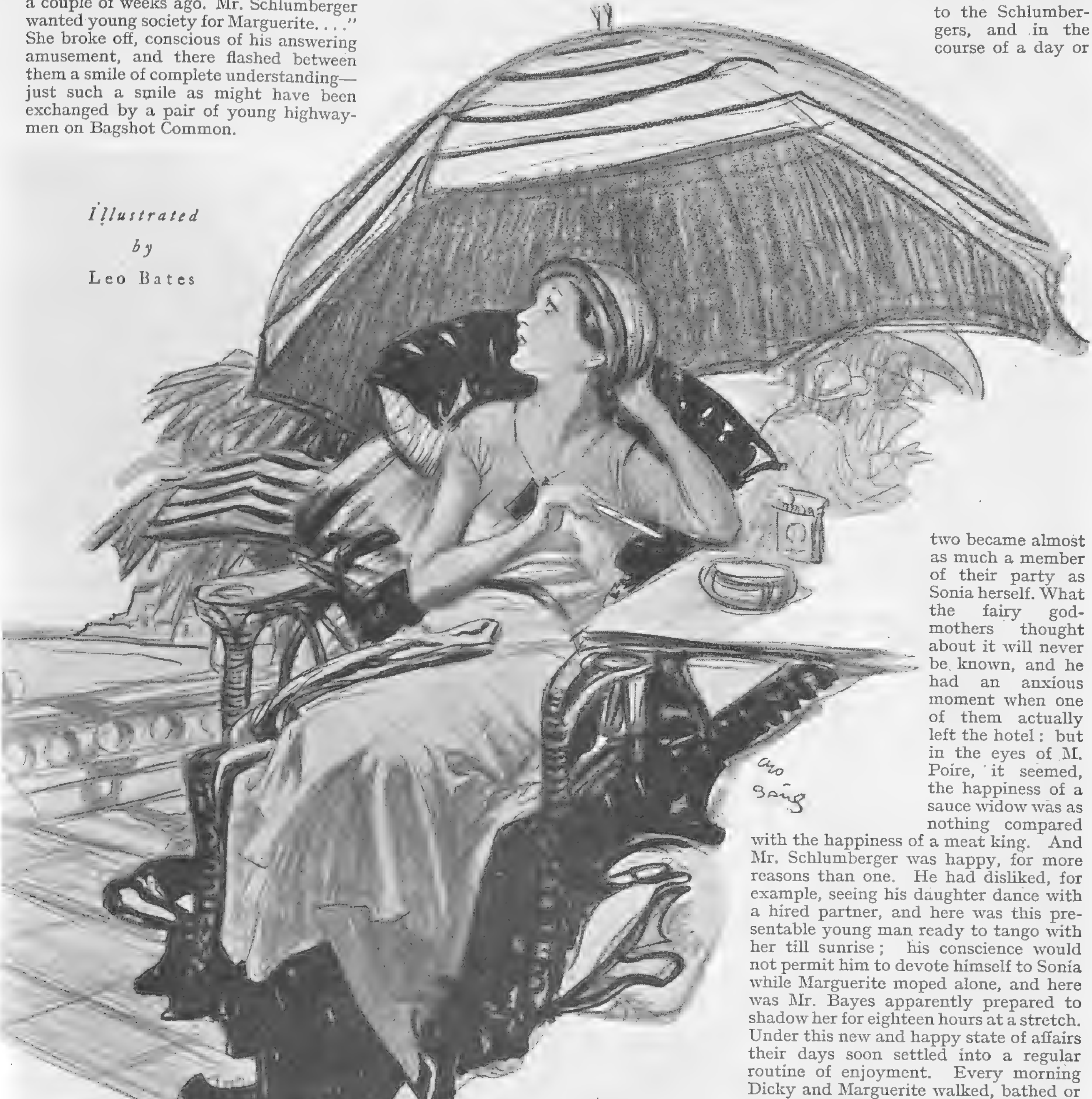
"Miss Schlumberger."

"Daughter of old man Schlumberger who made all that money in beef?"

Sonia nodded.

"That's the one. They come from South America, but I met them in Paris a couple of weeks ago. Mr. Schlumberger wanted young society for Marguerite. . . ." She broke off, conscious of his answering amusement, and there flashed between them a smile of complete understanding—just such a smile as might have been exchanged by a pair of young highwaymen on Bagshot Common.

Illustrated by Leo Bates



"Widower?" said Dicky simply.

"Fifteen years ago."

Dicky looked across to where the master of a thousand herds stood lighting his cigar in the lounge door. He was a short, stoutish little man, with a head at once bald and prickly.

"Even so. . . ."

"One can't have everything," Sonia pointed out reasonably. "And honestly, he's rather an old dear. I—I like him, as well."

"Oh, I suppose you know what you're doing," admitted Dicky, "only it'll be fun chaperoning your step-daughter to the débutante crushes."

"Marguerite? Oh, she'll marry young."

Dicky raised his eyebrows, for Marguerite Schlumberger had so far departed from South American tradition as to unite mouse-coloured hair with a stubbornly bad figure. He had observed her the previous evening, pounding cheerfully round the ball-room in the arms of a professional partner.

"She has five thousand a year already," explained Sonia.

At which words, casually though they were spoken, a sudden change took place in the young man's demeanour. Indolence gave place to energy, nonchalance to brisk decision. He pulled himself together, he stood up; his eyes as he gazed down at his companion were bright with the fire of action.

"Look here," he said handsomely, "I like you, I'd like to do you a good turn. Introduce us, Sonia darling, and you'll never know what a step-daughter feels like."

SO Dicky Bayes was made known to the Schlumbergers, and in the course of a day or two became almost as much a member of their party as Sonia herself. What the fairy godmothers thought about it will never be known, and he had an anxious moment when one of them actually left the hotel: but in the eyes of M. Poire, it seemed, the happiness of a sauce widow was as nothing compared with the happiness of a meat king. And Mr. Schlumberger was happy, for more reasons than one. He had disliked, for example, seeing his daughter dance with a hired partner, and here was this presentable young man ready to tango with her till sunrise; his conscience would not permit him to devote himself to Sonia while Marguerite moped alone, and here was Mr. Bayes apparently prepared to shadow her for eighteen hours at a stretch. Under this new and happy state of affairs their days soon settled into a regular routine of enjoyment. Every morning Dicky and Marguerite walked, bathed or played tennis together, while Sonia and Mr. Schlumberger sat on the terrace and waited for them to come back. In the afternoons the whole party went for a motor drive along the coast, and in the evenings Marguerite and Dicky danced at the Casino while Sonia and Mr. Schlumberger sat up for them at the hotel. It will thus be seen that although practically members of the same family, Sonia and Dicky really saw very little of each other; but every now and then, over a free cocktail (for the sun of M. Poire's approval could shine with tropic splendour) they exchanged remarkably sound advice.

"You shouldn't kiss her hand in the ball-room," warned Sonia. "Blushing makes her neck red, and she knows it."

Dicky digested this piece of information with his cherry and admitted its importance.

"But I don't want to cut it out altogether," he said. "I've always believed in a touch of romance wherever possible. Would she like it on the terrace, do you think?"

"Not for another week or so." Over the rim of her glass Sonia's eyes surveyed him with benevolent impartiality. "I admit you're doing wonders, my dear, but you've got to go slow. The trouble is she isn't really your type."

"Nor is old man Schlumberger yours," said Dicky. "He's obviously attached, of course, but he hasn't got excited. I think it's time you gave him a shock."

Sonia nodded.

"Right as usual, Dicky. I'm going to."

And two days later, at one of the Château's famous gala nights, she came down in a new dress.

IT was cut of some shining silky stuff that clung and rippled like a skin of silver, a dress whose back began one bare inch above the waist and ended in a gleaming fishtail on the green carpet. Although more than a little late, she took the stairs very slowly, scanning the crowded floor for the Schlumberger's table: and until she reached the last step not a man in the room but forgot his dinner. Only Dicky turned his head long enough to steal a glance at his host: and on the beef baron's normally expressionless face was a look that he recognised. It was the look of a man who has just had his eyes opened.

Nor did the subsequent events do anything to seal them again. For the first time at the Château Sonia danced, once with Dicky, then with several other men whom she had hitherto been cutting, and finally with one of the professionals, during which immaculate performance not another couple dared take the floor. They swung, dipped, and halted (for the number was a tango) to an accompaniment of irrepressible applause; and when it was all over Sonia returned quietly across the ball-room to Mr. Schlumberger's wing. The rest of the evening she stayed close by his side and enabled him to bask in the open envy of younger men, while Dicky tactfully pointed their tête-à-tête by asking Miss Schlumberger to dance. Marguerite seemed quieter than usual, though not in the least sulky; she laughed at all his jokes, even made one or two herself: but for all that they were soon foxtrotting in complete silence.

Like every other woman present, she was wondering how much it had cost.

BUT whatever Sonia had paid (or owed) for her silver gown, it was well worth the money: for the execution done in the ball room, though admittedly great, was but a beginning. The real triumph took place in the winter-garden, where Dicky was arrested on his way to bed by the sound of a muffled duet issuing from behind an adjacent palm-grove. The main theme was a series of delicate sobs, punctuated from time to time by a comforting masculine growl; and a closer investigation (conducted with all his usual lack of nice feeling) revealed the interesting spectacle of Sonia crying gently on to Mr. Schlumberger's shoulder.

With a grin of pure enjoyment Dicky thanked Heaven for the palm and stayed where he was. No sense of shame restrained him, for it was obviously going to be a star performance, worthy of an expert audience; and no one would be better pleased than Sonia herself to know that she had got one.

"But, my dear child," Mr. Schlumberger was saying, "how much did the dress cost you?"

"S-sixty," murmured Sonia brokenly.

"Sixty what? Dollars?"

The tiny handkerchief fluttered as though to a heart-breaking sigh.

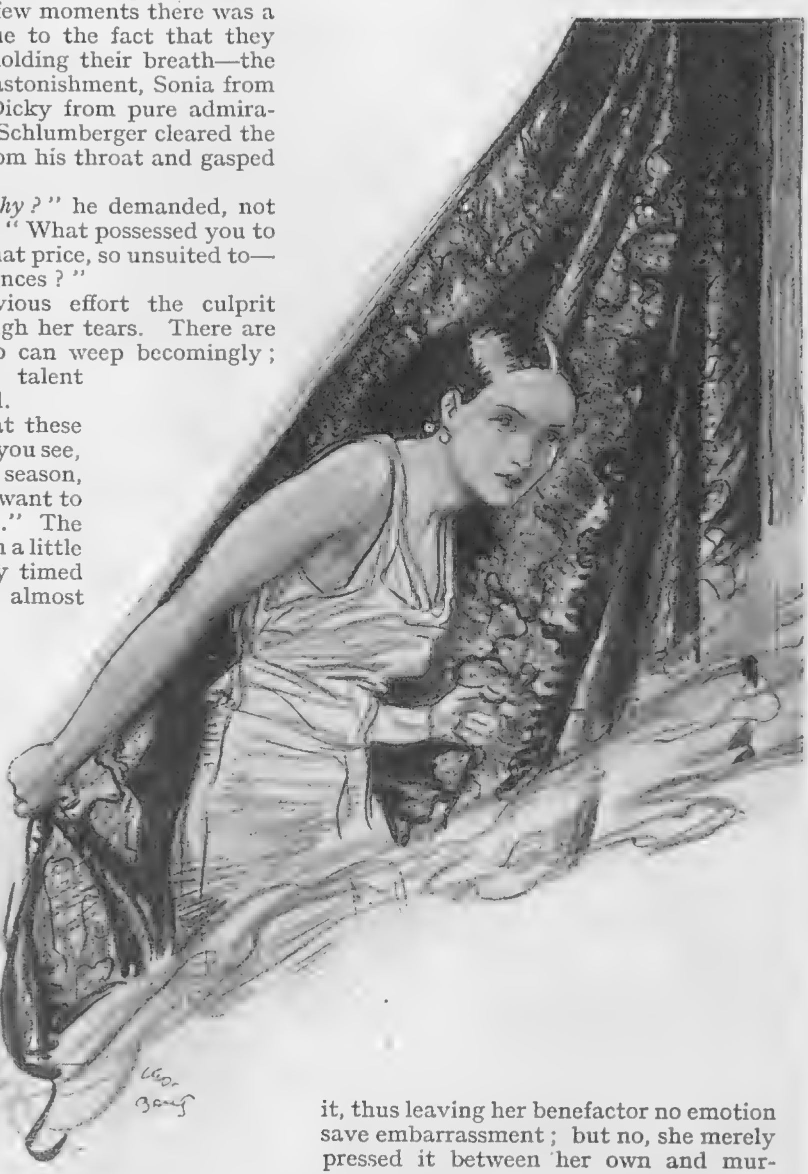
"Pounds, Mr. Schlumberger. . . ."

For the next few moments there was a dead silence, due to the fact that they were all three holding their breath—the beef king from astonishment, Sonia from suspense, and Dicky from pure admiration. Then Mr. Schlumberger cleared the astonishment from his throat and gasped loudly.

"But—but *why?*" he demanded, not without reason. "What possessed you to buy a frock at that price, so unsuited to—to the circumstances?"

With an obvious effort the culprit looked up through her tears. There are few women who can weep becomingly; and never was talent better employed.

"I knew what these places were like, you see, especially in the season, and I—I didn't want to disgrace you. . . ." The words died out in a little sob, so perfectly timed that Dicky almost clapped.



"STAGGER at it, can't you?" prompted Sonia from the curtains. Obediently Dicky reeled a step back and leant one shoulder against the window frame

Equally affected, the beef king released his left hand and gently patted her shoulder; at which mark of sympathy Sonia's better nature, always on the *qui vive*, forced her to sit bolt upright (though still within his tentative embrace) and say bravely:—

"I won't deceive you, Mr. Schlumberger—how could I, when you've been so wonderful? That wasn't the only reason. You see, in all my life I've never had a really good evening dress, and . . . and I did want one so badly!" She broke off once more, seeking his face with childlike contrition. "I expect that seems terribly foolish to *you*, Mr. Schlumberger. . . ."

Was he angry, this hard man of business, was he disgusted at such reckless extravagance? On the contrary. It struck him as exquisitely touching that there should be anything this lovely creature wanted and couldn't have. He longed to spend large sums of money in satisfying just such inexcusable desires. And repeating the original patting action he tightened his right arm and said benevolently:—

"See here, my dear, just you hand that bill to me and forget all about it. You—you're far too young to bother about money."

In an ecstasy of relief, and wisely ignoring the last opening, Sonia seized his hand. For a moment Dicky thought she was going to make a mistake and kiss it, thus leaving her benefactor no emotion save embarrassment; but no, she merely pressed it between her own and murmured adoringly:—

"I think—I think you're the kindest man I've ever met!"

Looking down into her eyes Mr. Schlumberger forgot that they were slanting and saw only that they were blue. Their expression, indeed, of humble admiration, accorded oddly enough with the cut of her gown; but he was too far gone to notice.

"Why, you poor little girl," said Mr. Schlumberger, "I believe you've been scared of me!"

With genuine satisfaction Dicky relaxed his aching muscles and tiptoed back the way he had come. Whatever his own prospects, it looked as though little Sonia at least would soon be settled in life.

THE events of that surprising night, however, were not yet over; for scarcely had Dicky Bayes stopped chuckling and fallen asleep than he was awakened by a sudden loud clanging noise in the corridor outside. It sounded as though a demented waiter were running along the passage beating a dinner-gong, and before he had time to finish wondering why on earth the management allowed it there was a second patter of feet and someone banged on his door.

"Fire, *monsieur! Vite!*"

Dicky thought:—

"Sonia!"

Pushing back the bed-clothes, fishing about for his shoes, he wondered desperately whether the lifts were still running. Then his brain began to work again, and he remembered that she and Marguerite Schlumberger were in the old wing, the wing at the other end of the building, the wing where you paid twice as much on account of Henri IV. With a heartfelt curse Dicky thrust an arm into his overcoat and ran out into the corridor.

It was full of people all hurrying the same way, pushing and surging towards the great staircase that led down to the lounge and safety; but since this was not the way Dicky wanted to go he had considerable difficulty in forcing a passage. Beautiful girls impeded him at every step, jewel-cases jabbed him in the ribs, and every few yards a middle-aged lady in expensive pyjamas would catch him by the sleeve and cry, "Oh, Dicky, that's the wrong way!"

"Sorry . . . Sorry . . ." murmured Dicky automatically, fending off his would-be preservers and hurrying on. It was the progress of a nightmare: he ran and ran without seeming to get a step farther; but at last, as the smoke thickened, fewer and fewer people got in his way, until by the time he reached the famous spiral staircase not a soul was in sight to see the really remarkable running jump with which he cleared the first five steps. Their ancient wood was blazing like tinder, a couple of long flames licked eagerly after him; but for the moment Dicky was too quick. Singed but scatheless he raced up the last few stairs and flung himself at Sonia's door.

"Hello, Dicky!"

She was standing by the window, still in her silver dance dress, and the nonchalance of her voice was like a cool hand laid against his temple.

"I—I've come to rescue you," he said, shutting the door quickly, in case she should see what was outside.

Sonia raised her eyebrows.

"My dear, what about the firemen? Won't they be terribly disappointed?"

Her frivolity, at such a moment, and especially in view of his singed trousers, struck Dicky as out of place.

"They haven't got here yet," he reminded her rather stiffly.

"And until they do we seem to be more or less immobilised. I've just been out on the ledge, but there's no way down."

"On the ledge?" He looked in astonishment at her silver dress and saw a long green stain from knee to ankle. It was unlike Sonia to be so careless of her clothes.

"Yes. It doesn't lead anywhere, though. My dear, I don't want to seem damping, but beyond handing one on to the ladder when it comes I don't really see what you *can* do."

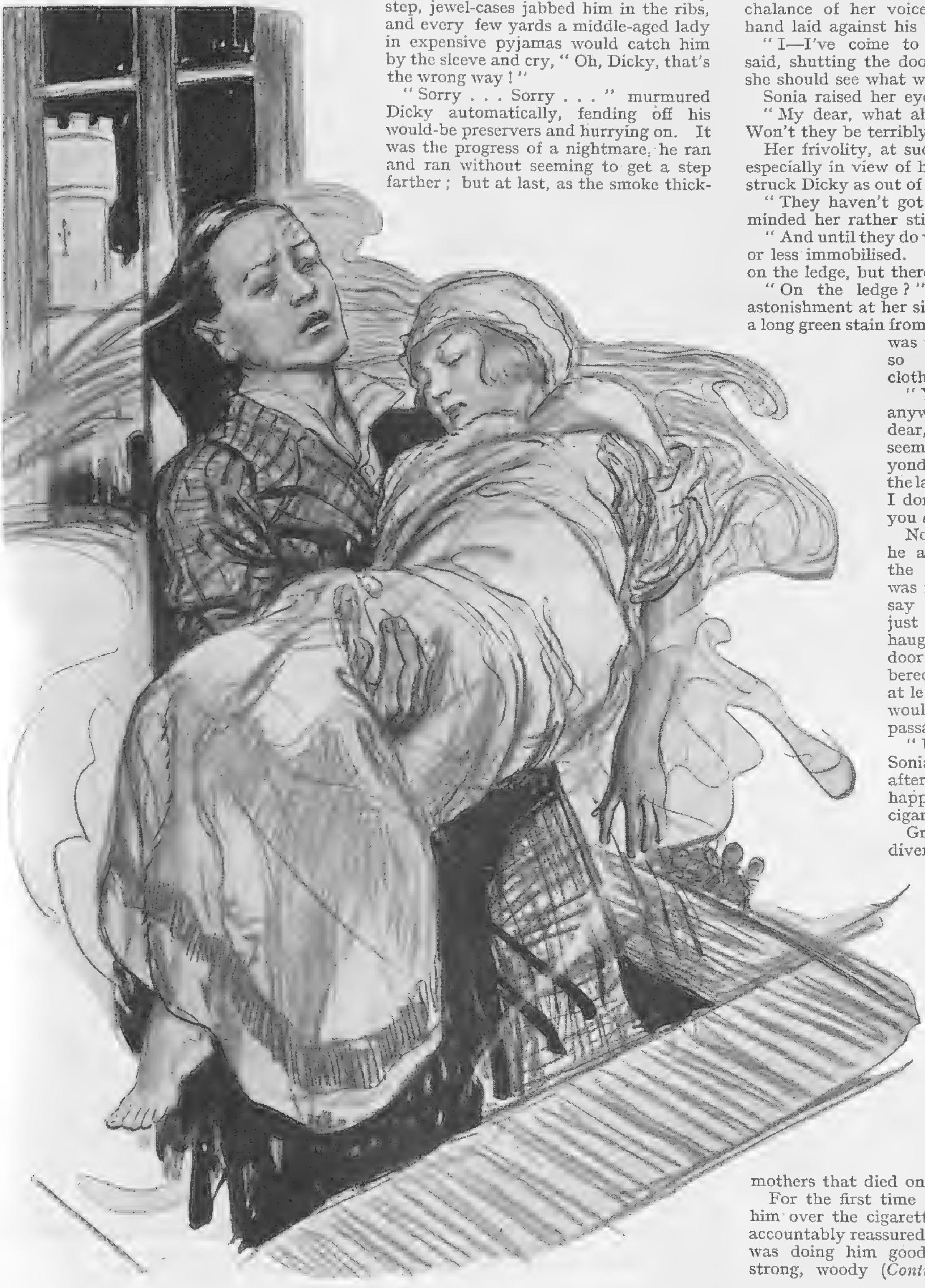
Nor did Dicky, now he actually considered the matter, but there was no need for her to say so; and he was just about to turn haughtily towards the door when he remembered that the bottom at least of the staircase would by now be impassable.

"Unless," added Sonia, rather as a social afterthought, "you happen to have any cigarettes?"

Grateful for the diversion, Dicky felt in his overcoat pockets and discovered a paper packet of *caporal*. As she inevitably remarked, they looked like some he had bought for himself.

"I thought you only smoked the kind made for the King of Roumania, Dicky? Or was that one of the godmothers that died on you?"

For the first time her eyes smiled at him over the cigarette, and he felt unaccountably reassured. The tobacco, too, was doing him good, as he drew the strong, woody (*Continued on page* 124)



Winifred Lewis *says—*

I mean to be Comfort

A discussion of ways
whereby this attractive
be turned into an accom

COMFORT and economy—an elusive combination—are found in the modern incandescent oil lamp from which all traces of past discomforts are eliminated. It is seldom realised that a powerful oil lamp sheds a comfortable warmth in its immediate surroundings. This is an Aladdin 125 candle power lamp for the table.

TIME was when the seasons would seem to have had some proper regard for convention in the matter of their coming and going. I recall that in distant younger days winter was timed to commence with October, while summer—a most accommodating season, if I remember rightly—began when one had completed the spring cleaning, certainly not before! In fact, after that event the most tentative request for a fire would have been thought a treasonable offence.

Most amazing of all is that the weather seems to have lived up to the high standard expected of it and one would have no more thought of bowling one's hoop—that being a winter pastime—after the twenty-fifth of April than one's mother could have endured the sight of winter curtains in the drawing-room after that auspicious date.

But times are changed and winter surprises us before we have tasted the sweets of summer, though I for one, am resolved this year to be prepared, and at whatever moment winter makes its ill-natured appearance I shall be safely entrenched in my stronghold, where I propose to revel in warmth and steep in comfort while my less enterprising friends discuss the suddenness of the weather and freeze!

My campaign will probably begin with the bedroom, since, looking back along a vista of only half comfortable bedrooms, I know that this will be the most pleasurable task of all. Therefore, doggedly rejecting frowns of discouragement from the health specialists, I shall install a fire. As a concession to these gentlemen, however, it shall be a fire which gives me the utmost comfort while I am awake and full marks for health when I am asleep. That means that my bedroom will be deliciously warm while I am undressing and dressing again and adequately ventilated when I am safely entrenched in my scientifically comfortable bed. That is to say, the fire will come on at the touch of a switch, a switch within reach of my bed, so that in the morning I can turn on the fire by merely stretching out my hand. Oh, luxury indeed!

In my imagination an ideal winter bedroom glimmers softly in the light of a coal fire; but second thoughts *and* the health specialists persuade me that more modern arrangements are best.

AN important addition to the comfort of winter schemes
hind one's easy chair and a soft light for reading. Table

able *this* Winter

and means
proposition can
plished fact

Above:
QUILTED fabrics are suitable for winter schemes. This chintz, padded and quilted, needs only a lining to make curtains of comfort for this winter. Price 9/6 per yard from Harvey Nichols

Right:
IT is an effective plan to weight winter curtains to keep out draughts. Here is a winter scheme of golden brown fabrics and parchment walls, softly illumined by an Aladdin standard lamp

Helen MacGregor

is a Cone Radiator which sheds a comfortable warmth be-
models are obtainable as well as the standard photographed.

Coal fires are not easily extinguished when finished with, and the dust they create is decidedly unhealthy in the bedroom. At the same time, what greater pleasure is there, or comfort, than the quiet interval before bed, with a deep chair, a book and a flickering bedroom fire ?

HAPPILY, there is a solution, and one of the most essential problems of comfort in my bedroom has been answered by the Belling electric fire, which has all the delightful appearance of glowing logs, as well as an attachment which reveals itself by turning a handle, for boiling the kettle for morning tea or—even more important this—brewing my Ovaltine when I am very late home.

Other luxuries will include a really comfortable chaise-longue, drawn near to the fire, upon which my eiderdown, now growing old but splendidly re-covered with cretonne, will be kept in waiting for those few occasions when I have time for a siesta. No more shall I compose myself for a nap only to awake with a stiff neck and a form of frostbite in my toes. What I have borrowed from the bed in converting the eiderdown to this purpose I shall repay with one of the charming new coverlets which rather resemble a soft teddy bear cloth in delicate colouring. These new " winter warmers," which are officially called " Quillettes," are as light as the proverbial feather and gloriously warm. Being rather less costly than an eiderdown of good quality they are almost sure to be popular this winter. Most of the bigger stores are displaying these covers which are made, of course, in single and double sizes.

Cellular blankets have helped me to comfort for many seasons, and my experience is that they are equally as warm as the finest blankets made and light enough to dispense with the uncomfortable sense of oppression so disturbing on those freezing nights when it seems impossible to get enough clothes on the bed. A screen is another simple device seldom met with in bedrooms, although such a necessary aid to comfort. In spite of an

I mean *to be* Comfortable *this* Winter

Continued from page 51

apparent obsession for warmth I believe in the need for fresh air, and when actually in bed my window is thrown relentlessly down in all atmospheres, with the exception of foggy ones. Even this spartan habit, however, is subject to a little modification, which is where the screen comes in, protecting my bed from chilling draughts without obstructing, in the expert phrase, "the free circulation of air."

RECENTLY I raided the drugs section of a department store and confided my ambitions to a rather astonished assistant with whom I sympathised, there being a heat wave in progress at that time. I emerged later, however, into the broiling sun with a parcel containing an electrical heating pad, destined to warm the sheets before I get into them on winter nights and a gadget, rather resembling a small sandbag neatly confined in a coloured wrapper, which, by some mysterious process, becomes comfortably warm by merely pouring water into the sand through the aperture provided. Thus in the winter nights to come I shall sleep free from alarms and startling discoveries that I have omitted to screw in the cap of my hot water bottle and that my feet are reposing in a pool.

It would be trite, I suppose, to say that no greater comfort exists than that of a constant hot water supply, yet many people, particularly those who occupy less modern houses, are perplexed by this problem. Hot water in adequate quantities is abolutely indispensable to comfort in winter, or summer for that matter. What is better on cold nights than a steaming bath and a plunge into warm sheets, or a supply of running hot water in the bedroom for warming chilly hands and performing odd tasks on the spot, such as rinsing out stockings at night, and in the case of menfolk of shaving in the comfort of the bedroom?

Above:
TUBULAR heating is perhaps the most practical of modern circulatory systems and this kitchen, in the home of a domestic expert, shares in the general warmth of a house heated by this method. Otherwise, it is magnificently equipped for comfort, both at work and at ease

IN this small bathroom a Ewart geyser supplies hot water—an indispensable comfort—to the bath and all bedrooms and is only one of several designs available, among which is the new "Vivo" heater which supplies an entire house at reasonable cost. All models are obtainable on hire or hire purchase terms

Left:
TRILITE fires give the comfortable appearance of burning logs with the much appreciated advantage of electric heating. In centrally heated houses they can be erected for purposes of appearance only. That is, to "burn" but not to warm

CASTING about for a satisfactory solution to the problem of an adequate hot water supply in the house that is not equipped with a coal heating apparatus, I found that the Ewart "Vivo" automatic water heater has responded nobly to exhaustive tests and is an efficient and inexpensive system. Unlike the ordinary geyser, this apparatus operates automatically and has a pilot jet—burning a negligible quantity of gas—which assures an unlimited supply of water by merely turning on the hot tap in whichever room it happens to be required. Bathroom, bedroom, kitchen and garage can be supplied on the instant by this apparatus, and there is absolutely no work in connection with its functioning. The net selling price of the "Vivo" is £9 10s., or it can be hired from the local gas company for 10s. a quarter or 22s. 5d. a quarter for hire purchase, including maintenance.

There is bound to be some preference in the electrically run houses for an electric heating system, though, as in my own case, the decision is sure to be controlled somewhat by the scale of prices which apply in regard to current in the particular district. The "Magnet" electric storage heater is one of the finest appliances of its kind and gives, at the touch of a switch, adequate supplies of hot water, the degree of which can be predetermined according

ABOVE: Choosing a seat for the fireside tea is an important matter. The chair photographed from Messrs. Hampton's is low built, for comfort at the small tea-table, and has a high back to exclude draught

to requirements. As in the case of the gas heater I have mentioned, many supply companies offer attractive hire-purchase terms for this heater, in some cases with specially low rates for current, in itself a very valuable concession.

Comfort in the bathroom is, one finds, often limited to the provision of hot water alone, and many people are still not alive to the infinite possibilities, in the sense of comfort, that a warm bathroom colour-scheme offers. How often have I sighed in the surgical vastnesses of an all-white bathroom and longed for the warm tints of my own bathroom walls and its warmly shaded lights, as well as the amusing design of the Decorene waterproof curtains which defy draughts both at the window *and* the door! This year I propose to make another small improvement, that being to cover the floor with coloured cork in place of the cold linoleum at present in use. Cork I have discovered to be warm to the tread, as well as more serviceable and resistant in a much greater degree to constant splashing with water.

AN unusual chair having all the attributes of comfort with not a little elegance in its appearance. The screen is a source of comfort and is a decorative asset to a room as well. Hampton and Sons

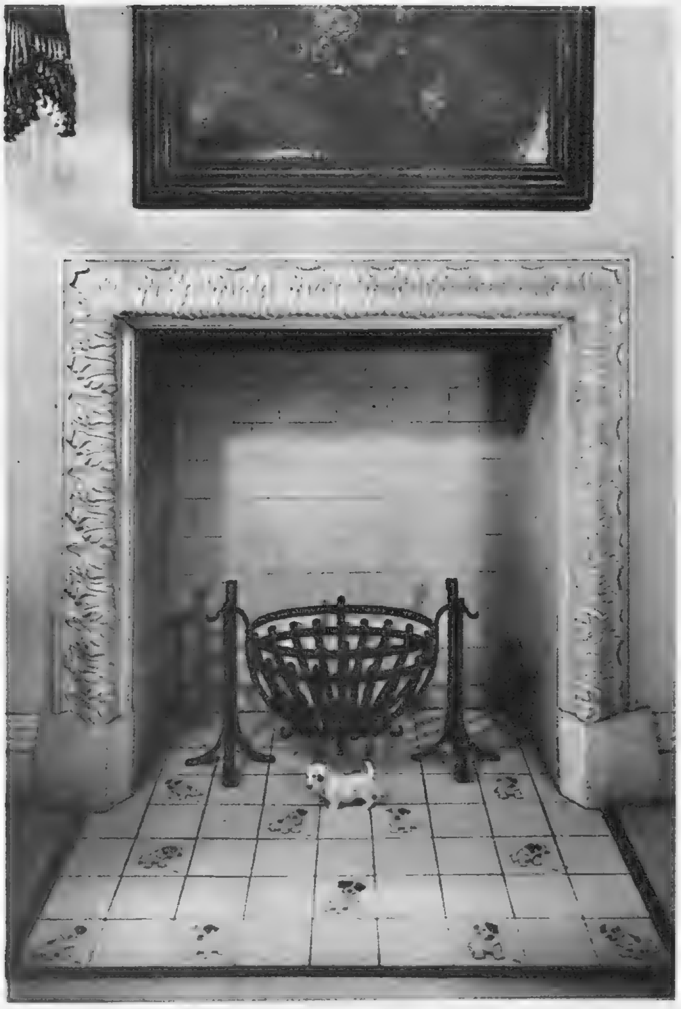
A tiny portable electric heater provides a system of heating for my bathroom, until such time as funds will permit of a central heating system; and for those who have a fear of short circuits there are those excellent horizontal electric heaters which may be suspended on the wall. Talking of that reminds me that the most successful of modern heating arrangements is the new tubular heating. I was lately interested to hear of a large country house—one of the austere and draughty type—which has been converted by the G.E.C. into a very haven of comfort by this system.

ILLUSION is as important as actual accomplishment in matters of comfort, and candlelight is of proved assistance in the matter. Its decorative value is amply proved by this group of Nell Gwynn candles on the left

A HALL fire, in my modest opinion, is a delightful gesture to one's friends in winter, and I confess that the welcome of the dancing flames is worth the flouting of economy; but, as in the case of other means to which one flies in the business of "weathering" an English winter, everything depends upon personal taste, and, naturally enough, upon the pocket.

Improve Your House (3):

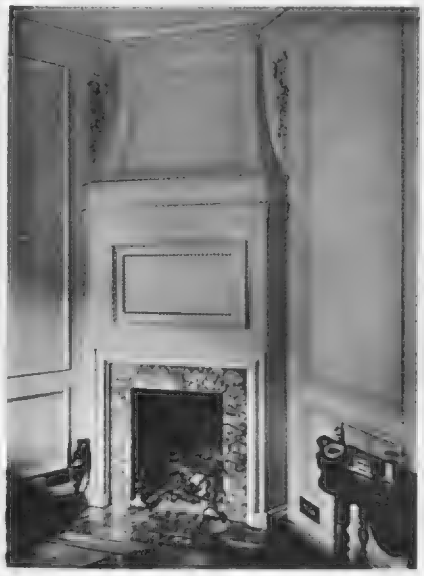
A NEW FIRE



A DECORATED moulding enriched with carved acanthus leaves and painted. In a Mayfair flat

THE world slump has forced many prudent people to cut expenses by moving into small flats, maisonettes, and suburban houses which, in many cases, are lacking in any qualities to recommend them except the essential ones of economy and convenience. Most of these characterless abodes have supremely ugly chimneypieces, and as the fireplace is the focal point of a sitting-room for the greater part of the year in our dear English climate, it is here that drastic alterations should begin in order to make the new room habitable. If the owner's purse is very flat, he or she can often effect a considerable improvement by judicious pruning. The fireplaces of our grandmothers' days were often so bespattered with knobs, mirrors, and little shelves, that their proportions and essential lines, which were sometimes quite pleasing, were almost completely hidden. With the removal of these excrescences and the application of a new coat of paint, an effect can be produced which is, at worst, not actively offensive to the eye. The funereal white marble of some of the well-designed early Victorian chimneypieces can be stained to a mellow cream or honey colour, a process which effects a quite startling improvement in their looks, and brings them into accord with modern colour schemes.

A little more courage, however, reaps a far greater harvest of ultimate satisfaction. Make a clean sweep, and consign the old chimneypieces to the limbo of forgotten things! When this has been accomplished, the great question is, what to do with the gaping hole which is left in the wall? This is where a little clear thinking is useful. A fireplace must be a hole in the wall, and, to make it pleasant to look at, it must be adequately framed. In the best period of English architecture, when the Renaissance came to this country, the question was answered by Wren and his followers in a way which has not been improved upon, even to this day. In its simplest form, the Renaissance fireplace has the " hole in the wall " lined with small bricks and surrounded by a bold ogee moulding in stone or decorative marble. As wood was the principal fuel, iron dogs were always required inside the " hole," with an iron fire-back for safety. Many of these firebacks are very decorative in character, especially the old French ones, which were usually embossed with the coats of arms of their owners.

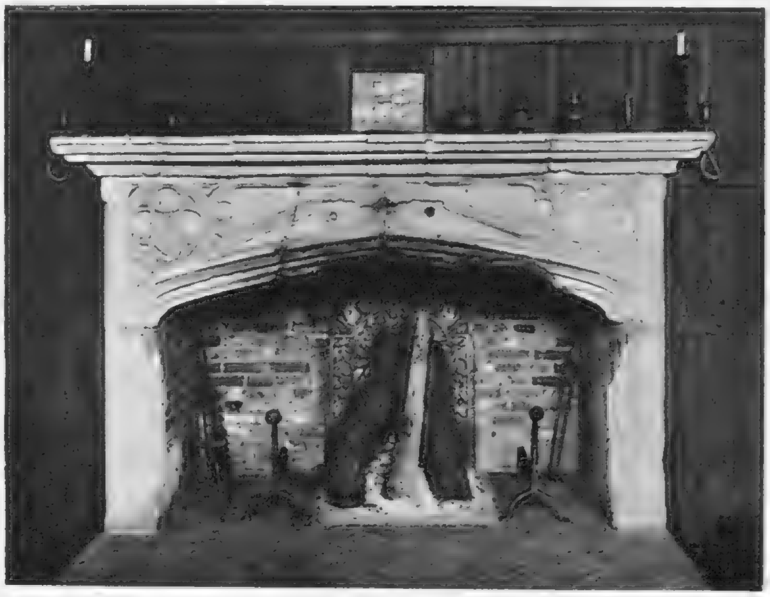


AN interesting fireplace set across the corner in a study in a Kensington house

When coal was becoming increasingly popular as a domestic fuel in the latter half of the eighteenth century, Robert Adam produced the basket-grate. Thousands of these grates are still in use to-day, and, when set in a simple chimneypiece with a bold moulding, they make the most practical and most attractive fireplace that has ever been designed. In this particular respect, history has given us an unerring answer to our question.

Subsequent variations on this theme have the " hole " lined with other heat-resisting materials —marble, stone, and slabs of embossed cast-iron being some of the most usual. (The latter, of course, obviates the necessity for an iron fireback.) To choose between these materials is a matter of individual taste and of suitability to the room in which the fireplace is to go. In a drawing-room, marble and patterned cast-iron are more at home than the unsophisticated brick. Iron and brick will radiate more heat than marble or stone. One improvement which the modern builder has effected on the old pattern is to splay the side walls of the fireplace instead of building them at right angles to the back wall. This has the effect of throwing the heat of the fire out into the room at a wider angle and warming it much more thoroughly.

The architrave, or frame, of the fireplace opening is capable also of many variations. Though it can be made in cheap or expensive material, there are certain points which should be remembered and which have a general application. The first is concerned with proportion: the size and shape of the opening which is to be framed. It is unwise to let it be too small, for it is



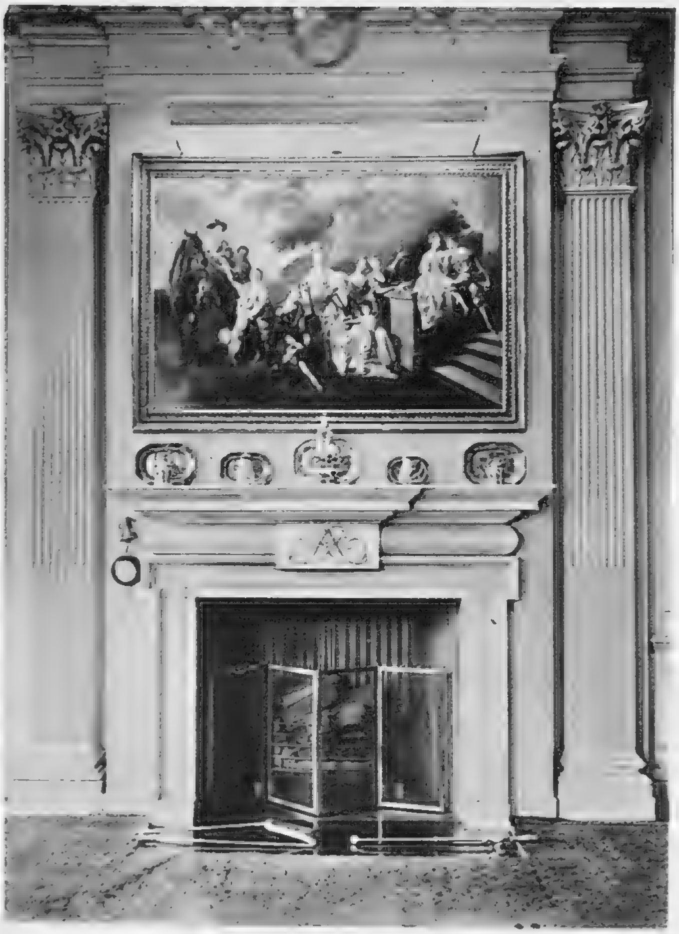
THE carved stone Tudor chimneypiece at Dawney Court, Windsor. This type is easily copied, and should be seen more often than it is, in rooms which are decorated in Elizabethan style

By PEGGY FREMANTLE

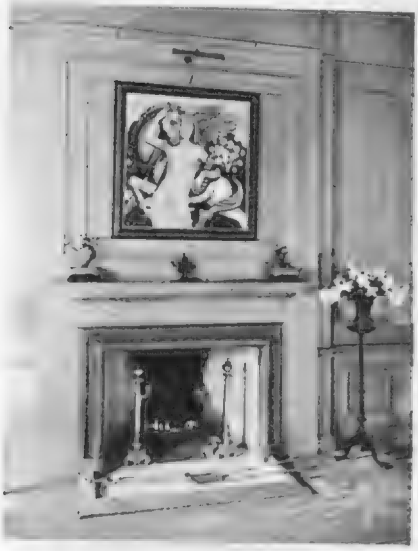
PLACE

A practical discourse on a subject which will soon be close to everyone's heart

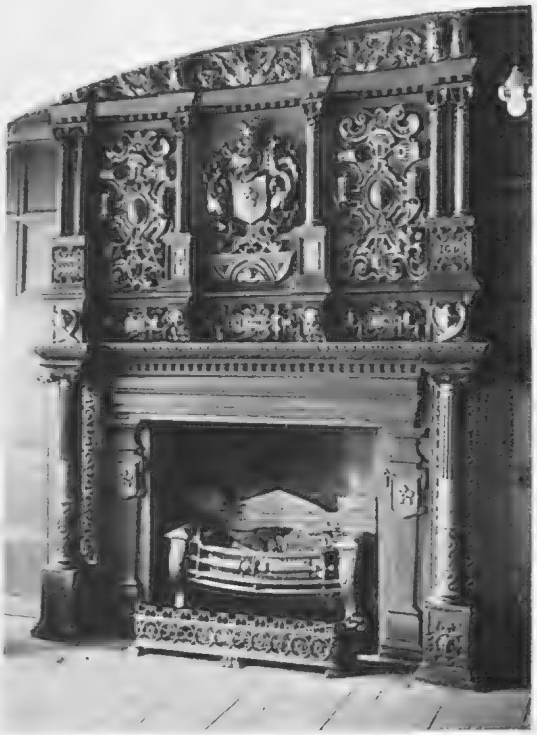
then apt to look insignificant, and may be dwarfed by a picture or mirror hanging above it, or, worse still, by an over-large expanse of blank wall. The width of the opening should always be greater than the height, and if a picture or mirror hangs over it, this should be a little narrower than the combined width of opening and architrave. Thus a solid composition is built up, and the decoration of this particular piece of wall becomes a satisfaction to the discerning eye.


A GOOD type of Georgian chimney-piece in Sir Philip Sassoon's dining-room at Trent Park. The colour of the paint is egg-shell green

The artistic merit of a moulding lies in its boldness. A flattish moulding is as unsatisfactory as a limp handshake: it is uninteresting and has nothing to tell you. On the other hand, a bold, deeply-cut moulding, such as we have inherited direct from the ancient Greeks, is at once a stimulant and a satisfaction. The moulding with which we are directly concerned in this matter of chimney-pieces is the Greek Cyma Recta, Hogarth's "Line of Beauty," and the Cyma Reversa, or ogee, which is the same, except that the S-shape in its profile is in the reversed position. These mouldings can be used plain, or decorative with the honeysuckle or acanthus leaf ornament of the Greeks. The acanthus leaf decoration was extensively used in this way by Sir Christopher Wren, and is often copied to-day in carved wood round the fireplace of a panelled room.


THE fireplace in the Countess of Lathom's chestnut panelled drawing-room in Regent's Park

Plain mouldings can be made of stone and of various coloured marble, as well as of wood, painted or in its natural state. At a famous house in Queen Anne's Gate there is a delightful chimney-piece of this kind, with the moulding in pomegranate red streaky marble, which is admirably set off by the light-grey-ground pine panelling on the walls. I have seen it also in the kind of marble which looks like Gorgonzola cheese, in a creamy yellow room. The honey-coloured Hopton Wood stone which is so much used by modern sculptors would make a delightful fireplace moulding.


A FINE Jacobean fireplace made of carved oak enriched with gold. Not a good type to copy, as new carving of this kind always looks tawdry unless superlatively well done

THE colour and pattern of all the expensive marbles can, of course, be very cheaply painted on to ordinary deal. This artificial "marble-ising" is really charming, and is not a shoddy modern trick, but was extensively and quite frankly done as long ago as the reign of Queen Anne. Many people prefer it to the cold sheen of real marble. Plain painted mouldings to match the colour scheme of the room are also good, and so are untreated wood, stone and concrete. If a mantelpiece is required, it can take the form of a series of small mouldings made of the same material as the architrave to the fireplace, and built into the wall a few inches above it. This can be seen in the illustration of the chimney-piece in Lady Lathom's drawing-room.

The type of fireplace which I have described can be successfully used in decorative schemes which are, in feeling, of any period from Charles II to the present day. If, however, the room which requires a new chimney-piece is to be of the Tudor type, with oak furniture, something rather earlier and more rugged will be necessary. The illustration of a fireplace at Dawney Court is a fine example of Tudor work in stone. This could be copied in concrete, though, of course, real stone is preferable. I strongly advise the stone type of fireplace in Tudor rooms rather than the more elaborate type where there is a quantity of carved wood, as the latter is rarely quite satisfactory unless very expensively done. It is sometimes one's good fortune to pick up cheaply a few pieces of genuine Tudor oak panelling possibly of the linenfold type, which can easily be adapted to form a decorative feature over a stone chimney-piece.

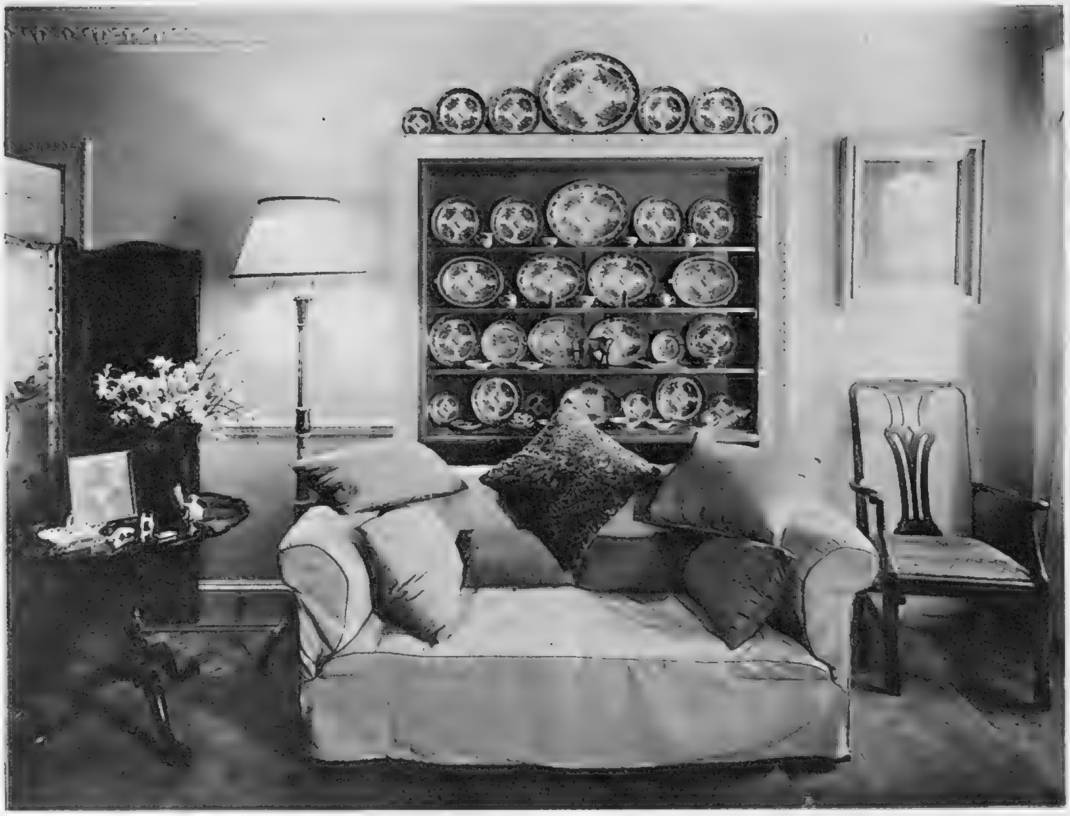
In a Tudor fireplace, the back and sides of opening should be lined with small bricks or stone, and an iron fireback will probably be necessary. There is an excellent type of low iron grate for use when coal is burnt, and this can be supported on decorative fire-dogs.

A FLAT

Belonging to

Described by

Photographed



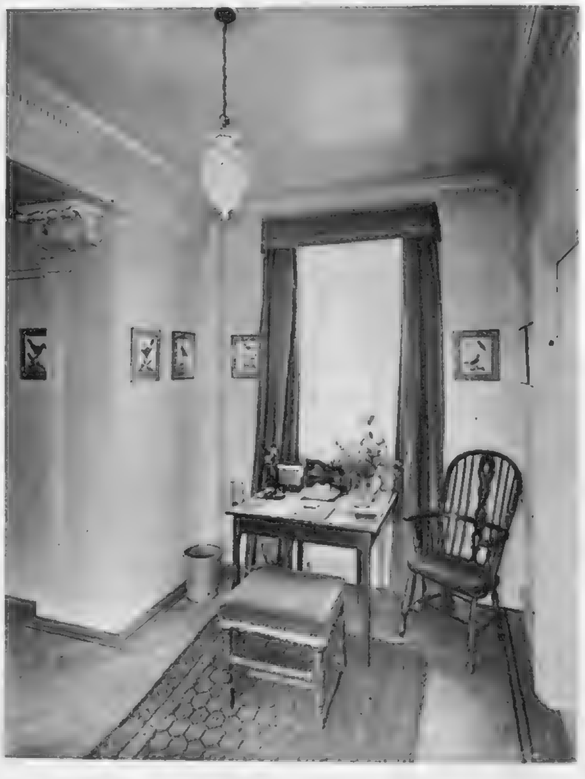
THE recess in wall is painted a deep red, and against this brilliant background is ranged a magnificent service of blue and white china crested with gold

FOR a flat in a new block in the "heart of Mayfair," this has been treated with extreme simplicity. Instead of buying expensive suites of modern furniture, the owners have used what they already possessed, nearly all of which is antique. It looks absolutely at home with up-to-date materials and space-saving tricks. Heavy pieces which would have dwarfed the rooms were discarded, of course, but what remains proves that there is no need to start with a clean slate when decorating a flat. Furniture with a past gives personality to débutante rooms which are in danger of lacking it through uniformity of shape, and old woods play up to vivid colour schemes more readily than new.

The hall has much charm. The initial passage holds an old seafaring chest for rugs, and a built-in coat cupboard with dark varnished rosewood doors which contrast with walls and ceiling of pale varnished cream paint. A set of bird prints on grass green mounts are hung regularly at eye-level, and a converted beer-barrel supports umbrellas. Lovely colourful Persian rugs, pink and green and blue blending in complicated designs, lie on the parquet floor here and along the wide corridor. A Dresden china plate for letters is a change from the inevitable wooden bowl, while the inner hall has been capably supplied with an extra writing-table, where telephone books fit into a twin lacquered stand. The artificial silk curtains are of a reddish plum colour. They match the stool cover and the cushion of a rustic oak chair, which repeats the unsophisticated note struck by wild flowers in a glass jug. Delicate crystal pendants hang in the passages and bed-rooms. They have a definite decorative value which seldom applies to direct lighting.

Cream paint continues in the drawing-room, where varnished walls are matched by lustrous silk curtains, paler than the palest primroses and glistening like a satin dance dress. Cream tiles surround the open grate, and the ribbed silk chair-covers are also blonde, piped with red. Lady Hamond-Graeme chose artificial silk fabrics because she believes in buying British and at the same time getting full value for her money! Above the open fire an old sporting picture of red-coated riders with horses and hounds hangs between two needlework pictures which date from Jane Austen's day, when needlewomen used that becoming shade of oyster satin as a background for their work. One of the sofa cushions picks up the deep red which lines a wall recess, where a service of splendid blue and white china, crested with gold, is ranged. This makes an exciting change from books and gives a vigorous splash of colour. Slender standard lamps have parchment silk shades. A golden bronze screen, with parrots painted on every panel, reflects and generates light in itself, while prosaically keeping off draughts. The walnut writing-table is a gem, and there are some William and Mary occasional chairs with *petit point* seats to tempt connoisseurs. Flowers in tub-like glass vases, jade ash-trays and a modern wood moulding, framing the picture of an ancient corner of England, are pleasing accessories.

PEACOCK walls and dark grey carpets suit the formal dining-room, where the curtains are red, shot with yellow, and the furniture mahogany with dark grey chair-seats, harking back to the horsehair era, which is with us again. More than one small sideboard suitable for a flat is hard to come by, and I



IN the inner hall is a comfortable corner supplied with a well-equipped writing-table. The curtains are of plum-coloured silk

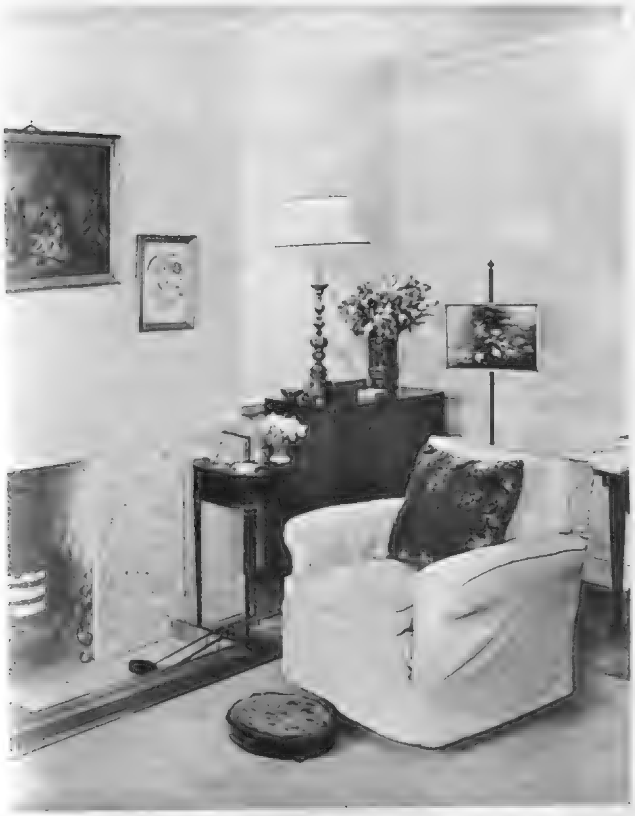
in AUDLEY HOUSE

North Audley Street

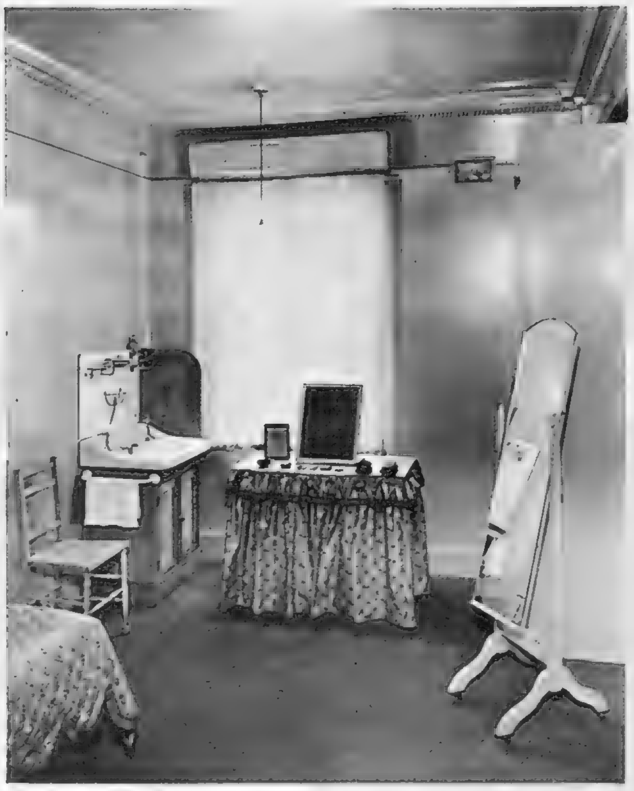
Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme

PAMELA MURRAY

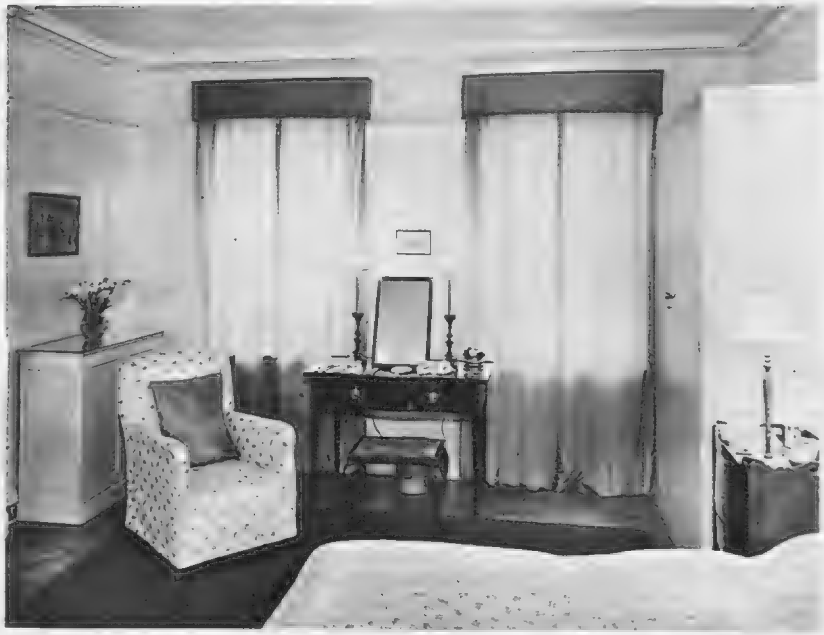
by Humphrey and Vera Joel



THE *drawing-room has cream-coloured highly varnished walls, and the open grate is surrounded by cream-colour tiles. The chair and sofa covers are also of cream, piped with scarlet*



L*ABURNUM yellow walls make a gay background for a quilted bedspread and petticoated dressing-table of flowered chintz*



V*ARNISHED pink walls and curtains of Nattier blue provide the basis of a charming colour scheme in the bedroom. The bed and chair covers are of flowered silk in the same two shades*

admire the way a big writing-table has been adapted, its drawers lined with baize, its top covered with glass, till it looks the part. There must be hundreds of these tables, too big to use for their original purpose, which could suffer this inexpensive transformation. Crystal door-plates and knobs are in keeping with crystal candlesticks on the table, with its silver pheasant for ornament instead of flowers. Two shallow alcoves at one end of the room have little Georgian mirrors hanging above, and concealed cupboards below for cocktail ingredients. Seascapes of age and family interest decorate the other walls, their gilt frames matching a useful gilt lamp on the service table.

Lady Hamond-Graeme's bed-room is both pretty and sensible. The pink walls are highly varnished and are matched by the pink-tiled surround of the electric fire. The curtains of Nattier blue silk, so sheer that it might be mackintosh, make a charming contrast. The inner curtains are of palest pink. Her chair-covers and bedspread are pink and blue flowered stuff, fringed with blue, the spread being finely quilted like an old-fashioned petticoat, which gives a *soignée* appearance, and is not difficult to do. Tall cupboards like a safe, without a single moulding to detract from their purposeful line, have been built into one corner. The bedside lamps are painted blue to match the curtains. A black and white bath-room opens off this where even the mats are black and white, to match the tiled floor.

SIR Egerton's dressing-room has the same hard-wearing neutral carpet, but the walls are laburnum yellow. Giant cupboards, divided into sections for the various items of male attire, literally hit the ceiling. A built-in washstand has a cunning splash back, fitted with a sponge rack, well below the danger line, and the towel rail is attached to the cupboard nearby.

Another bed-room has walls painted the green of new peas and unstained oak furniture, the long mirror being particularly beguiling with its squat modern legs. A dumb-waiter, to match, is a useful idea instead of a chest or table. Glazed chintz in green, flowered with pink, makes a crinoline around the small glass-topped dressing-table, and the matching bedspread is quilted and has a plum border. This is just like a room in the country-house of your dreams, and who could say fairer than that?

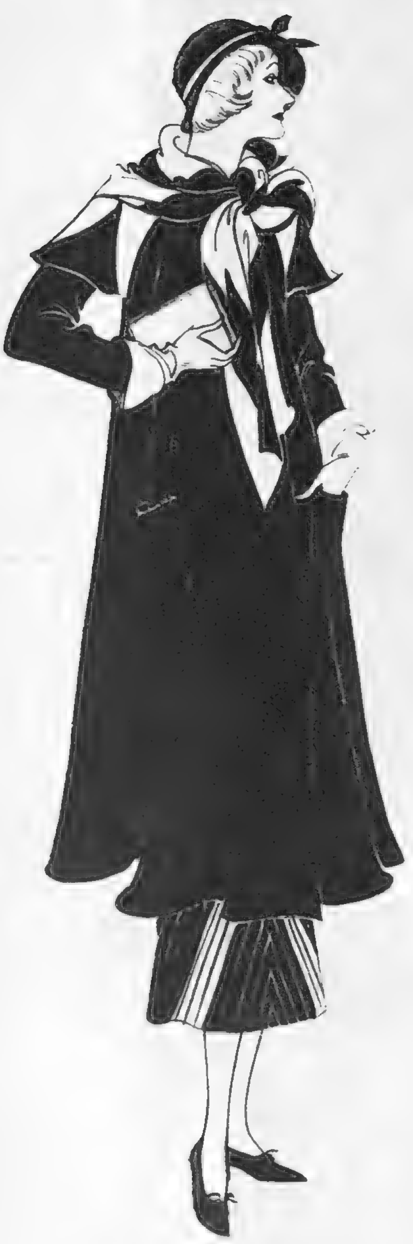
This is just the flat for informal entertaining, easy to run, attractive, and tuned in to contemporary conditions. Congratulations to the owners, who thought it out themselves, without spending extravagantly and without scrapping the possessions they already cherished.

FASHION FORECAST—

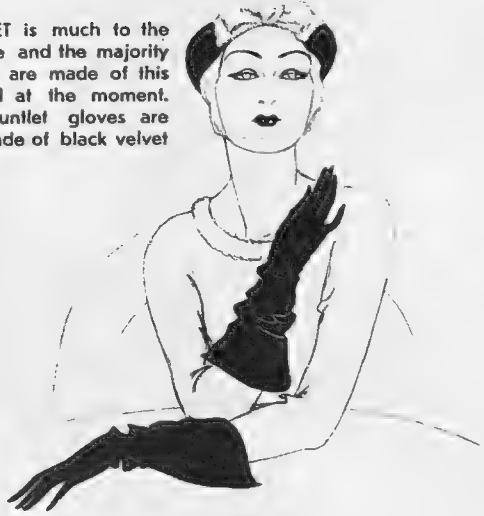
A few last-minute notes Paris which predict our

By
MADGE GARLAND
(Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve")

Sketches by
GRACE CORSON



SOME of the new sports coats are full and unbelted, and offer a striking contrast to the military silhouette of last season



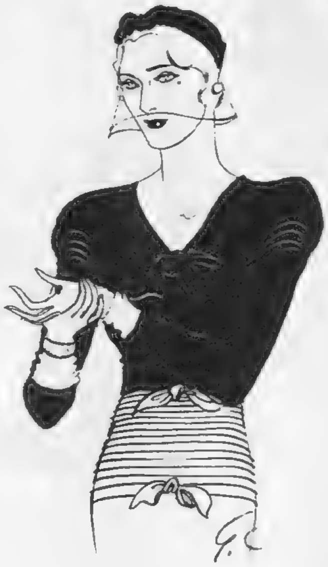
VELVET is much to the fore and the majority of hats are made of this material at the moment. The gauntlet gloves are also made of black velvet

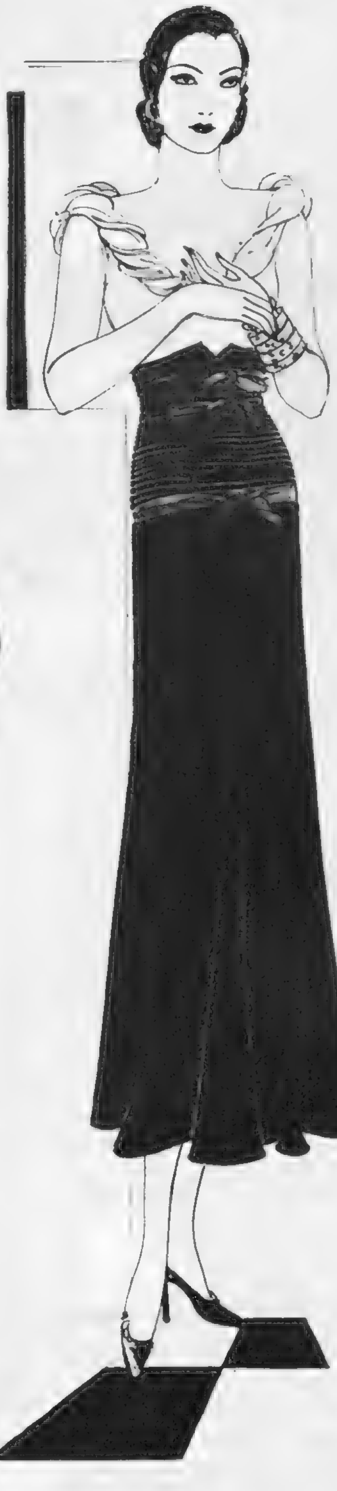
SEPTEMBER 1932, and by the time you read this I shall have seen the Winter Collection in Paris and know what you and I are going to wear for the next six months, and in our next issue I propose to give you a resumé of all I see and hear. . . . But already there are indications of subtle changes, rumours of this and that, a new hat hazarded, a new silhouette confirmed by popular opinion. We know that velvet is going to be the material of outstanding importance this season, velvet of every description. Fine panne velvets, stitched velvets for hats, plush velvets, cotton velvets, waterproof velvets, uncrushable velvets, and some new velvets which have a fluffy, furry surface. Then duveteen has returned, and broadcloth, which has invaded the evening mode, and we are certainly going to wear cloth evening gowns this winter as we cheerfully wore gingham ones last summer.

We are going to wear black, but black with a difference. We are going to vary it with "off-black," just as we varied white with "off-white" this summer, and a dull battleship grey is predicted, though relieved with colour, coral red and green for preference. We shall also use black as a trimming for navy blue, and, as usual, contrast it with white, particularly in the evening; for day wear we shall see a lot of burgundy and cerise reds, but no yellow reds.

Our skirt lengths will, I think, remain unchanged, unless the so-called cinema dress, with its ankle-length skirt, revives a shorter length for informal evening wear. These dinner suits are of great and growing importance, and fulfil a real want. The waistline is high, often with two or three belts. Many show the effect of a corset worn on the outside, and the diaphragm is enveloped and tightened, so that the waistline appears to begin just under the bosom and to end just above the hip bone. Sports coats are shown UNBELTED, rather full and three-quarter length.

Our silhouette will be broad-shouldered, with a high bosom and tight diaphragm and slender hips. The breadth of our shoulders will be achieved by furs, puffed sleeves, or complicated cut, rather than by padding or epaulettes. If our sleeves are puffed, it will be at the shoulder only, and for evening we

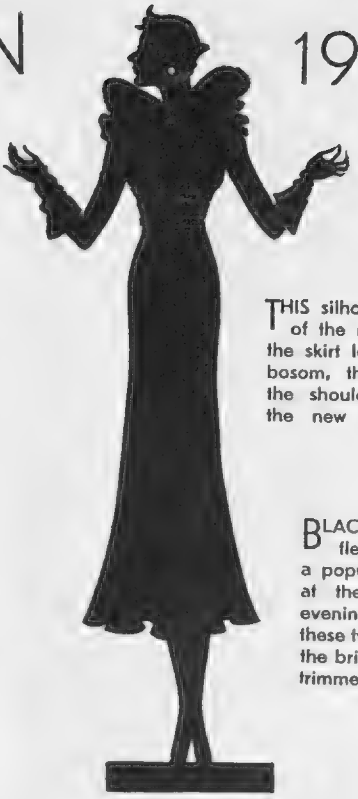




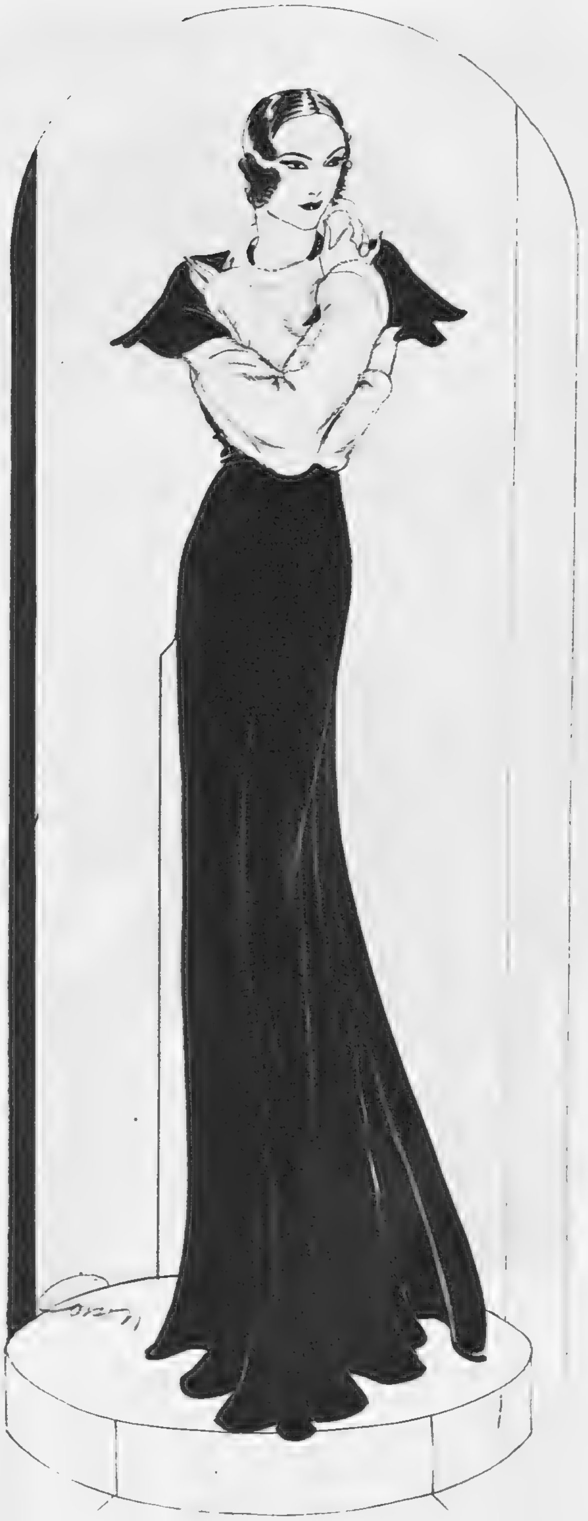
THE cinema dress has become a stable item in most women's wardrobes. Here is a typical example. The skirt and short jacket are of stitched broadcloth, while the bodice is of flesh-coloured chiffon trimmed with a twist of the same material

AUTUMN 1932

and sketches from Autumn fashions



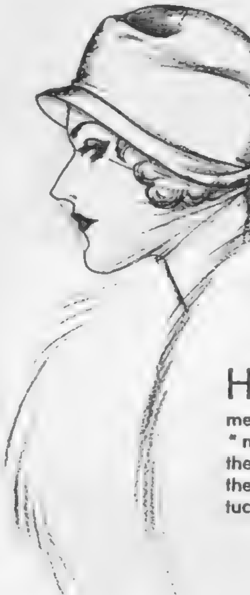
THIS silhouette is typical of the new line. Note the skirt length, the high bosom, the fitted waist, the shoulder width, and the new hat and veil



BLACK face cloth and flesh pink chiffon is a popular combination at the moment. This evening gown is made of these two materials, and the brief cloth jacket is trimmed with ermine

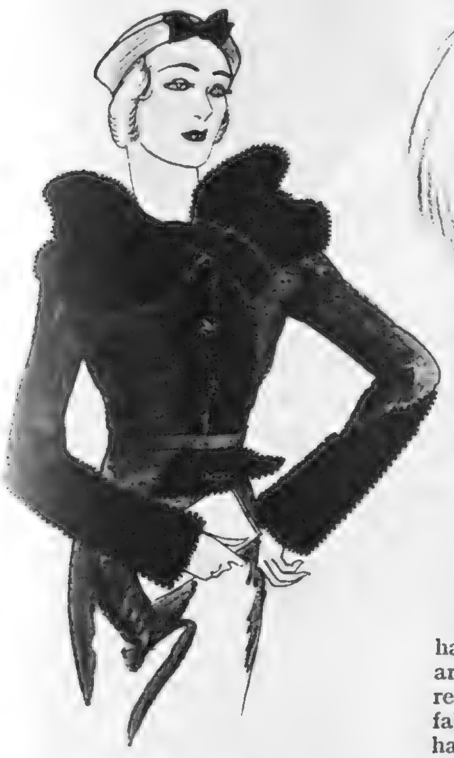
shall see the puffed sleeve and long tight sleeve of the Moyen Age. Our necklines on the whole show a tendency to be higher, and scarves will be replaced by furs, by fabric furs, and by feathers. The evening décolletage will remain high, particularly in front.

Our hats are made of velvet, and are worn slightly off the forehead with a small bow trimming set above the nose. They are worn straight on the head, and the side tilt shows every sign of disappearing. Many bonnets of velvet have already been seen, some of them in the new Burgundy red. Our veils cover our entire face, and resemble the meat-safe coverings beloved of our mothers. These are extremely important; they are worn with small hats, which continue to be seen in spite of surfeit of bérets and turbans from which we have suffered, and with the small brimmed hat.



HERE is the latest notion—a hair-net mesh veil worn like the "meat-safe" veil of the past, and tied at the back, with the knot tucked beneath the hat

Our furs will be long-haired and luxurious: fox, marten, sable, and lynx being the leading favourites. They are shown with their heads and tails cut off, and will be used as sleeve trimmings, dress edgings, and for shoulder-capes and collars. Silver foxes are being worn in batches of three, joined together by the noses.



NAVY-BLUE and black is a combination which will be much seen. Here is a navy-blue cloth coat trimmed with black astrakhan. The high shoulder-line achieved by the elaboration of the collar is particularly worthy of note

Gloves will be worn to match or harmonise with our furs. Grey suède are smart, and there is a tendency to revive the wide and high gauntlet. Some fabric gloves, preferably of black velvet, have already been shown.

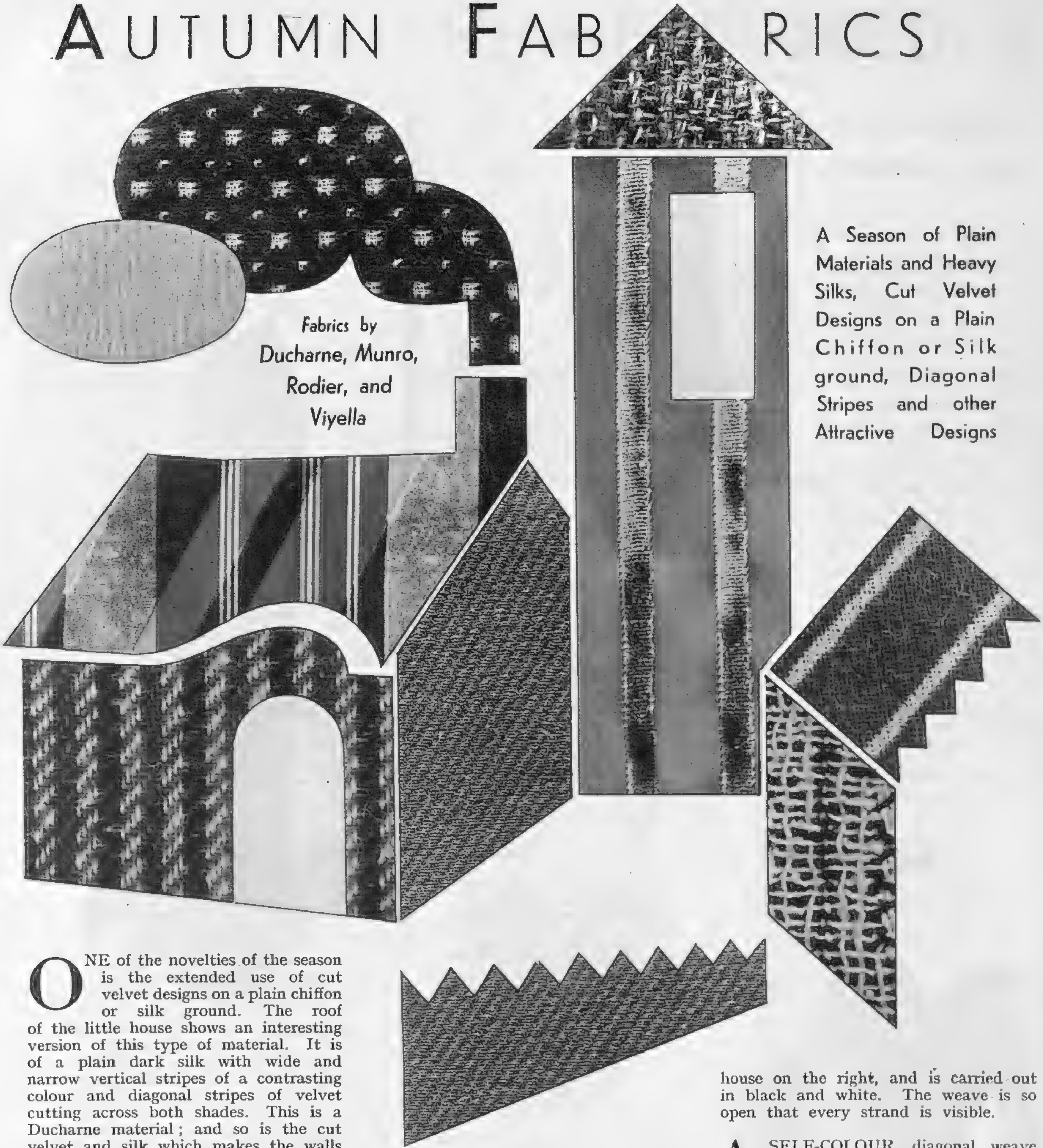
Shoes favour greater simplicity, and the overdone cut-out sandal is disappearing. Plain court shoes with buckles are reappearing, and velvet is used, as for every other accessory at the moment. Whether or not we will consent to wear the black stockings which our fashion leaders (or manufacturers?) have been trying to sell us for some time is uncertain.

Feathers have recently enjoyed much popularity—feather boas, feather trimmings, and uncurled ostrich necklaces; but, though they will undoubtedly last into the autumn, it is doubtful whether they can survive the chill and sober winter.

It is rather early yet to be certain about our evening wraps, but here again velvet, both cotton, silk, and in the new novelty weaves, will be one of the most popular mediums, and will be lavishly trimmed with fox.

We may possibly return to the three-quarter length. But there will also be many full-length coats—a little less like dressing-gowns than those of last season, we hope—and a few waist-length jackets for the hardy.

AUTUMN FABRICS



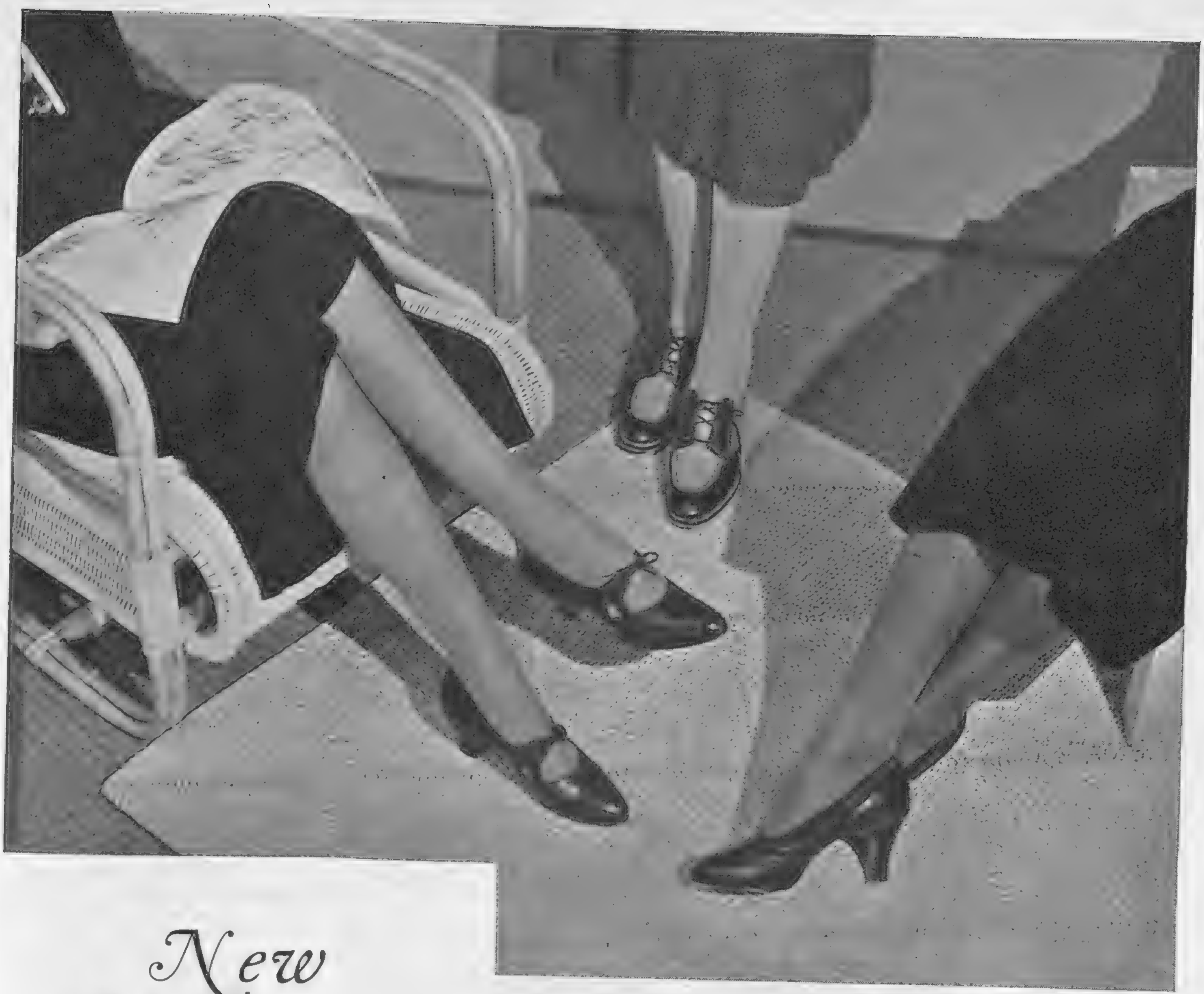
Fabrics by
Ducharne, Munro,
Rodier, and
Viyella

A Season of Plain Materials and Heavy Silks, Cut Velvet Designs on a Plain Chiffon or Silk ground, Diagonal Stripes and other Attractive Designs

ONE of the novelties of the season is the extended use of cut velvet designs on a plain chiffon or silk ground. The roof of the little house shows an interesting version of this type of material. It is of a plain dark silk with wide and narrow vertical stripes of a contrasting colour and diagonal stripes of velvet cutting across both shades. This is a Ducharne material; and so is the cut velvet and silk which makes the walls of the tower. Here, a self-colour velvet stripe is woven on a silk ground, and it is in the paler shades that this material looks best. In dead white or very pale pink it is charming for evening wear. Apart from a few novelties of this description, we are promised a season of plain materials and heavy silks, either with the plain surface of crêpe de Chine but much heavier, or with the crinkly crêpe surfaces which have become so popular.

DIAGONAL stripes are seen in a number of woollens, and a charming example is shown on the roof of the out-house on the right. This is a Rodier material which has an admixture of rabbit's wool woven into the wool, making it extremely light, soft and warm. Here white stripes are woven diagonally on a brown ground, but the number of variations on this theme are legion. A more conservative stripe is that shown by Munro, which makes the front wall of the little house. This is, of course, hand-woven, as are all the Munro woollens, and is obtainable in a wide range of mixed stripes, blues and reds on a beige ground predominating. Another typical Munro material makes the roof of the tower and shows the open basket-weave which is much favoured at the moment—some are so loosely woven as to be almost transparent. A Rodier version of this type of weave makes the wall of the out-house on the right, and is carried out in black and white. The weave is so open that every strand is visible.

A SELF-COLOUR diagonal weave of modest pretensions in a light-weight woollen material from Ducharne makes the right-hand wall of the house, and also the patch of grass in front of this winter residence. The smoke coming out of the chimney is made of one of the new Viyella materials, many of which can now be obtained in a wider width than their usual 31 inches. This shows a light fleck of colour against a darker ground, and can be obtained in several good autumn colours. Another interesting material from the Viyella range is shown on page 85, where a coat-frock suitable for early autumn wear has been specially designed in this material. The smaller puff of smoke shows a light woollen material from Rodier, which has a slightly crinkled surface.



Shaw Wildman

New SHOES *for* Town *and* Country

Shoes by Abbott's

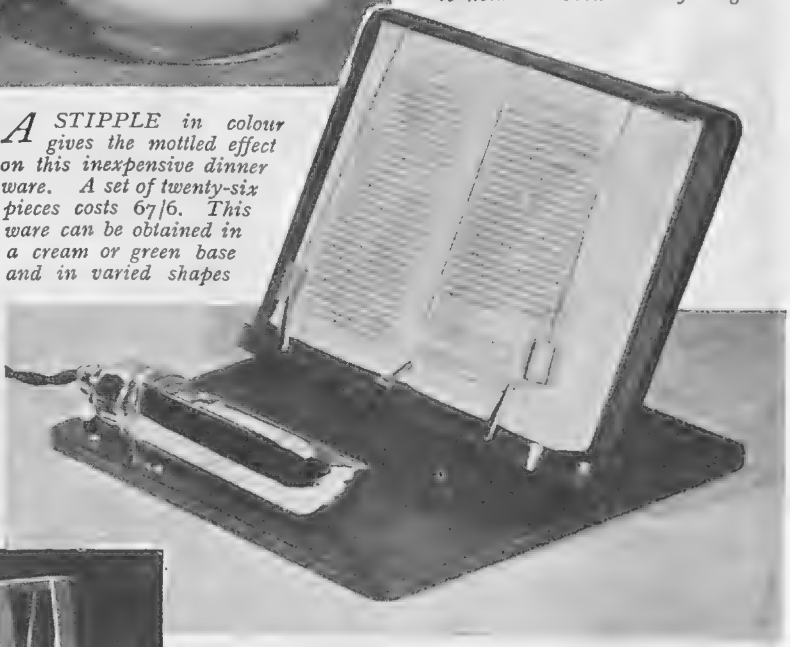
Stockings by Aristoc

OUR autumn footwear shows a delightful compromise between the too much exploited sandal of the summer and the too heavy and solid walking shoe of the past. Comfort, combined with chic, is the ideal at which to aim when choosing shoes, and these qualities are both apparent in the shoes we have chosen as representative of the autumn mode. On the left is a charming shoe of navy blue calf which ties with a small bow on the instep. This is very lightly brogued, and can also be obtained in black or brown. The court shoes shown on the right are made of brown calf and suède and are extremely smart for morning wear in town. In the centre is a comfortable pair of shoes for the country or for golf. They are carried out in supple brown and beige calf, and have corrugated rubber soles. Stockings are of no less importance than shoes, and those illustrated above are of the purest silk in three different weights, and are made in all the newest Aristoc shades.

What I have this

Photos by
Elsie Collins

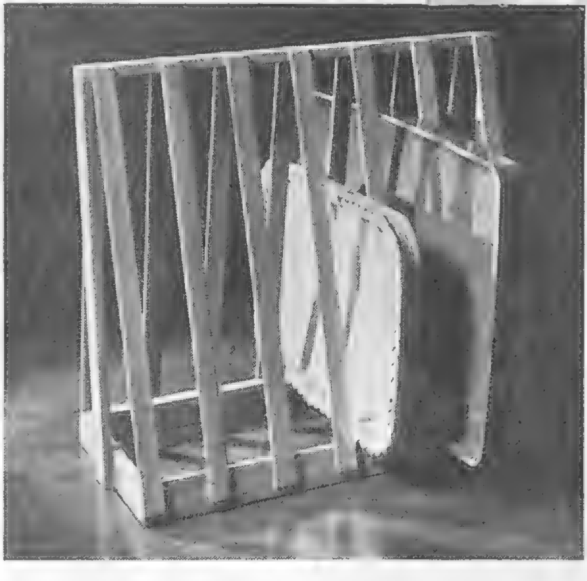
A STIPPLE in colour gives the mottled effect on this inexpensive dinner ware. A set of twenty-six pieces costs 67/6. This ware can be obtained in a cream or green base and in varied shapes



ABSOLUTE comfort for reading in bed is ensured with the use of this book-rest. A light is thrown on the book and the rest can be adjusted to hold the book at any angle

ONE of the latest finishes to dinner ware is a mottled effect in colour. The whole of the groundwork is covered in a green or cream stipple, and the result is definitely charming. The photograph illustrates the cream set, which has a green band and the handles of which are in the form of a posy; the green set has a gold line on the edge. Just some of the dinner pieces are shown in the illustration, but any shape can be bought for every meal—breakfast, lunch, tea and after-dinner coffee, as well as etceteras such as fruit and sandwich sets. I would not advise having this ware for use as a tea service unless for very heavy use, for the cups are inclined to be rather thick, but for all the other meals more attractive table accessories for the money could not be bought. Each piece can be purchased separately, but the whole dinner service of twenty-six pieces costs 67s. 6d. To give an idea of the other prices the following might help: Fruit set, 9s. 6d.; sandwich set, 9s. 11d.; breakfast cup and saucer, 1s. 9d.; coffee pots, 6s. 9d.

From Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W.



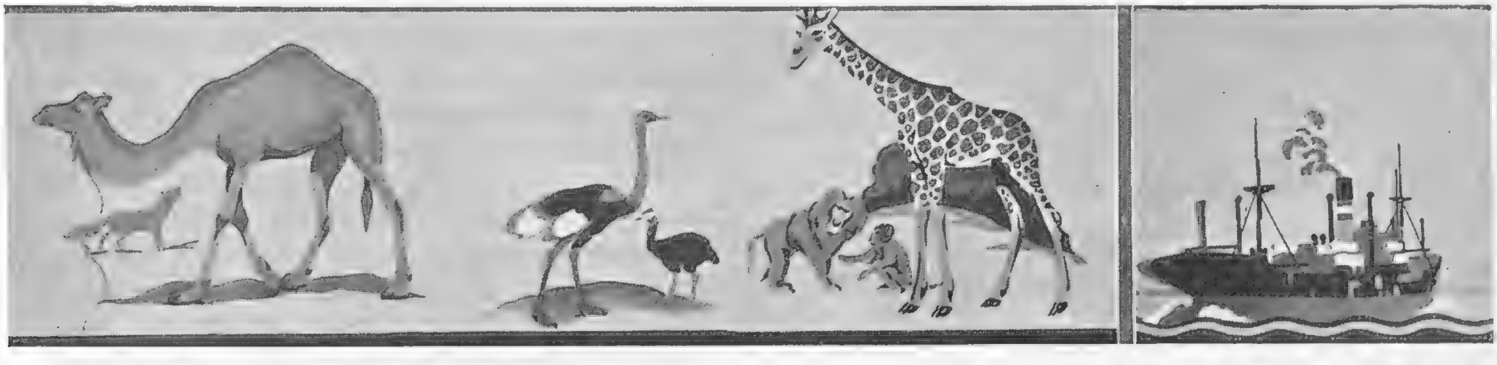
This useful tray rack made of polished oak costs only 5/11

TO enjoy reading in bed it really is essential to have a book-rest and a light in the proper position. Sometimes we achieve one and sometimes the other, but now it is within our means to have the perfect book-rest and light combined. This one really does spell absolute comfort, for the light is thrown on the book and not into the eyes. The clips on the book-rest hold the pages really firmly, and an adjustment at the back enables the book to be tilted at any angle you may require. Another asset to this is that the whole thing packs up flat for travelling and takes up no more room than a couple of books. The price of this book-rest in oak and with nickel fittings is 34s. 6d., the lamp being 3s. extra. There is a model a little less "de luxe" which costs 25s. 6d., the lamp 3s.; this model is finished in various colours.

Mek-Elek Book-holder, from Marshall and Snelgrove and other large stores.

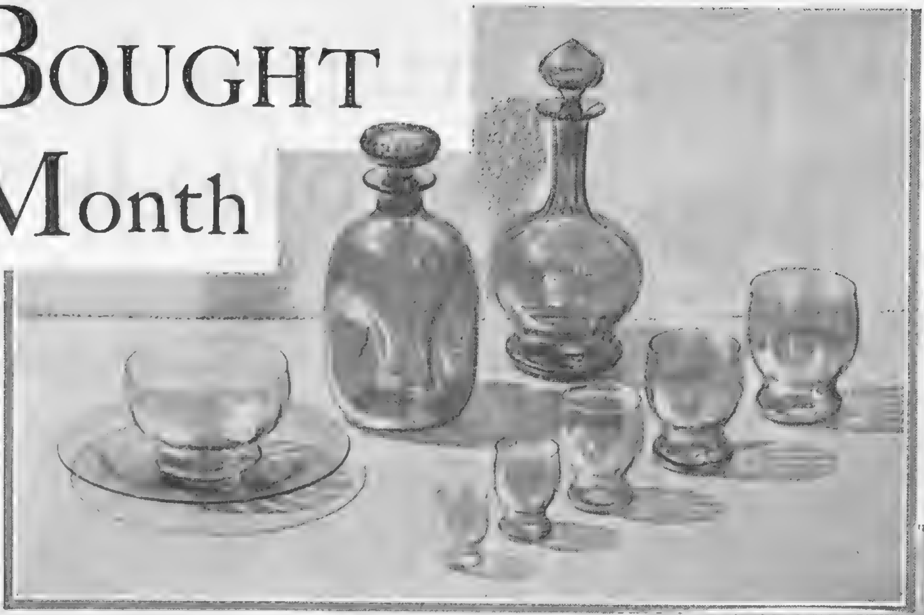
IT is now possible to buy a rack which is specially designed to accommodate the household trays. Trays have been a problem in the home for a long time, but with the rack illustrated they can be kept tidily and ready to hand. Made of polished oak, the attractive and useful tray rack illustrated is only 5s. 11d.

SOON flowers will be scarce and therefore expensive, so we shall have to rely upon our table accessories to give the colour note. But the drawback to coloured glass is that it is apt to get monotonous—one tires of it too quickly. However, the need for at least two different coloured suites of glass need not frighten you when they can be bought at the same price as those shown in the photograph. Three



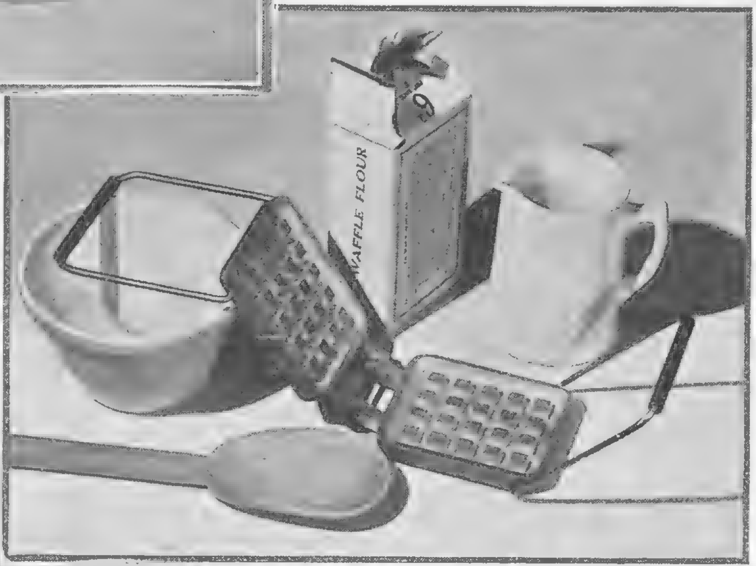
CHILDREN can look on something worth while if these decorations are on the nursery twelve units. These can be mounted on a frieze or the wall. The photographs show some

Bought Month



AMBER, green and sapphire blue are the colours in which this glass is obtainable. Other shapes are also made besides the Georgian design shown. The tumbler costs 1/11 and the prices descend to 1/1 for the liqueur glass

colours can be bought—amber, jade green, and sapphire blue; each one is attractive. Nor is the Georgian shape shown the only design which can be had in this inexpensive glass; there are some of cut glass and some with the vine-leaf pattern. The tumbler costs 1s. 11d., and the sizes go down in price two and three pence at each step to liqueurs at 1s. 1d. The finger bowls cost 3s. 9d., the whisky decanter 22s. 9d., and the port decanter 26s. 9d. From Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W.



THIS waffle iron costs only 2/11, and with the aid of a 6d. packet of waffle flour 24 waffles can be made. One waffle takes one minute to cook, and the mixture is made simply by stirring the flour with some milk

THERE are two good household gadgets which must be mentioned this month. One is an egg-stand which is placed inside the saucepan so that the eggs can be lifted in and out of the water without trouble and at the same time. At the top of the stand is a sand-glass, which can be set when you put your eggs into the water. The whole thing costs 1s.

Waffles up to now have been within the reach only of those who have an electric waffling iron. Now a small iron can be bought for as little as 2s. 11d., and this can be used on a gas or oil stove. There is another model which costs 5s. 6d., but the only difference is that it has a bright finish. A special waffle flour mixture can be bought for 6d. a packet; this will make 24 waffles.

All that needs to be done is to mix the flour with milk. The waffles are made by pouring this mixture on to the iron and the waffle is ready to be served in one minute.

EGGS can be lifted in and out of the saucepan with the greatest of ease if this egg-stand is used. Price one shilling

THE photographs below illustrate some of the "cut-outs" belonging to different sets of nursery decorations. Each set consists of twelve separate units and these are mounted on a plain frieze.

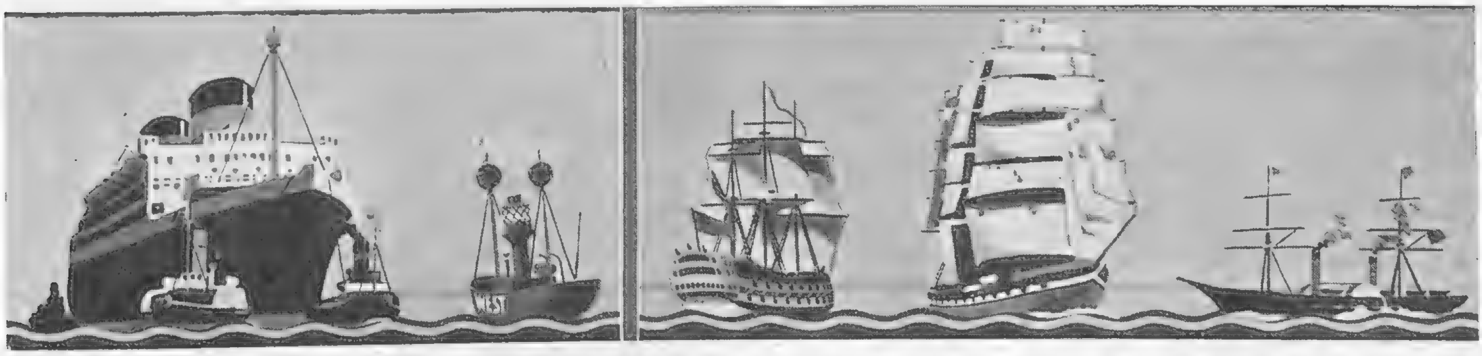
Besides being remarkably well drawn these decorations are also well coloured; after all, the children might just as well look on decorations which have some merit. So often poor stuff is served up for the nursery.

The colours of these cut-outs are fast; they are oil colours and will not be affected by the light. They are also washable, as also is the plain frieze on which they can be mounted.

Here is a sample of what a room would cost to decorate with the washable wallpaper, frieze and units. Room 12 ft. long by 12 ft. wide by 9½ ft. high:

7 pieces of paper at 2s. 6d. per piece	17s. 6d.
14 yards 10½ in. frieze at 4½d. per yard	5s. 3d.
One set of "Chums Awheel" at 12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.
	35s. 3d.

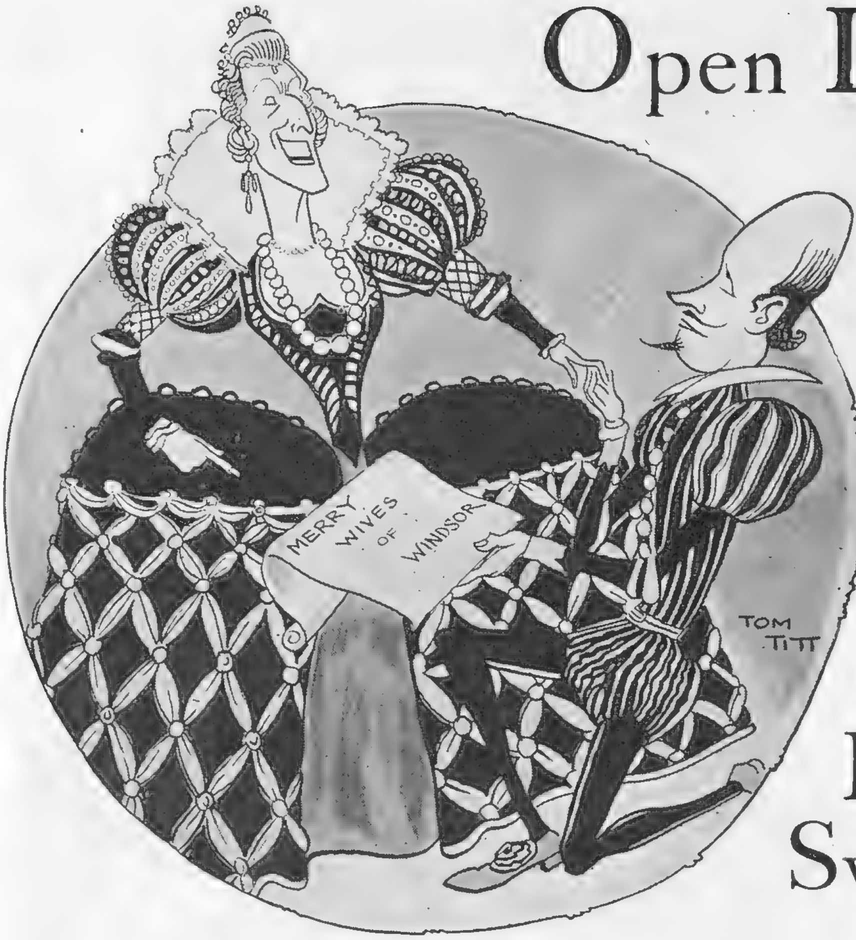
From John Stather and Sons, Ltd., 5, Dorset Mews North, Upper Gloucester Place, N.W.1; or from the Essex Wallpaper Co., Victoria Street, S.W.



wall. They are printed in washable oil colours and are bought in "sets" which consist of of the units from the "Whipsnade" and "Ships" sets, which cost 15/- and 17/6 respectively

Open Letters *to the* "Would-be's"

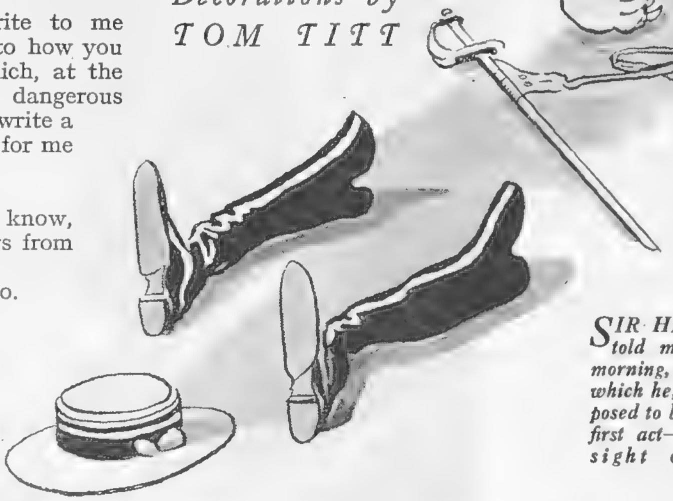
Continuing *a* Series *in which* aspiring Authors, *and* other Hopefuls *are* offered



It was because Queen Elizabeth laughed at Falstaff that she told Shakespeare to write a comedy about him for her birthday party. He went home and wrote "The Merry Wives of Windsor"

By Hannen Swaffer

Decorations by TOM TITT



Sir Herbert Tree once told me that he had, that morning, a play sent to him in which he, as the hero, was supposed to be eaten by a lion in the first act—on the stage, too, in sight of the audience

DEAR SCRIBLEY,—As already you write to me every other week, asking for advice as to how you can be a film star or anything else which, at the moment, strikes you as being not too dangerous or laborious, but sufficiently silly, you may as well write a play now, so that you can send it along, casually, for me to read.

Already everybody else does.

By every post I get plays from people I do not know, plays from people I do not want to know, plays from people I refuse to know.

I never read them. I have something else to do.

You, if you become a playwright, would be only one more of those thousands of swollen-headed people who imagine that, because somebody invented a typewriter once, they are a combination of Sheridan and Shakespeare and Shaw.

The Church began to decline when its most emasculated young curates began to fancy themselves as dramatists. Even brewery shares began to flop, and railway stocks, when people who were quite efficient at stirring hops or shunting trains began to think it easier to write a play that would run a year.

What never struck them was that even if one of them did write a play that was produced, it would, in all probability, cost someone else a lot of money.

On 200 nights every year, the dramatic critics are invited to see a new play. The tame ones go along to all the lot. Now, of those 200 plays, not more than a score make money.

Anyone can be an author if he can find someone who will provide the money with which to stage the play.

Now and then, such as is the case when Michael Arlen found £150 for Noel Coward to have "The Vortex" produced at Hampstead, the experiment comes off. But in nearly all the other cases I remember, someone finds some money, friends shout "Author" to the curtain at the end and demand a speech, and then the play comes off.

This sort of thing will continue while managers are allowed by stupid backers to charge so much a week for their services.

As long as that happens you will still have managers saying to authors, "Have you a friend who will invest some money?" This means that the manager will get it, and the backer will lose it.

It has gone on, for year after year. No one seems to mind. Newspapers applaud the enterprise of the managers. They call it showmanship or something.

If you take advantage of this idiosyncrasy of modern life you may ruin your friends, and you may drive your grandmother into the workhouse. But you will be "an author."

It is the easiest way, and the most modern. Not many years ago, dramatists used to learn their job with a grave seriousness—Ibsen, toiling hard beside a candle, half the night; Pinero studying the stage as an actor, and then learning to write with a keenness which made his eyebrows grow; Henry Arthur Jones, so careful in his analysis of stage technique that, even after writing, with a collaborator, "The Silver King," he spent years and years on its study before he wrote his second play.

HOW Shakespeare started we do not know, nor how Euripides began, or Aristophanes. But we can judge from the lives of Molière, and O'Neill, and even G. R. Sims, that there were years and years of hard endurance.

But there was more than that. There was a time, once, when an author had something to say, when sometimes it burst from him with a radiance that glorified the sky. Then it did not matter how it was said.

When you know your job, it becomes easy. The difficulty

# of the Theatre:

No. 9—
The “Would-be” AUTHOR

Managers, *Backers*, *a* Guide *to* Knowledge *of the* Stage

is to learn your job first.

Richard Burbadge, when managing the Globe Theatre, Southwark, no doubt turned to William Shakespeare, one of his actors and said, “Will, I want a comedy by next Wednesday.” Then Will, going home, would write “Love's Labour's Lost,” never dreaming that, a century and a half after his death, Mankind would begin to recognise that it was genius.

They say that it was because Queen Elizabeth laughed at the part of Falstaff in one of the chronicle plays that she told Shakespeare to write a comedy about him for her birthday party, and that he went home and wrote “The Merry Wives of Windsor.”

The trouble about telling would-be authors that sort of story is they think they can do just the same.

So they write plays—you will be one of them no doubt—in which there are scenes that last one minute, and scenes that last two hours, all of them imitations of something which happened in some other play the author saw, or else so ludicrous that they can never be staged.

SIR HERBERT TREE once told me that he had read, that morning, a play sent to him in which he, as the hero, was supposed to be eaten by a lion in the first act—on the stage, too, in sight of the audience!

I do not think it was the hunger of the lion that made Tree feel annoyed. It was the fact that some author had thought he should not appear in Act II and Act III, unless it was inside the lion that he came on.

He belonged to an age when plays had to be written to please actor-managers, an age when even Irving, in the Brocken scene in “Faust,” would, dressed as Mephistopheles, stop his gloating over the sufferings of the poor souls in Hell to say, in a loud aside, to the limelight man, “Lights! Lights!” He meant that he wanted the limelight on him.

Before then, you had to write a play about some property or other, or Drury Lane would say, “We haven't had a shipwreck yet.”

This all developed from the Crummles idea, that Nicholas Nickleby ought to write a play about a washtub or something, because Crummles had bought one.

Still, it was easier to write plays about washtubs than it was around actor-managers or their wives. It was bad enough writing for the bachelors—but the two!

Some of them wanted the big speech in every scene, and the centre of the stage all the time. If you could do that, all you had to do was to re-write the same plot, changing only the country and the names of the characters.

Shaw blew all that sky-high by holding up to ridicule the dominance of the actor-manager and all his works. Then, having destroyed it with words, he invented a new form of drama, in which he was the author *and* the hero, *and* the villain—yes, *and* the limelight man, even when he wasn't on the stage.

Unfortunately, this started a lot of silly young people imagining that there were no rules, that all you had to do was to blab and blah a lot of pseudo-philosophy. They did not know that Shaw would never have got it over had he not been a man whose public and private lives were both an indictment of injustice and tyranny and humbug, so that everything he did, and said, and thought, called attention even to plays which, otherwise, might never have been staged.

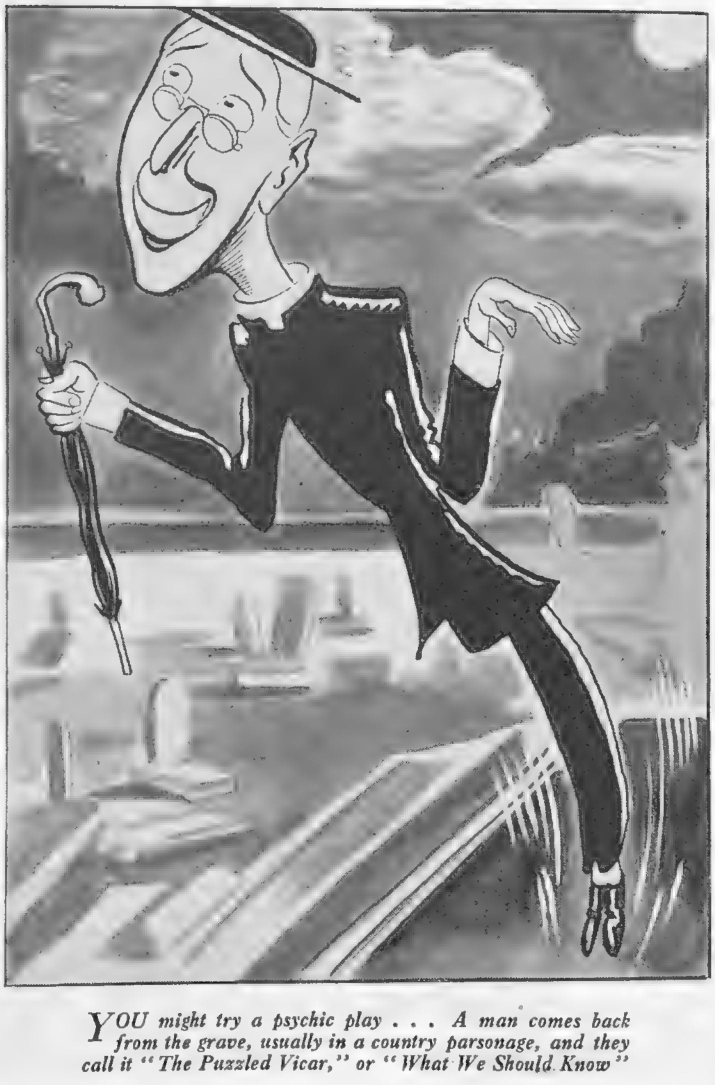
It is no good your trying to write one of these actor-manager plays, now, because they usually write them themselves. The more ladylike type of actor-manager is best when he is appearing in his own play. That is all he has the brains to understand. Only he would dare to put it on. Even you could not think of some of the nonsense he considers necessary.

THE theatre used to be a place of illusion. Now it is a place of delusion. Only the audiences are beginning to wake up. The managers are still blind. Each of them still wants his £100 a week first, last, and all the time.

The actors, now half awake, are finding that they must take £40 a week where they used to take £100, and that, even then, they cannot get it usually.

But the audiences, no longer obliged to go to a theatre when they want to be sent asleep, but with a score of new kinds of boredom to befool them, look upon the theatre as the last place and not the first.

You might try Expressionism if you like, especially as it (*Continued on page* 117)



YOU might try a psychic play . . . A man comes back from the grave, usually in a country parsonage, and they call it “The Puzzled Vicar,” or “What We Should Know”

BIG BUSINESS: The Romance of

No. 8: The House of Guinness

A VIEW of the vat house. Beside the giant vats the man looks "very small beer"

'Tis the voice
of the L
GUI
and I

"*OUR sales are falling off !*"

Mr. Arthur Guinness leant across the big table in the Committee Room of the Irish House of Commons and threw out his hand in a gesture of mock generosity that suggested that as far as he was concerned any member of the examining Committee could have the St. James's Gate brewery—lock, stock and barrels—for the asking. Then he took a pinch of snuff and paused for a moment before adding negligently: "Gentlemen, unless the tax on porter is reduced I shall be forced to transfer my business from the banks of the Liffey to a site I have in mind in the district of Carnarvon."

Then he sat down. But one hundred and fifty-five years later another Guinness—Cecil Lee, Earl of Iveagh—was destined to lean across a table and also observe to the assembled company: "*Our sales are falling off !*"

That was in 1928, when the heritage of the disastrous coal lock-out had shortened the purse of the working public, when the agricultural depression in Ireland had cast further gloom over the Free State, and when the people of the British Isles were engaged in discovering new ways of employing their spare time and pocket-money.

Yet in both cases the brewing business of Arthur Guinness, Son and Company, Ltd., found a solution to the problems of the moment that led on to further prosperity.

In 1773, when the first Arthur Guinness had made his appealing threat to the House of Commons Committee the plight of the brewing industry in Ireland could hardly have been worse. The industry had, in fact, so declined that in that same year the whole duty collected on malt liquor did not amount to the cost of collection !

This can well be understood when it is explained that whereas the duty on imported English porter was only a few pence per barrel, the duty on Irish-brewed beer was 5s. 6d. per barrel.

No wonder bluff Mr. Arthur Guinness was a little embittered when he was asked to give evidence before the Committee which was finally set up to discover why nine out of ten Dublin brewers were going bankrupt.

Eighteen years before he had entered the brewing business with a modest plant at Leixlip, a small village on the Liffey. Then, in 1759, he bought from Mr. Mark Rainsford the brewery at St. James's Gate in Dublin which had been in existence for well over a century on the site of the ancient entrance to the outer city.

THE first record of any actual business being done at St. James's Gate was in 1670. At that date there were 91 breweries and 1,180 alehouses in a city of little over 20,000 inhabitants. This was not so much because of any peculiar quality of the water of the neighbourhood—although Dublin water is of wonderfully soft texture. But it was destined, in time, to be a valuable asset to the local brewers.

For in 1722 there was produced in London a dark-coloured beer which had the flavour and attributes of both heavy ale and bitter beer. Its quickly-won popularity with the manual class of worker earned it the title of "porter," it being generally conceded that the new dark beer was good for the health and strength that were essential to porters.

Incidentally, in this particular virtue of the brew lay the clue to the solution of the problem which confronted the Guinness brewery in 1928 !

"Good for health—good for strength" was destined to become a national slogan a century and a half later.

The water used in the ale that preceded the invention of "porter" was hard, while the new drink required water of a particular softness. The distinctive flavour was obtained by the introduction of roasted malt or barley.

The fact that Dublin was now ideally fitted for the manufacture of the new beverage was hailed by the Irish brewers with joy, tempered almost immediately by the absurd and unfair discrimination in favour of the English brewers. For four years after the setting up of the examining Committee in 1773 the Dublin brewers fought for their existence. Then came a measure of relief, and from the year 1777 the whole industry raised its head. The world's greatest brewery was definitely founded.

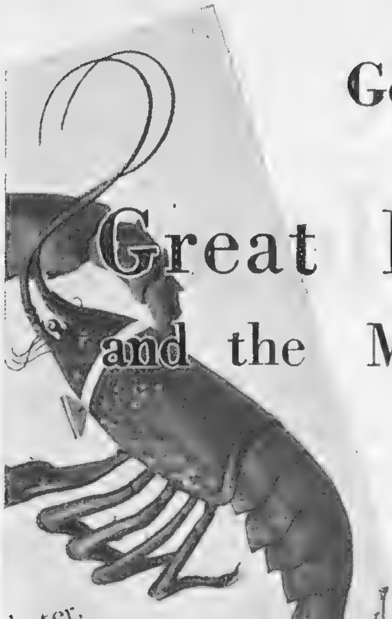
In sharp contrast to the previous official disinterest there was a throwing of bouquets. That eloquent Irish statesman Mr. Henry Grattan wrote to Mr. Arthur Guinness that he regarded the St. James's Gate brewery as "the actual nurse of the people and entitled to every encouragement, favour and exemption."

The legend grew up that the peculiarly rich quality of the Guinness brew was due to the Holy Well that had for hundreds of years been famous at the Gate. Yet there was no substance for this story. The water from the well has never been used for anything more intimate in the beer than the cooling process.

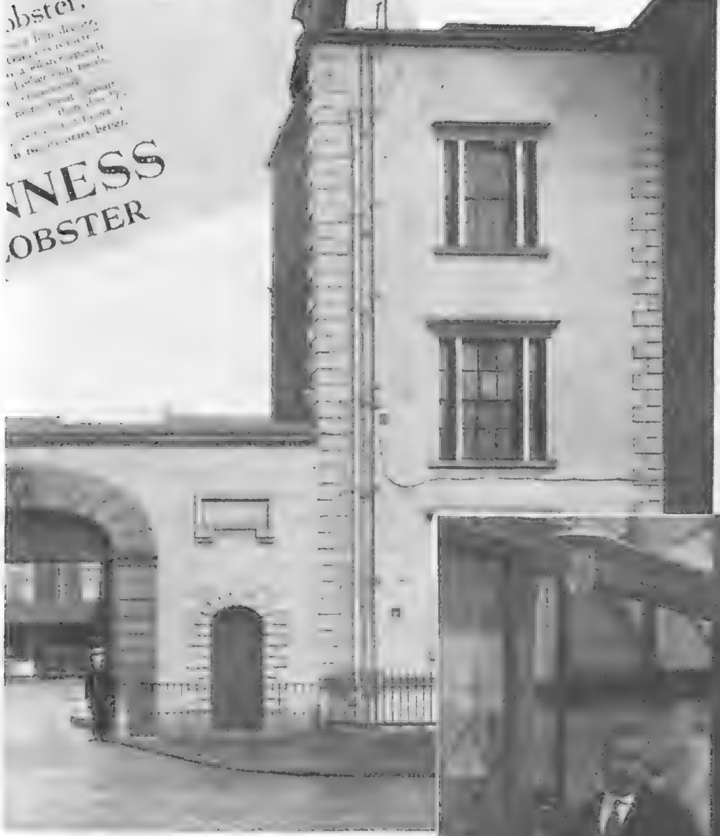
What was far more to the point was that the site of the well

By Gordon Beckles

Great Enterprises and the Men behind them



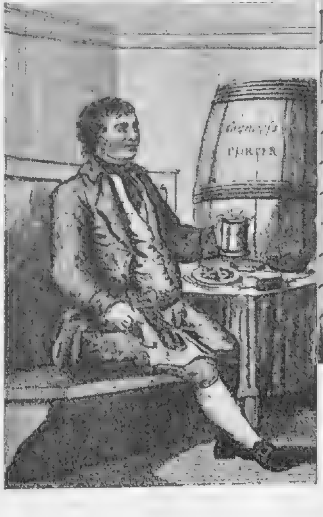
An amusing piece of advertisement copy used by Guinness in one of the most successful advertising campaigns of to-day



The entrance to the famous brewery. St. James's Gate Brewery, Dublin

had historic brewing traditions. Listen to this report written by Mr. Barnaby Rych, in his "New Description of Ireland," which was published in London in 1610.

"On the west part of Dublin they have St. James his Well, and his feast is celebrated the 25 of July, and upon that day, a great mart or fair is kept fast by the Well. The commodity that is there to be vended is nothing else but ale, no other merchandise but only ale.



Contrasts in Publicity. (Left) "Porter"—Health, Peace and Prosperity—an 18th century view of the virtues of Porter, and (above) "Guinness is Good for You," a 20th century version

Such is the historical background of the brewery founded by Mr. Arthur Guinness, who died in 1803 and left the business to his three sons, Arthur, Benjamin and William Lunell Guinness. The two latter died early in the nineteenth century, and the brewery was taken over by Arthur, whose own son—Benjamin Lee Guinness—can be said to be the founder of the firm as we know it to-day, with its capital of nearly £10,000,000 and its record of having paid £16,000,000 in taxes during one year!

A remarkable man was Benjamin Lee Guinness. He built up the export trade of the brewery during the middle years of the last century so that the name of his beer became world-famous. He was the richest man in his native city, lavish in his benefactions—St. Patrick's Cathedral owes its architectural permanence to his purse—and became, indeed, the first Lord Mayor of Dublin.

Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness died in 1868, and the business passed to his eldest and third sons, Arthur—afterwards Lord Ardilaun—and Edward Cecil, who became the first Lord Iveagh. Eight years later Lord Ardilaun sold out, and Lord Iveagh turned the brewery into a limited company with a capital of £6,000,000.

During the next fifty years both the business and the actual St. James's Gate brewery grew to enormous proportions. The premises were enlarged almost yearly, finally covering four acres banking on the Liffey, employing four thousand workers and brewing as much as 115,000,000 gallons of foaming black beer every year. Three of the company's own cross-Channel steamers to-day carry to the outside world the three different grades of beer brewed by the firm.

Eight hundred thousand barrels of malt go to the production of the yearly output of 115,000,000 gallons, the amount of barley necessary to produce this amount covering a field acreage—in various parts of the world—of 80,000 acres.

A vast business, this, touching a dozen different industries—all that you may drink your daily glass of stout!

And now to 1928 . . . The firm had attained its preeminent position in Great Britain on the excellence of its product alone. The name "Guinness" sold itself; it was its own best stimulant.

Then came Lord Iveagh's confession at the annual meeting in 1928 that there had been a decrease in sales due to a combination of causes, one of which was a change in the habits of the people. They travelled more, dressed better and had a choice of amusements undreamt of a few years before.

"*We intend to advertise,*" said Lord Iveagh. It was a momentous decision.

The wealth of the world's richest brewery was put behind one of the most sensational advertising campaigns in the history of salesmanship. From a thousand hoardings posters blazoned the fact that "Guinness was good for Health"; from a thousand electric signs flashed the message that "Guinness was good for Strength."

And from the pages of a hundred different papers and magazines the message was carried into the minds of millions at a cost of hundreds of thousands of pounds. The campaign was triumphantly successful.

To-day the strength of the firm of Arthur Guinness, Son and Company, Ltd., may be gathered from the fact that despite the Beer Duty of 31s. per standard barrel imposed by the Emergency Budget the reduced profits for the past year amounted to £1,605,980.

A fortune, indeed, from "no other merchandise, only ale."

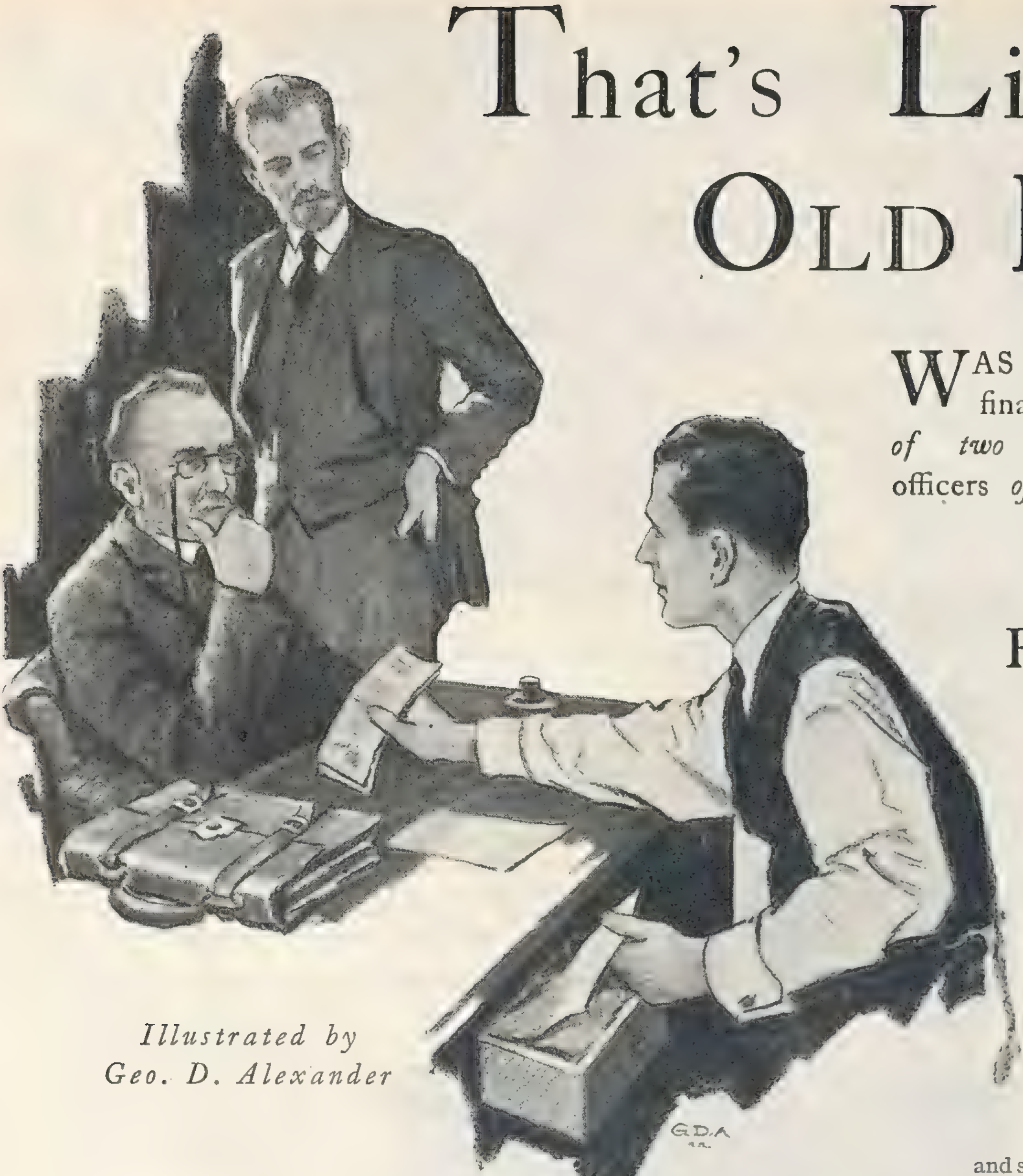
That's Life Old Horse

WAS it *luck* that *solved the* financial embarrassment *of two* adventure *seeking* officers *of the* sister *services?*

By

Frank E. Verney

Illustrated by
Geo. D. Alexander



"BEFORE we go any further, gentlemen—can you provide me with evidence of your identity as authentic naval officers?"

MURDER. Lieut.-Commanders, two, beautiful to behold, and easy to run, able and ready to do anything or anybody anyhow or anywhere, need jobs darned quick. First offer over a fiver secures. 19b, Old Hurlington Street.

ON the evidential principle that a bent pin and a worm will often grass trout where every sophisticated lure has failed, Wilde had composed this naïve contribution to the "Agony" column of the *Times*. And though he is one of those intrepid logicians who will go out of his way to walk under a ladder, spill the salt, and cheerfully make the thirteenth at a dinner party, it was more by accident than intent that the advertisement appeared on the thirteenth of the month; and a coincidence that it was the thirteenth of a well-organised campaign of linking labour with capital.

Apart from this peculiarity, Wilde is as human and likeable as Conway, who believes with the average person in treating superstition with respect, if not with veneration. The manner in which both awaited the results of this final attempt to secure employment was characteristic. Wilde sat at his desk methodically working at a Crossword Competition while his co-opted batman operated two dictionaries and a Thesaurus; and Conway reclined on the ledge of the open window, morosely flicking pellets of stale bread at such targets as were provided by the somnolent traffic of Old Hurlington Street. Turning inwards with grim satisfaction at having registered a "bull" on the bald head of the fashionable tailor who makes twenty thousand a year on the ground floor of the building, he stared sombrely at Wilde's smooth round face and remarked:

"It's no darned good, Peter, old cock. We might just as well have had a nice gentlemanly binge on that thirty bob. Our luck's dead out this voyage. The best thing we can do now is pinch a car and do a 'smash and grab' in Bond Street. I'd sooner do five years in quod than steer words out of a dictionary for a living, or sponge a course back to the gold standard."

"Haven't I scraped you clear of that 'luck' barnacle, yet?" Wilde demanded. "There is no such thing as luck. If that splurge of mine has misfired, it'll mean I haven't worded it right. See who that is at the door, Richards. If it's another writ, say we are doing a rest cure at Cowes on the Royal yacht."

As Wilde secretly expected no more of this S.O.S. than did Conway, it was with something of the feelings of two castaways sighting a sail, that they greeted the obvious city lawyer whom Richards admitted.

"Mr. Bankes, sir. Subject—that 'ere advertisement. You'll find me in the kitchen a-boning your boots, sir, if you want me."

Condescendingly accepting the chair Conway had swept forward in his quick stride from the window, Mr. Bankes, prosperous, assured and slightly magisterial, supplemented the introduction with his professional card.

"As you will see by that, I am Mr. John Bankes, of Bankes and Bankes, Solicitors and Notaries. Am I to understand that your advertisement is to be taken seriously?"

"Our financial requirements are understated," Wilde answered promptly, "otherwise we bar only murder, marriage and arson. What can we do for you, sir?"

Reviewing the two bronzed young men with assessing eyes which also took in every detail of the apartment, the lawyer said:—

"Before we go any further, gentlemen—can you provide me with evidence of your identity as authentic naval officers?" Conway's expectant face fell at once, but Wilde took two neat dockets from a drawer.

"We are entirely authentic, sir, but only partly naval. Lieut.-Commander Conway here is the only naval officer in the firm. I belong to the sister Service—a retired regular gunner. I phrased the advertisement that way for brevity and variety. Here are our papers and passports; and unless you require two navigators, there are recognised advantages in combining the experience of the two Services."

JUDGING by the lawyer's expression of disapproval, he did not appear to think so. But after noting the passports, and reading two records which went as far back as Osborne Naval College and Sandhurst Military Academy, and qualified both officers for almost any position where resource and nerve were required, he said brusquely :—

" My client stipulates naval officers, and I'd expected to meet naval officers, but as the matter is urgent—may I enquire your exact situation ? "

Wilde told him briefly.

" We were both scrapped two years ago on army and naval reductions. The Agency business we established on our gratuities got badly waterlogged in the trade slump, mainly through the default of our two principal customers. Consequently we now need something to tide us back to the gold standard. We don't mind much what that is, and—subject to the cash aspect—we are ready to start right away."

Bankes studied his watch and the date calendar on the wall, and made his decision.

" The position is this. My client is a highly esteemed American business man, at present at his villa on the Riviera. He is threatened by some personal danger which he does not specify, but which necessitates him having a personal bodyguard upon whom he can implicitly rely, yet of a type that will fit into his household as ordinary guests. You would be required to proceed to-day by the Continental train from Victoria, and the engagement is for two months. Secrecy being essential to my client's protection, you would be required to disclose your destination to no one whatsoever ; and when there, to communicate your whereabouts to no one. Subject to your written agreement to those conditions, and your strict observance of them, I am prepared to engage you at a salary of fifty pounds per week, and pay you one week's salary in advance."

"Done," snapped Conway without the slightest hesitation. " At that price I'm ready to sign on for life and be as dumb as a mutton chop."

" The pay is unnecessarily high to my way of thinking," said Bankes acidly. " But my client is one of those persons to whom money is no object, and he believes, with a creditable knowledge of human nature, that the only way to secure good service is to pay for it. What about you, Captain Wilde ? "

Wilde blinked in a manner peculiar to him in moments of rapid thought. The pay certainly was high, and the proposition invited quite a lot of questions. But the offer was not one to temporise with in their circumstances. Fifty pounds a week for two months meant four hundred pounds. Salvation.

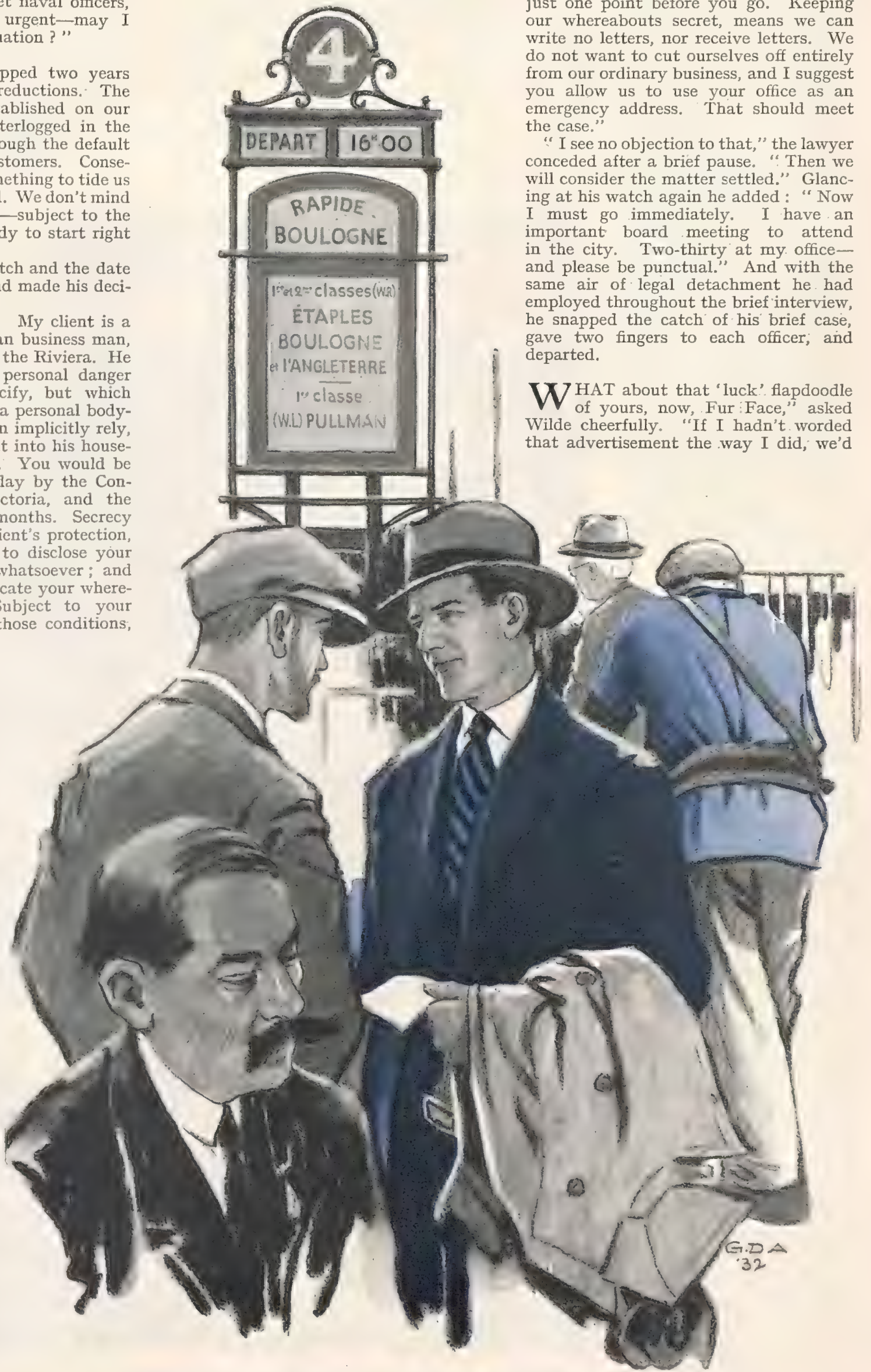
" We accept," he confirmed with no more hesitation than his partner ; and picked up a pencil. " What is the name of our employer ; what is his address ; and what train do you say you wish us to catch ? "

" You will travel by the three-fifty from Victoria this afternoon," Bankes repeated in his precise fashion. " Such details as are necessary, I will give you at my office this afternoon at half past two, together with your railway tickets and the salary advance. Is that clear ? "

" Quite," agreed Wilde. " There's just one point before you go. Keeping our whereabouts secret, means we can write no letters, nor receive letters. We do not want to cut ourselves off entirely from our ordinary business, and I suggest you allow us to use your office as an emergency address. That should meet the case."

" I see no objection to that," the lawyer conceded after a brief pause. " Then we will consider the matter settled." Glancing at his watch again he added : " Now I must go immediately. I have an important board meeting to attend in the city. Two-thirty at my office—and please be punctual." And with the same air of legal detachment he had employed throughout the brief interview, he snapped the catch of his brief case, gave two fingers to each officer, and departed.

"WHAT about that 'luck' flapdoodle of yours, now, Fur Face," asked Wilde cheerfully. "If I hadn't worded that advertisement the way I did, we'd



" *WHICH,*" *scoffed Conway,* "*bar establishing the fact that the respected Mr. Bankes is not a white-slaver with designs on our innocence, tells us nothing we want to know* " still be in the soup. Bankes wanted two sailormen for some mysterious reason, and it was our passports more than anything else that clinched the deal."

"It's luck all the same," declared Conway, scratching a young corn-coloured beard that had been alternatively the pride and despair of a clean-shaven navy. "Here are we, broke to the wide, having tried every money-raising device known to man, and this bloke steams alongside and heaves fifty quid a week at us. What do you make of it? It's darned mysterious if you ask me."

"There's nothing mysterious about that lawyer anyway," Wilde rejoined. "And as we are going to draw fifty quid in a few hours time, that's enough to be going on with. Now hop along and pack your face comb, and while you are about it, stuff that automatic of yours in your suit-case. Body-guard doesn't mean wet nurse."

To men who are broke, the feel of ten five-pound notes begs no more questions than a lawyer's office, and when Bankes stated that he had nothing to add to the information he had given that morning, they signed the formal bond of secrecy without further ado. Their destination Bankes did not disclose until he saw them into the boat train, and handed to Wilde two of Thomas Cook's wallets containing travel coupons to Alassio; and a sealed letter addressed to W. Saxton Mellan, Esquire.

"I am telegraphing the hour of your arrival, and you will be met by my client's Lincoln car," was his only other instruction.

When the train pulled out of Victoria station, Conway examined the letter and tickets and remarked:

"With my number nines on the seat of a first-class smoker and a few quid in my pocket, I'm a darned sight more curious about this stunt than I was in the office with ninepence and an unpaid club bill. Fifty quid a week to keep the Italian breezes off an apprehensive Yank strikes me as having a snag in it. He could have got a dozen Italian Counts for that price."

"I'm feeling rather the same," Wilde admitted, "and on the principle of leaving nothing to that 'luck' fetish of yours, I'll wire Bill Dane who's with the American Express in Paris, and ask him about this Mellan bloke. There's nothing in the contract against that."

He telegraphed from Dover and received this reply at the Gare du Nord in Paris:

"*Head of Saxton Mellan, Inc. Leading American Armament manufacturers. Believed to be in States at present, but may be anywhere.*"

"Which," scoffed Conway, "bar establishing the fact that the respected Mr. Bankes is not a white-slaver with designs on our innocence, tells us nothing we want to know."

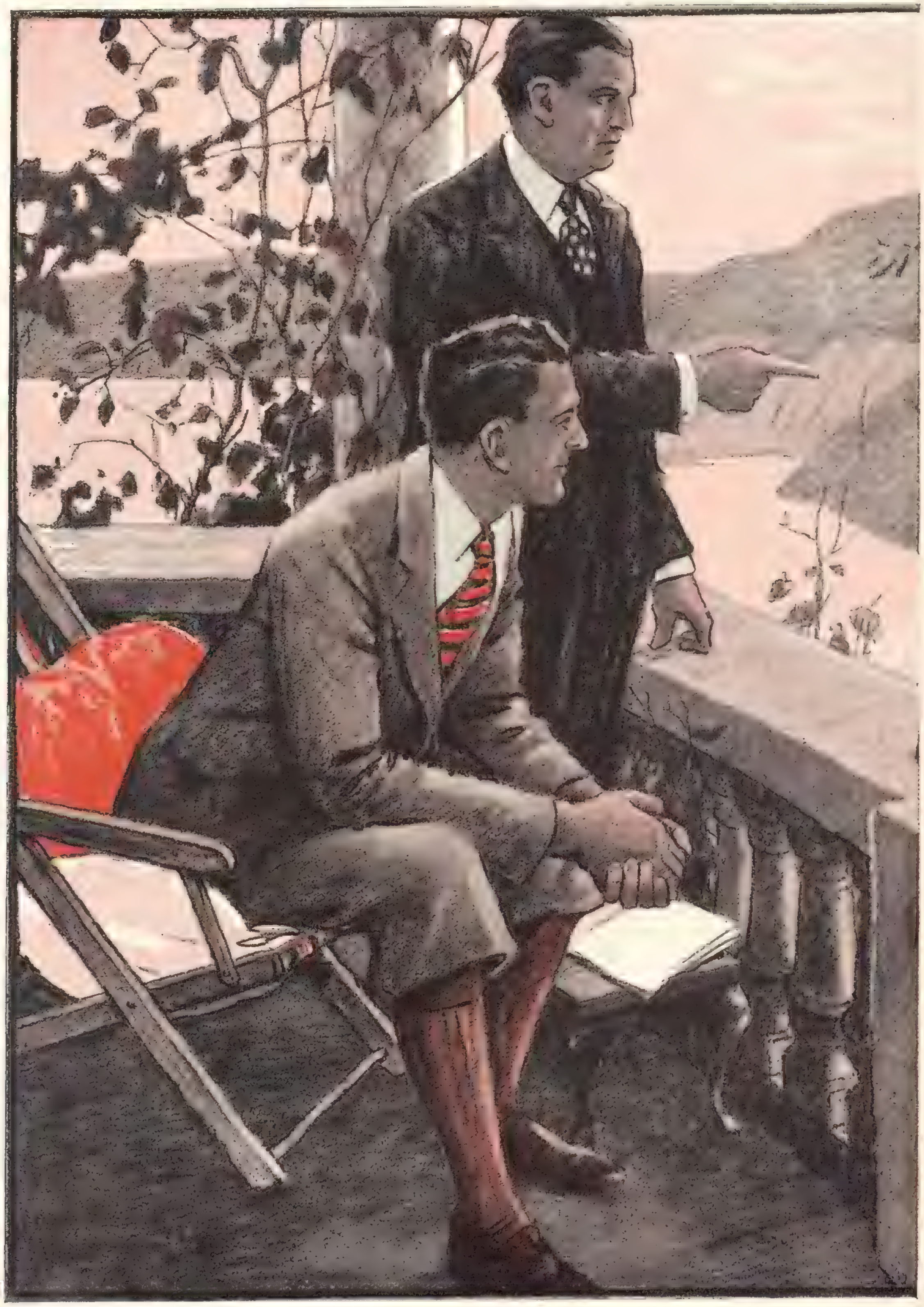
But by the next evening when their train smoked the edge of a glittering indigo Mediterranean and pulled up at Alassio Station, gorgeous with the warm gold of a setting sun on sub-tropical flowers, Conway had forgotten his apprehensions.

Mellan's blue Lincoln waited assuringly at the kerb of the palm set square, amongst an array of well-groomed horse cabs. And after introducing themselves to a lean American chauffeur with Roman features, a slightly sardonic smile, and a wad of chewing gum, they were unceremoniously invited to get in.

MELLAN'S villa was two miles inland on a ridge of the Val d'Olivio, and the chauffeur, changing his role to butler, took them direct to adjoining rooms on the second floor. Inspecting the luxurious appointments, testing the springs of a silver-oxydised bed, and splashing water into a marble bath, Conway declared:

"You can say what you darned well like about luck, but if this ain't it, I'm a blinking soldier."

Looking down from the wide balcony on to a vista of red-roofed villas nestling



NEXT morning, after breakfast, Mellan pointed out "That's your Admiral's villa. Walk down there during peacefully in olive groves, terraced steeply to the umber and green of Alassio at the edge of a purpling sea, Wilde said thoughtfully :

" All the same, my son, damned if I know why a feller wants a body-guard in a place like this. I should say Mellan couldn't get hurt here if he tried."

Mellan's appearance provoked a similar query when he gave them iced *Cinzano* under a date palm on the upper terrace half an hour later, and read the lawyer's letter. He was of any age between thirty-five and fifty, with thick well-kept hair bleached generously by a sun that had browned a hard, well-shaven square face. " A real hardbaked American business man," decided Wilde. " All guts and no more nerves than a rifle butt." Mellan inspected his new body-guard with a pair of shrewd and slightly humorous grey eyes, lighted a long Havana, and said frankly :

"Now gentlemen, as absolute confidence inspires loyal co-operation, I'll tell you just why you're here. But first I must have your words as British officers to let what I say go no further in any circumstances at any time."

" We can do no less than give you that, sir," promised Wilde, who liked his looks and his direct manner.

" I have in my possession," Mellan told them, " an entirely new formula for armour plate that is going to revolutionise battleship construction, which is my business. And when I tell you that any hull so constructed will be proof against any known explosive or projectile, you will appreciate that quite a few people are willing to go a long way to lay their hands on that formula."

" I should say so," Conway exclaimed. " The navy that had it could knock spots off the rest of the world."

" Till the others cribbed it," Wilde commented.

" The main trouble is, these days, getting any country to go to the initial expense," Mellan remarked drily. " However, that doesn't alter the fact that though I've done my best to keep the development a secret, there are no fewer than three business groups out to separate me from that formula at any price, and no question asked of the individual who delivers the goods."

" No wonder you want a fifty quid a week body-guard," thought Wilde. He said :

" Why carry a thing like that about with you, sir? Surely that's trusting a good deal to what my friend here calls luck."

Mellan smiled. " Reminding you again of your word—in a ' yard ' I control not more than two hours from the aerodrome in the next valley, I am building a few targets for demonstration purposes in Europe. And next to the strong rooms in your Bank of England which, I understand, cannot be operated by less than a dozen different and unbribable officials, there's no place I'd sooner trust than my own hip pocket. If they get that formula they get me. In which case I am no longer interested in steel."

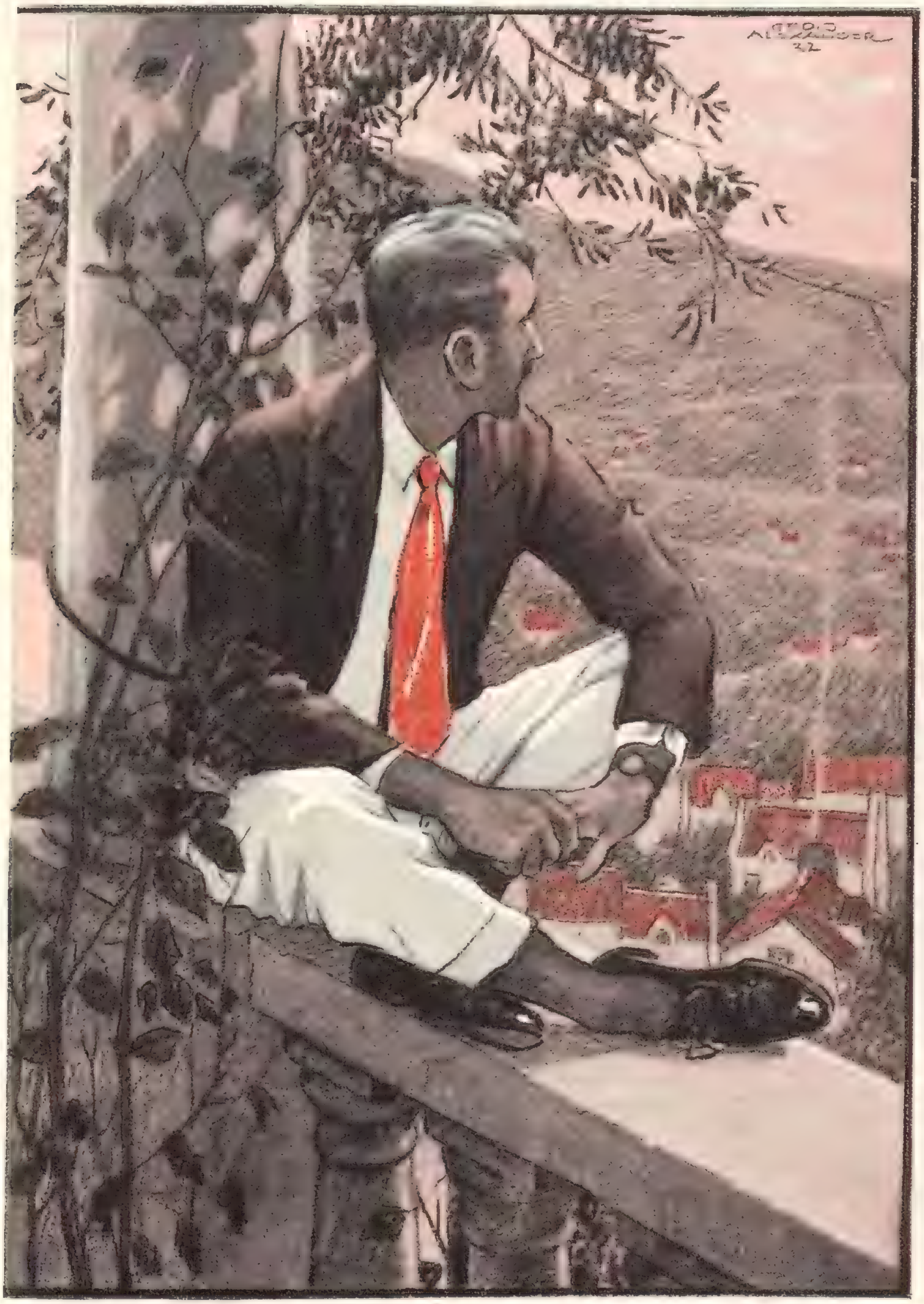
It was cool on that terrace, but Conway wiped a gently perspiring forehead.

" In that case, sir, what you need is a whole ship's company, not a couple of beached officers."

" It is not as bad as that yet," Mellan rejoined. " Only the two heads of my foundry here know that I am not catching salmon in Scotland, and they do not know I am not making Rome my headquarters. However, to insure against accidents, your business will be to sit on my coat tails as inconspicuously as possible during my stay here. You will therefore regard yourselves as my guests in every respect with one or two reservations."

" What are those ? " Wilde inquired.

" You will not be at liberty to join in the social life of Alassio ; sun-bathing, playing tennis ; nor cards at the British Club. Nor can you have evenings off to dance with the ladies at



a small yellow roof in a vineyard half a mile below.
the morning and get him to dinner and bridge to-night "

Diana Park and the Moulin Rouge. I avoid the amenities of the town for obvious reasons. Now I'll show you around, and then you can take a bath and change for dinner at eight sharp."

BACK in their quarters, Conway stretched himself in a big chair, lighted a cigarette from a box provided by their host, and grinned across at Wilde.

"Well, pard, that settles the mystery of Mr. W. Saxton Mellan, Esquire, and our fifty quid a week. You know where you are with a feller like that, and if he wants us to sign on for life, I'm his man."

Mellan's candour had captured Wilde, too. He now saw the force of him wanting as body-guard two officers of a service in which the art of double-crossing was unknown. It was, therefore, as much out of cussedness as a profound disbelief in luck as a financial architect that he answered.

"Money for nothing simply does not happen. We'll hit some snag before we bank that remaining three-fifty."

"You'd give Jonah a crick in the neck," sighed Conway. "If some two-fisted Yankee gunman steams alongside and sends you to make daisy-chains in hell, you won't call it money for nothing."

Mellan gave them a dinner which completed Conway's content. It was served by Jakes, the butler-chauffeur, who occasionally joined in the conversation with the licence of an old servant or a freeborn American. That sardonic smile of his irritated Wilde, but when he found it was a permanency, he found himself rather liking the fellow. He had a most unbutlerish quality of ruthless efficiency combined with the physical dexterity of a cheetah. This as much as anything decided Wilde that Jakes was a potentially weak spot in Mellan's defences. He was not the type to prefer domestic service to the independence a really large bribe would purchase. Mr. Jakes would bear watching.

After dinner they played three-handed bridge on the verandah of the dining-room facing the terrace and looking down on the distant lights of Alassio that sprawled in the blue darkness like a great bandeau of jewels. And it was during this game that Mellan laid down his cards and asked: "Do either of you gentlemen chance to be acquainted with Rear-Admiral Truscott-Truscott, of the British Navy?"

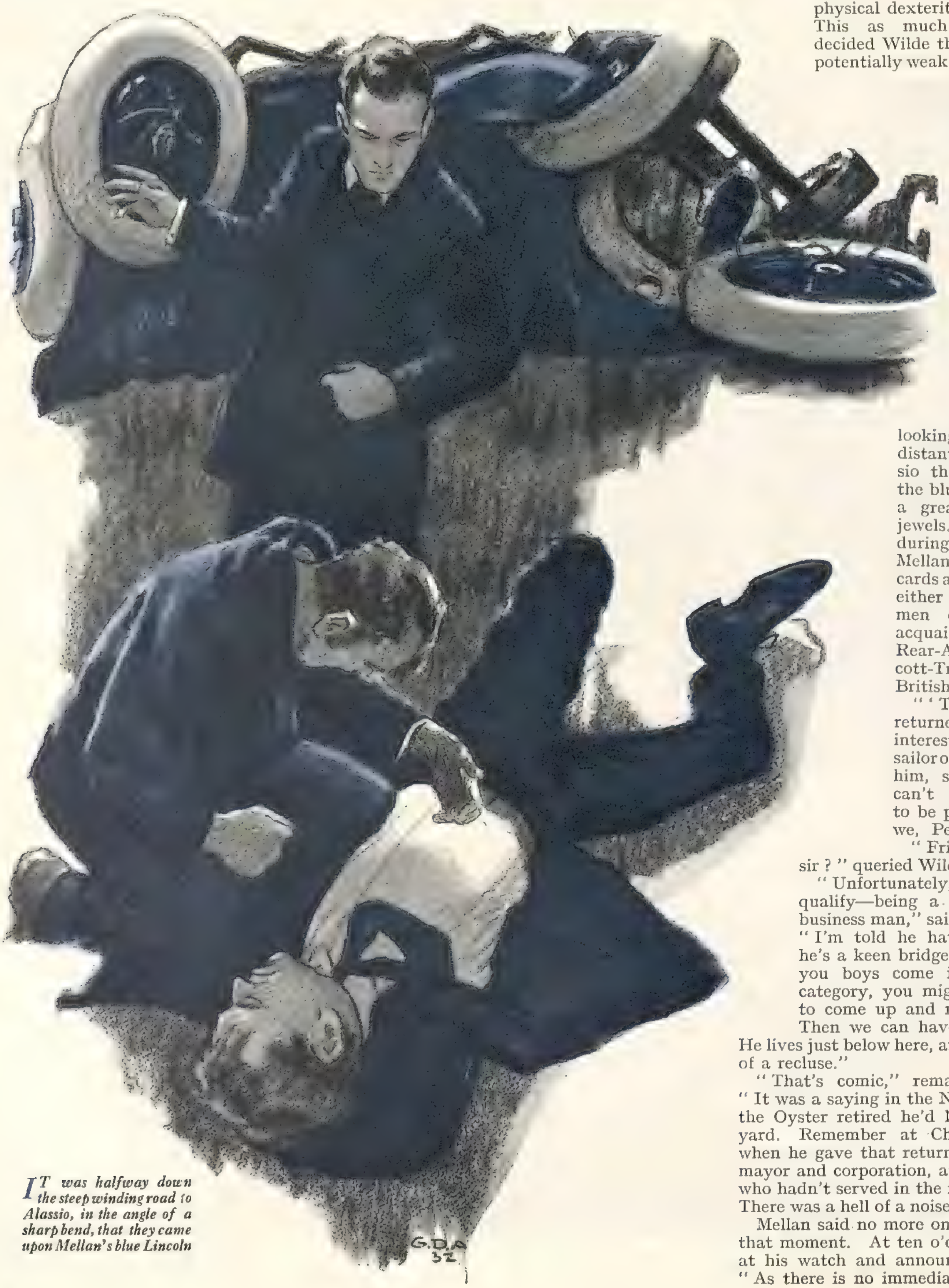
"'The Oyster'?" returned Conway with interest. "Every sailor of our time knows him, sir, though we can't exactly claim to be pals of his, can we, Peter?"

"Friend of yours, sir?" queried Wilde.

"Unfortunately, I don't qualify—being a civilian and a business man," said Mellan dryly. "I'm told he hates both. But he's a keen bridge player, and as you boys come into his social category, you might induce him to come up and make a fourth. Then we can have a real game. He lives just below here, and is something of a recluse."

"That's comic," remarked Conway. "It was a saying in the Navy that when the Oyster retired he'd live in a dockyard. Remember at Chatham, Peter, when he gave that return dinner to the mayor and corporation, and invited none who hadn't served in the navy or army? There was a hell of a noise about it."

Mellan said no more on the subject at that moment. At ten o'clock he looked at his watch and announced bed time. "As there is no immediate danger," he



IT was halfway down the steep winding road to Alassio, in the angle of a sharp bend, that they came upon Mellan's blue Lincoln added, " you can sleep off the effects of your journey without regard to your protective duties."

Wilde, however, characteristically decided otherwise. Upstairs he said, " Now we are on the job we'll do it properly from the start, and leave nothing to that luck of yours. We'll divide the night into watches. The responsibility is ours from now on, and it does not matter a darn how safe Mellan feels."

" I don't see why we should worry if he doesn't," Conway objected. " But have it your own darned way. Talk about looking a gift horse in the mouth, you'd take a Derby winner to pieces before you accepted it as a Christmas present."

And it was during Wilde's watch at one-thirty that he heard a stone rattle on one of the lower terraces, snicked off the safety catch of his automatic, and crept out on to the verandah. It was Mellan's butler. Grimly, Wilde watched him cross the upper terrace and pad softly to the dining-room entrance. After that silence. It was extremely odd that Jakes should be out at that hour, but Wilde decided to say nothing of his suspicions to Conway or Mellan until he had more to go on. After all, Jakes seemed on very good terms with his employer, and he may merely have been keeping an assignation with some Italian houri.

NEXT morning after breakfast Mellan pointed out a small yellow roof in a vineyard half a mile below.

" That's your Admiral's villa. Walk down there during the morning and get him to dinner and bridge to-night. The *feste* are on this week. His servants will be going, and he'll welcome the idea—coming from brother officers, so to speak."

" We'll have a shot if you like, sir," said Conway dubiously. " But our navy is not quite so democratic as yours. Admirals and junior officers are not exactly matey."

" I don't see you having much difficulty in the circumstances," said Mellan. " Anyhow, I'm making a point of it. If your resource is not equal to getting a bridge-loving recluse out to a good dinner with all the dice loaded in your favour, there'll be spots on you as a hundred per cent. live body-guard." And though there was a smile on his able mouth, there was none in his steel-grey eyes.

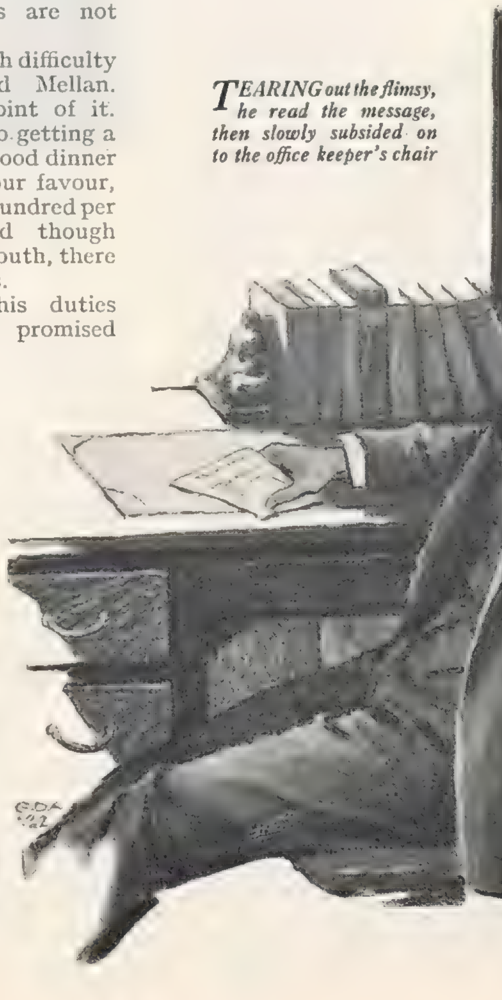
Wilde, who was taking his duties with his usual thoroughness, promised crisply.

" In that case, sir, we'll get him here even if we have to kidnap him."

Mellan left it at that and went inside to do some letters.

" How the hell can we make the ' Oyster ' come up here," protested Conway. " We can't do more than ask him."

" We've got to, my son, to keep our jobs," Wilde told him grimly. " Mellan's put us on our mettle, and he's not quite as casual as he appears. We'll drop into the Admiral's just at lunch and make him ask us to feed. After that he can't do less than let us return the compliment. All the same, I wish I knew why Mellan was so darned keen to get the old boy up here."



TEARING out the flimsy, he read the message, then slowly subsided on to the office keeper's chair

" Oh, my God, don't start fouling the course again," said Conway. " Why shouldn't he be. Who wants to play cut-throat bridge every night ? "

" My dear Fur Face," said Wilde, " anybody but a boneheaded ' luck ' merchant would have noticed last night that our esteemed host is as interested in bridge as we are in knuckle bones."

AS Mellan had forecast, the Admiral was delighted to meet two British officers—including one of his own Service—in what he described as a sea of dagoes and time-wasters. He was a flat-backed little man with a high-arched nose and no small talk; and as Wilde had planned, he insisted on sharing his lunch, explaining its meagreness by the fall in the pound, five daughters at school in England, and the pension of a Vice-Admiral.

But the little sailor refused their counter invitation. " I have a rigid rule never to dine out, and I've given up bridge because I can't afford it."

Against this Wilde had only one argument, and used it reluctantly. He explained that they were under an obligation to the man they were stopping with, who was an extremely keen bridge player, and that the Admiral would be doing them a very good turn indeed by accepting the invitation.

" If it's a case of doing you boys any good," said the Admiral, " I'll make an exception. Who do you say you are stopping with ? "

" A friend who has the villa at the top of the hill. He's a very decent feller, sir, and has a good cook and a pretty taste in wine."

Mellan was pleased by their success, but not unduly so. He let it be understood that he was accustomed to having his wishes realised, difficult or easy, and that securing the Admiral for dinner was of no real importance.

" All the same," observed Conway, easing his trouser band after a tea in which he had adequately dealt with the deficiencies of the Admiral's frugal luncheon. " Mellan got a bit of a surprise when he heard we'd roped the old boy in so promptly. My belief is he wants to pump the ' Oyster ' on gunnery or something. Now I come to think of it, he's a bit of a nut on armaments."

" Oh he is, is he ? " said Wilde thoughtfully.

At cocktail time they found Mellan busy mixing drinks. " I've sent my butler down to the Admiral's with the automobile," he explained. " I reckon it will save him the pull up the hill. Now drink up these and we'll have another. It is my birthday to-day." And when the Admiral arrived he repeated that announcement, and insisted on more cocktails.

" I know your name, Mr. Mellan," said the little sailor, " though my young friends did not mention it this forenoon. There is a Mellan prominent in the United States in connection with battleship construction."

" I believe there is, now you mention it, Admiral," Mellan agreed with a slight flicker of the left eyelid towards his bodyguard. " But we won't talk about him now. Jakes—the same again for the Admiral. Drink up, gentlemen."

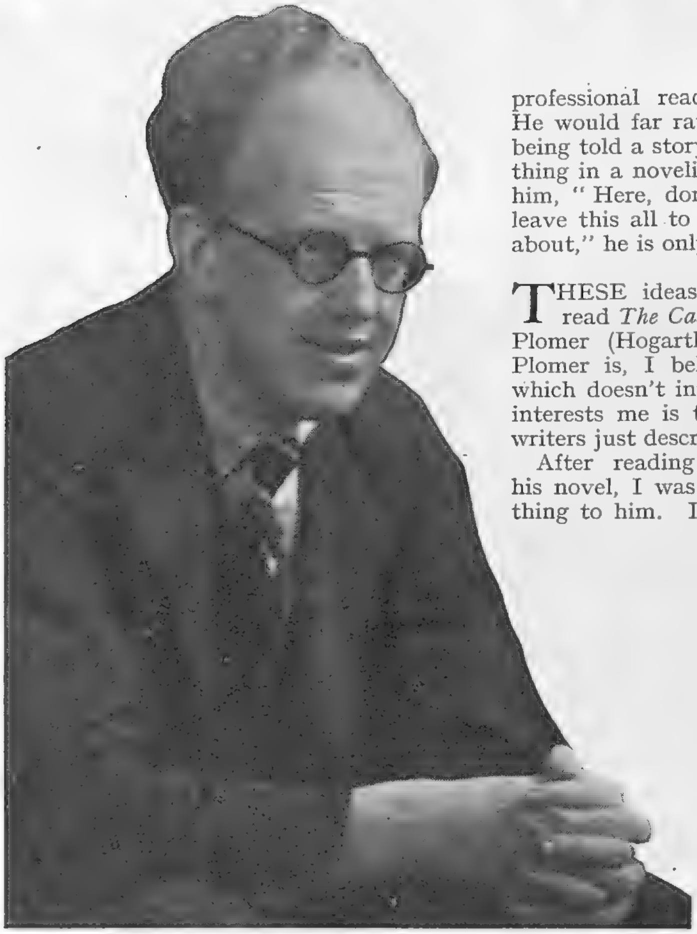
Warmed by his second vermouth, the Admiral returned to the subject like a terrier to a rat hole.

" Those particular Mellans were the most persistent people I ever came across. They were after a small idea of mine. Their representative camped on my doorstep in London for two months and ended by sending me a blank cheque through the post. Dollar proud, Mr. Mellan. That's the trouble with your business men."

" They know mostly how many beans make five, I reckon, Admiral," smiled Mellan. " If I'd have been you I'd have filled in that cheque right away for anything you wanted, and converted it into real estate before they changed their minds. There's only one thing in this little old world that has any fixed value, and that's dollars. Now we'll have dinner."

THE Admiral was a trifle disconcerted by the interludes of Jakes, the butler, but rallied after a fine old sherry with his soup, and a remarkable Italian white wine with his trout. By the appreciative way he dealt with the feast Mellan had provided, Wilde knew that stouthearted little sailor, once king of a lordly squadron at Jutland, was enjoying an experience he had not had for some time. And the knowledge of that, silenced the twinges of conscience he was feeling at having traded on his com- (*Continued on page* 118)

BOOKS: *Novelists born and made—*
Reviewed by



DR. C. P. SNOW, whose first novel, "Death under Sail," does him credit

EVERY now and then one says to oneself firmly, "This man, or this woman, is a novelist, and not merely a person who happens to write fiction." But what does one mean by that? It is not so easy to discover. There are many signs of the born novelist, and some of these signs may be detected in very inferior novels, since there are born novelists who from laziness or some other cause never succeed in writing a good novel, just as there are painstaking men and women who, without any magic to help them, produce highly respectable works of imagination. It seems to me that one of the signs of a born (though not necessarily a skilful) novelist is confidence, sureness of touch, firmness of handling. No reader, not even a professional reader, *wants* to criticise. He would far rather sit back and enjoy being told a story; and if there is something in a novelist's voice which says to him, "Here, don't you interrupt. You leave this all to me. I know what I'm about," he is only too pleased to obey.

THESE ideas occurred to me as I read *The Case is Altered*, by William Plomer (Hogarth Press, 7s. 6d.). Mr. Plomer is, I believe, a South African, which doesn't interest me at all. What interests me is that he is one of those writers just described.

After reading the first half-page of his novel, I was content to leave everything to him. It is a rare and pleasant sensation, and the discovery that Mr. Plomer is anything but a perfect novelist did not really affect my enjoyment. He does many things which he ought not to do. He digresses and moralises and generalises, one might say he does his best to become a bore; but, being a born novelist, he cannot help telling a story with such conviction that it simply has to be listened to. If his were an entirely calculated art he would know better just what lies within his powers and what lies beyond them. For instance, he gives us a murder. It starts well, but presently a doubt seems to cross the author's usually confident mind, and from that moment the scene, and the author, rapidly disintegrate before our anxious eyes. Poor Mrs. Fernandez's final minutes of life are sheer *feuilleton*. But when he is content to describe the ordinary existence of the inmates of a London apartment house, Mr. Plomer has imagination of a high order and undeniable power.

He has written an original and genuine book, and he has proved himself to be the sort of novelist of whom one can say that what he writes will always be notable.

THERE is a murder also in *Bred in the Bone* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.); but Mr. Eden Phillpotts, unlike Mr. Plomer, does not invite us to attend the crime. Nevertheless, it is the root and trunk of this West Country story—one of the most powerful but not one of the most lovable that the prolific author has given us. It is, indeed, a detective story of an unusual kind—a fact which seems to distress Mr. Phillpotts, and leads him to compose a superfluous Foreword. It is also the first instalment of what promises to be an important trilogy. The central character, Avis Bryden, is a tremendous personality, almost too big for comprehension. She is dwindling a little at the end of this volume. The succeeding volumes will not suffer if some trace, any trace, of weakness can be revealed in her composition.

WILLIAM PLOMER has written an original and genuine book in "The Case is Altered"

WHERE Mr. Phillpotts blushes, Dr. C. P. Snow boasts. His *Death Under Sail* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) glories

Master of all Trades

Leonardo Da Vinci
by Clifford Bax (Peter Davies, 5s.)

THIS book belongs to a series of short biographies which is earning and receiving a good deal of attention. Readers who have not yet encountered any of the volumes will do well to consult a list which includes *Voltaire*, by André Maurois; *Lenin*, by James Maxton, M.P.; *Julius Caesar*, by John Buchan; and five or six other works of equal attraction. They are of convenient length, well produced and well printed, and in most cases the choice of author has been made wisely.

To Mr. Bax has fallen the task of compressing into 150 pages the life and character of one of the ablest and most versatile men who ever trod earth. Let it be said immediately that he has performed a very difficult task extremely well. If many of his opinions invite discussion, they nevertheless save his work from the danger overhanging all biographies—the danger of lifelessness. His is a most stimulating book, and a brave one. Here is his view of the painter's most famous picture: "The portrait is his veiled but sardonic apologia for his distaste of that life which women encourage, which Monna Lisa so complacently parades . . . in order that, by making an image of it, he might expel the distaste of life which had troubled him all his days." A long way, this, from Walter Pater! Mr. Bax is forced to hold this subsidiary view of the picture by his view of Leonardo as a whole. Nobody, as far as I know, has yet started from the assumption that the painter, like most painters, may have asked the lady to sit for him because she had a paintable face. It might be worth doing, especially as the artist's predominant characteristic was detachment. Mr. Bax and Michelangelo are agreed upon that point.

sane successful humour

Arnold Palmer

unashamedly in its criminal ingenuity and evidential confusion. Even now, I am convinced that Mr. Finbow, the sleuth, was deceived, and that the crime was justifiably committed by Mr. Capel to prevent a recurrence of a night like that which had just ended. But whether Dr. Snow is right or wrong, his first novel does him credit. It marks time in the middle. Crimes are not the only things which have *tempo*. But the beginning and the end are first-rate. *Sergeant Sir Peter* (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.), by way of contrast, is the work of a highly practised hand. It must be almost the last Edgar Wallace, for he worked on it during his fatal stay at Hollywood. Alone, or nearly alone, among the writers of detective fiction, Edgar Wallace really was familiar with police methods and routine. For that reason all his stories have a solidity very rarely met with in the works of his rivals. But how American he was growing! He believed that chemists' shops are no longer called chemists' shops in the Midlands, but drug stores. Surely the victory of the films is not yet quite so complete as all that? Surely there is something of England left—and in the Midlands, too!

RICHARD TURPIN, whose book, "Doggett's Tours," will not amuse anybody outside the travelling public

HOLLYWOOD makes a further appearance in *King's Crew*, by Frank R. Adams (Constable, 7s. 6d.). It is the appropriately chosen scene of a swift and amusing tale. Mr. Adams has written a novel on the lines of the light comedy gangster film. This film, which has a thousand names, is recognisable by its repartee, its transatlantic slang, its non-stop succession of violent incident and violent surprise, and its everlasting scrapping. The fights are frequent, and all end with a knock-out. Yet nobody is ever disfigured, unless for the purposes of comic relief, and nobody ever has a headache or is one penny—I mean one cent—the worse. All these features, and a few of its own, will be found in Mr. Adams's story. The result is extremely diverting. Plenty of people try to write very light novels. Few succeed as thoroughly as Mr. Adams.

MR. HARTLEY KEMBALL COOK, the author of *Ambrose Terring* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.), is not one of those born novelists whom we were discussing a little earlier. The title of his book proclaims that, for it is named after his hero, and a real novelist would never give his hero such a blank, unresponsive name as Terring. But Mr. Cook's methods, if a trifle unsophisticated, are not unsuited to his story of cricket, and a bookshop, and changes in the country. To a limited number of readers this rather old-fashioned novel will appeal strongly. Again, *Doggett's Tours*, by Richard Turpin (Grayson and Grayson, 7s. 6d.), will not amuse anybody outside the travelling public. Still, that is a pretty big public; and I, a member of it, have laughed a little and smiled a lot over Mr. Turpin's story. I call it a story because I do not know what else to call it. But I might no more inaccurately have called it an account of the sufferings of a young man who earns his living by conducting large parties of English men and English women to Lovely Lucerne and other favoured resorts on the Continent of Europe. That the agonies of such young men are often beyond bearing must have struck almost everyone at one time or another. But it has been left for Mr. Turpin, who seems to have first-hand knowledge, to describe the tortures from within. No doubt a good many tourists will indignantly (or loftily, or humorously, or reproachfully) accuse the author of caricature. I should like to give the book to a representative of one of the big tourist agencies. I should expect him to acquit Mr. Turpin of the charge of exaggeration and content himself with a warning.

Deliberate Living

Experimental Lives

by Muriel Jaeger

(Bell, 10s. 6d.)

Miss Muriel Jaeger

THE five biographical essays in this book deal with four men and one woman who, refusing the customary compromises, decided to live their lives according to definite but unusual plans. Many people map out careers for themselves, and a few manage to follow the map. But Miss Jaeger has taken characters who have decided not so much on a career as on an attitude to life. Cato the Stoic; St. Francis the Christian; Lord Chesterfield, man of the world; one Thomas Day, a disciple of Rousseau; and George Sand who (to quote the jacket) espoused the cause of liberated impulses—these are the five experimenters.

Miss Jaeger is more interested in their characters than in the relative merits of their theories, and her book is mercifully not directed towards proving anything. At one time or another, either during their lives or subsequently, all her exemplars have been considered cranks—sublime or ridiculous, but oddities none the less—and she has been content to explore rather than to weigh their curious minds. These minds vary not only in outlook but also in quality, from the highest intelligence to something not far removed from stupidity. Only one quality do they possess in common—strength. It is easy to smile at them, at any rate at some of them, but they have all wielded a certain influence. Miss Jaeger writes with sympathy and distinction, and has produced a really interesting book.

Handing it out to the Young

A Letter to a Modern Novelist:
by Hugh Walpole

A Letter to a Young Poet:
by Virginia Woolf

(Hogarth Press, 1s. each)

WE hear, quite often, of the decay of manners among the young. We hear far too little of the beautiful manners of their elders. Yet the deference, the excessive deference, paid to the young to-day is probably the cause of that aggressiveness in behaviour which some observers pretend to have noticed. When I was a young man, no middle-aged celebrities came, hat in hand, to solicit my opinion. But to-day all my contemporaries seem to spend their time trying to understand and placate their juniors. The effect is very painful. And when some of them (like Mr. Walpole) address the youngsters in competitive terms of boyish candour, the effect is more painful still. As if a Bishop remarked "Sez you" or Cabinet Ministers answered "Oh, yeah." In my time, young people were ignored, and I think it made for the happiness of all concerned.

Mr. Walpole spends his little essay in contrasting an imaginary—at least, I suppose it is imaginary—modern novel with *Barchester Towers*. He gets a lot of fun out of the contrast but as a piece of serious criticism his letter suffers from a shortage of preliminary definition. It is most interesting when it is most nearly technical (e.g., the analysis of the opening paragraphs of the two books). Mrs. Woolf, who, unlike most of her contemporaries, manages to avoid being either obsequious or patronising to her young friend, keeps her argument much closer and goes much deeper. Externally, her words are simplicity itself; but a great deal of preliminary thinking has gone to produce such lucidity. The apparent ease and appropriateness with which she expresses herself have never been more marked than in this short essay. Indeed, this ease and this appropriateness seem to have been carried a stage further than before, and all traces of self-consciousness have disappeared from her writing. For that reason, this slight pamphlet has given me more direct, uncritical pleasure than any of her works.

Sydney Tremayne

Have *the*

ONE of the women sirens in the Russian film "The Road to Life." This film, made by a director called Ekk, is really a masterpiece of direction and photography

PRACTICALLY the only punctuation in film literature is provided by interrogation marks. No one seems to know quite what is happening. We hear that Hollywood is on the verge of bankruptcy, of salary cuts and of hundreds of cinemas closing down in America. We hear that England is to become the world centre of film production, but still the British companies go on turning out wretchedly dull and second-rate pictures.

(" Oh, but didn't you like ' Jack's the Boy ' ? ") No, I did not; but, even if I had done so, that proves nothing: America turns out *dozens* of comedies a week. I do not like all of *them*, but there is something to choose from.

Over here the most startling news we hear is that Sir Nigel Playfair (already knighted for his work as a play producer in the past) has gone on the films to play with Gloria Swanson, who made her name in America in silent film days : that Mr. Seymour Hicks, who discovered the Dare Sisters and the Gibson Girl in the first decade of the century, has been cast for the chief part in the latest British picture to go into production. . . .

How can we ever mean anything in the film world while we use old men, old methods, and old plots ?

They say that the Hollywood directors are tearing their hair out in despair of getting new subjects. A sad story. But it is sadder that nothing seems to disturb the equanimity of directors over here. . . .

At last the film world appears to have found a new theme. There seems to be a definite movement away from the " Flaming Youth " and " Dancing Daughters " treatment of youth, towards its more sociological aspect on the screen. Both America and Russia have lately given us expositions of their methods of handling recalcitrant and criminal boys. . . At any rate their pictures on the subject do deal with the *young*, and I would rather watch the antics of a youthful criminal on the screen than those of an elderly " hero." And the theme is young too. It is a contemporary and interesting subject.

Of course there are people who will murmur " Propaganda," and choose a film with a title like " A Woman Scorned," or " Come Again Susie," but personally I think that if the talkies show at last that they have something to say (instead of merely " talk " to ladle out) let them say it.

Both these pictures, " The Road to Life," a Soviet film, and " Hell's House," which deals with the American reformatory system, quite sensationally different in treatment, have a great deal to recommend them, and both, I consider, are entertainment; for entertainment, from the box-office point of view, covers all the emotions evocable. People do not even mind (or notice !) that they are being made to think if they are being made to feel at the same time, and these two pictures are moving in their different ways.

A SCENE from "The Road to Life." The derelicts of the war and revolution, have been which was once a church, given trust, food,

THE Russian film, made by a director called Ekk, is really a masterpiece of direction and photography, of casting, naturalistic acting and dramatic suggestion. That it does not tell the whole truth does not matter : it tells almost as much as is bearable.

This problem of bands of wild, starving, untutored and often criminal children which have existed since the revolution, has been, and I believe still is, a terrible one. They are the children of soldiers killed during the war, say the Soviet propagandists : of people murdered during the revolution and subsequent Soviet persecution, say their opponents. It hardly matters. They were unprovided for. They were nobody's care. They banded themselves together in the different towns, filthy, in unutterable rags, starving, desperate, sleeping out in all weathers, huddling together for warmth, stealing, *murdering*, drinking when they could get alcohol, reverting to animalism and every form of bestiality.

In " The Road to Life " they are shown in all their degrada-

propounds a Leading Question for Film Fans—
Talkies anything to Say?

Youthful Criminals *on the* Screen *provide* Sob Stories *and* propound *Sociological* Problems

wild band of unprovided-for children,
rounded up and placed in a building
shelter, clothes, and trained to work

tion, the grotesque garments of extreme poverty, scowling, gnawing like animals at their findings in the garbage heaps, and when one of them, a comparatively decent-looking lad of about fifteen, is questioned by Soviet reformers, men and women, as to what he wants, he says "Vodka and girls!" and they *laugh*!

According to the film, as the result of the murder of a woman by one of the boys, in a struggle for an apple he tries to steal from a stall, there is a round-up of one of these bands of boys (I think the date given is 1923 or 1924), although there were still bands of these children in existence to horrify visitors to Russia a year ago.

Instead of punishing them one of the young Executives proposes an experiment. He leads them, without guards, to what was once a church, gives them trust, food, shelter, clothes, and trains them to work, forms a Collective of children, in fact, and the experiment succeeds. They become healthy and happy. Volunteers pour in.

The rest of the film is a glorification of *work*.

The Russians certainly seem to have a single-track mind where their five-years, ten-years or servitude for life plan is concerned. And so far it does not seem to have occurred to them that it does not matter whether you are working for a plutocracy or a "democracy" if the slavery is unremitting and one does not get the fruits of one's own labours!

Russian propaganda always has an opposite effect on me from that intended.

First, one recoils in horror from conditions in which those children could have been reduced to such a state of misery and depravity. And then, watching them at their carpentry and railroad building in the ideal Collective, one wonders about their *play*-time and how such toil would really react on their undermined physique. . . .

However! The film is pictorially magnificent and momentarily moving, and the actors are lads, not old dug-outs. One, the leader of the band, thief and murderer and ultimately the hero, a hideous Tartar type, is stupendously impressive, and another fine performance is given by a boy with a strange, passionate beauty whose beloved mother is the woman murdered in the picture, and who thus becomes himself an outcast and joins the "wild boys."

(*Contd. on page* 113)

JUNIOR DURKIN, who plays the part of Jimmy, the youthful hero in "Hell's House"

COMMON Complaints

By Winifred Lewis

Illustrated by Vasco Lazzolo

TRULY is it said that there is as much danger in overtraining children as in their absolute neglect, yet it would be a shock to many an earnest parent to learn that the problems of upbringing which so engage them are mere manifestations of development stimulated to a point of crisis by the attitude they themselves have taken.

Consider the problem of obedience for instance. Surely if there were less blind enforcement of the strong will upon the weak and more understanding of the colossal problems of development the " naughty " child would be a stranger in our midst.

For the children's sake there is reason to be thankful that the god-like attitude of the average parent of Victorian days is modified in these enlightened days and that the isolation of little minds struggling for understanding has given place to a closer union between parent and child. Even so, there is room for a still better understanding of his problems and a more thoughtful interpretation of the hated word, " discipline."

Why is it that so many parents imagine their dignity impaired by the suggestion that in a dispute the child's point of view is worth considering. And when persisting in this view do these people—reasonable enough in other ways —confidently expect to command the respectful admiration of their children ?

Consider the normal reaction of the average adult to such treatment as is commonly meted out to children in the name of discipline and ask yourself if it is fair, or wise. The meaningless injunctions, the irritable demands.

THE situation is perfectly expressed by an imminent authority who says, " we adults, so ready with our 'don't touch!' should remember that everything is shouting to a child 'look at me!' 'listen to me,' 'catch me,' 'find out about me in every way you can.' " This, to my mind, is the perfect expression of sympathy with the child mind, that sympathy without which we cannot hope to establish a point of contact with our young.

To evaluate the importance of the things for which one is demanding obedience is essential if a child is to be happily and successfully " managed." Otherwise, his respect is sacrificed and, with it, all hope of peaceful surrender.

The following incident will illustrate the need for sympathy between mother and child.

Louella is a small person of my acquaintance in whom the maternal instinct is strikingly developed for one so small. She is passionately devoted to her large family of dolls and is, generally, as feminine in all her tastes as her childish beauty implies.

One evening, after tea, Louella and I had engaged together in a thrilling game of rescue from fire and flood of her beloved " children " and having together successfully disposed of the emergency were discussing the advisability of erecting a substantial house for the afflicted ones. Louella had produced her bricks and was beginning to erect this desirable residence when her mother called her, peremptorily to bed. The first demand elicited no response, neither did the second. At the third request her mother showed some signs of annoyance and in less than a moment a scene had developed and Louella was borne off to bed screaming and struggling in a frenzy of resistance.

" Louella is so naughty," her mother apologised, " these scenes are constantly occuring and whippings seem to have no effect, but I am determined not to give in ! "

Later, I found the little culprit in bed, resentfully composing herself for sleep. " I wanted to finish . . . 'case they die," she whispered, sobbing, " Mummy doesn't care if they do ! " How much better it would have been for Louella and her mother, as well as for the ties of understanding between them, if the simple cause of her resistance had been appreciated and treated with the respect it deserved. A quiet warning that bedtime

Concerning some of the more familiar problems of upbringing of children and some possible means of approach

was drawing near, a sympathetic hint that arrangements for her family must be completed would have sent Louella to bed secure in a matter of the utmost importance to her and happy in the endearing qualities of her mother. As it is, I see a long vista of similar struggles and a widening gulf between an intelligent woman who adores her child and exercises the privilege of authority with the carelessness of a fool.

COMMANDS which are accompanied, within reason, by an explanation will appeal to the intelligence of the child, while those without merely submerge his reasoning in a wave of irritation. It is such a pity to discount the possibilities of intelligence in children. The very youngest has an instinct in these matters and, within limits, should extend the courtesy of an explanation for our demands. Remember, the struggles we also have had to adjust ourselves to the conditions of a difficult world. Remember that constant sacrifice is demanded of the young. Repeated sacrifice of some childish ambition, some cherished ideal.

Remember also that consideration is reciprocal and that the most respectful child is he who is conscious of respect and the most obedient he who recognises, however vaguely, the wisdom of the demands imposed upon him.

Unflinching confidence in his good behaviour is the right attitude towards one's child, whilst privately allowing for the immense difficulties of his task.

The " difficult " child is often merely the one who is master of his parent's responses and is exerting himself to attract attention at every conceivable point. The almost insatiable desire for publicity shown by some children is not an alarming development when we consider that each day, each hour in fact, sees in the child some new achievement so intriguing to him that he must demonstrate it for all to see. Most prominent among these early discoveries is his personal influence upon those about him and his pleasure and satisfaction in this discovery are, naturally enough, only equalled by his inclination to exploit the situation to the utmost.

This is where the " difficulties " begin and the child indulges in fits of temper, refusals to eat and drink, violent destructiveness and frequent " showing off." Demonstrations, in fact, which can be safely depended upon to produce a scene in which he will occupy the stage and further establish his position as a person of importance.

This development is easily checked by simply depriving the young impostor of any satisfaction in having caused a stir.

One small boy I know of has lately developed the embarrassing habit of asking the most dismaying questions when visitors are present and of revealing cherished items of domestic interest at inconvenient moments. His parents exist in a state of nervous apprehension whenever he is present in company and successfully foster the habit by constantly announcing, to his infinite satisfaction, that " Michael is such a terror, we never know what he will say next ! "

The same child obstinately refuses for days at a stretch to drink milk or to eat bread and butter, confident always that the household will be thrown into a turmoil, his mother fretted into a state of complete subjection and his own position one of triumphant ascendancy until he consents to give in. All attempts have failed to assure his devoted parents that if the next demonstration were received with indifference and his refusals to eat or drink complied with in perfect calm, Master Michael would quickly lose all pleasure in the adventure. They continue to indulge these antics and to pile up a mountain of future trouble, whilst consoling themselves with the rather flattering but dubious reflection that they have produced a " problem " child.

Jealousy is another problem sometimes tackled in the wrong spirit and often not at all. Many parents are afflicted by a hopeless defeatism which is the very greatest obstacle to its cure. " John is very jealous, but what can I do, his father is just the same . . . ? " and it is left at that.

THE most characteristic problem of childhood, selfishness, is frequently at the root of jealousy. After all, what is it but an acute consciousness of our own reactions, of the importance to ourselves of everything which is taking place. In the early days of his life the child is conscious of himself alone, and there is nothing beyond until a proper adjustment of his perspective has taken place and a sense of his obligations to others secured by patient instruction.

Blind punishment for jealousy will fail as certainly as gentle reasoning will prevail. Teach him, if he fails to do so naturally, to share his toys by harping upon the joy of popularity among one's friends. Children are responsive to praise and quick in estimating the extent or otherwise of their popularity with others. If other means fail, impress your child with the truth that unselfishness is a paying proposition.

Indeed, parenthood is more than a matter of feeding and clothing these little ones, of instructing them in the ways of truth and in restraining their fancy to set fire to the house. It is as much in fact as teaching them adjustment to the confusing influences of life and in encouraging them to give and give, and, in giving, to be happy !

B+E SEPT 1932.

Holiday Health

—Can *you* keep *it* all *the* year *round*?

Summer, Sun, Freedom . . . You have captured Health & Happiness! Do not let them elude you

That top of the hill feeling

IT is exhilarating and inspiring to hear people planning their holidays and to hear them tell afterwards of what they have done: how they have bathed their bodies in sea and sunshine, played games, competed in contests of athletic skill, lived freely, without care for the morrow and without the hampering, oxygen-excluding clothes imposed by the conventions of everyday life. It is lovely to see the young people sun-browned and full of exuberant health and the older people re-invigorated and enthusiastic.

But if all this vitality and joy of living is to fade with the sun-burn there is something pathetic about it too. One knows that the little man with the bronzed bald head and slightly blistered chest revealed by the open neck of his shirt who tells you with beaming eye about some holiday escapade in which he rivalled his own strapping son, will soon be transformed into one of the hurried, flurried, black-clothed, stiff-collared, bag-carrying brigade who dive underground between 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. Gradually the tan, most discreetly hidden, will fade to yellow and then to pasty white. The movements become less brisk as the liver becomes more sluggish. Smiles give way to frowns or irritation or anxiety. Enthusiasm over "little things," such as beauty and fun, give way to fever about "important matters," like politics and finance. The telephone bell supplants the nightingale. Alas. . . .

And what of the girls? The local papers may have deplored their shorts, bare backs and beach pyjamas. They did not care. They were free. Free of routine, social obligations, and sartorial conventions.

On a real holiday everyone should be anonymous: beholden to no one, slave neither to time nor circumstance. Romance, real or potential, rears its head. Every day the sun and the sea and the freedom lift the burden of responsibility—the bugbear of modern civilisation. Probably these girls have saved the whole year through, not only their money, but their vitality, to spend during the few short weeks of their holiday.

But they, too, must come back to the bondage of time, of routine, of the clothes their station and occupation demand. Secretaries, typists, shop girls, domestic workers, cannot appear at their jobs in beach pyjamas or athletic costumes!

But whatever one's work or social station, one need not be a slave all the time. If it was possible to save for that holiday it is possible to save a little time every day to recapture its spirit and freedom and to keep the health and joy of living thus acquired.

Go to your local swimming baths, open-air ones for preference, join an athletic club or gymnasium, a fencing or dancing class. Defy your neighbour's eyebrow raising and exercise in your back garden, or if you have not got one, at your open window. Whenever you can, get out into the country and exercise in the open air. Keep yourself fit, and you will be all the more capable of coping with the minor annoyances and problems of life.

Life is meant to be *lived*, not stifled and subdued, and "living" does not mean indulging in stupid, hectic pursuit of pleasure, but its achievement through health and joy and mental and physical capability.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you"; keep your holiday health and you will laugh more easily and spontaneously and the world will be gayer and better.

PHYSICAL beauty and vigour and health engendered by physical culture

Beauty Culture: *By* "Chrysis"

Peace *with* Plenty—*of* Lustrous Waves

The new steam system of permanent waving which eliminates sachets, strings, clips, discomfort and all anxiety

A LOVELY portrait of Florine McKinney, who does her curly hair in the prettiest and most becoming manner

WAVED and curled hair is practically universal, and all of us not blessed by Nature with "Hyperion's curls" resort to the hairdresser's salon, wherein the somewhat intimidating bunches of metallic fruit, growing on the tree of coiffurial knowledge, ensure our issuing forth with "natural" waves, impervious to atmospherics and the elements. But I do not believe there is a single woman who makes the appointment for her permanent wave without some degree of dread, varying according to her sensitivity.

To some the process is merely uncomfortable and wearisome, to others really painful, and very nervous subjects suffer a definite reaction of fear.

The various systems have been immensely improved, simplified and shortened since the inauguration of permanent waving, and constantly there are improvements and innovations. Fair, white and delicate hair can now be treated without fear of affecting the colour, drying the hair and making it brittle. And the art of setting is now universal among the hairdressing fraternity. (Incredible as it may sound, I could not discover a single hairdresser in Monte Carlo in 1919 who knew how to water-wave and had to flee from the click and fizz of hot irons in shop after shop to save from destruction a head of hair permanently waved in London.)

To many women and their hairdressers the introduction of a new system of steam waving which takes considerably less time, owing to the fact that more hair may be wound in each curler, and which does away with the use of sachets, strings and clips, will be extremely welcome.

Direct heat is not applied—nothing but moist steam heat, which is regulated automatically not to rise above a predetermined point so that the hair cannot be injured, and remains soft, lustrous, pliable and therefore more easily set in the loose and lovely waves and curls now in vogue.

There is no application of electricity, gas or mechanical heat. The apparatus is portable and less cumbersome than the installations of the past. There is no discomfort for the client, no anxiety for the hairdresser. One imagines that this new steam system will finally dissipate the hesitant "er" and all who have been wavering will soon be permanently waving.

The strength of the wave, whether it shall be a close, emphatic undulation, a rather flat, wide wave or merely a "movement"—to translate literally from the French, must be determined by the subject, with the advice of her hairdresser. According to type and individuality and taste, different styles are indicated—all to be achieved by the latest methods. The type of hair and its reaction are taken into consideration. The danger of "frizzy" effects belongs to the past experimental stages and is finally eliminated by the new steam waving process.

Your *Private* Beauty Parlour

A complete and comprehensive treatment, to keep the complexion in perfect condition and avert the catastrophe of age, which every woman can practise in the privacy of her own room

THE Meta Grey beauty cabinet contains all the essential preparations required to keep one's skin fresh, clear and young

THE development of the science and practice of beauty culture is so rapid that I find that I have recently been describing all sorts of thrilling new "discoveries" and treatments, but, with the exception of special mask and electrical treatments, all beauty treatment is really founded on three principles: cleansing, stimulating and nourishing the skin and underlying tissues and muscles.

I get very many enquiries from readers who are either geographically or economically debarred from making personal visits to the famous specialists' salons, and it is to them that this description of a sound and comprehensive home beauty treatment is primarily addressed.

The first essential is, of course, to provide yourself with scientifically prepared aids to beauty which suit your skin, the second matter of importance is to use them correctly so as to derive the most possible benefit, and my knowledge of psychology tells me that a third element of importance is that the home treatment shall be simple and not too prolonged or women are apt to "scamp" it or practise it irregularly.

Unless you are yourself an expert in dermatology and chemistry it is inadvisable to experiment with a lot of different products from various firms which may contradict the effect of one another, and therefore a special home treatment carefully evolved by an experienced specialist seems to me of value to the woman who wishes to maintain her youth and beauty by means of home treatment.

First cleanse your skin thoroughly with the cream prepared for this purpose. Use it lavishly and work it smoothly and persuasively, always with upward movements, into the skin. Remove the residue with a soft absorbent tissue and then apply the tonic lotion, with a pad of cotton wool which has been wrung out in cold water. This stimulating and refreshing part of the treatment should last at least ten minutes and the neck and throat should be included. An upward patting movement is the correct method of using the tonic lotion.

For ageing skins a special facial astringent is advised, used in place of the tonic lotion in exactly the same way.

Finally the nourishing skin food is gently massaged into the skin until it is absorbed, which it will be greedily by the cleansed and stimulated pores of the skin.

In the morning the face can be splashed with cold water, and the cleansing cream and tonic lotion used again to make the skin firm and fresh before the application of foundation cream and powder.

This régime with the complementary series of toilet needs which are not devastatingly expensive should be of considerable value to the intelligent home beauty culturist. A booklet giving explicit instructions in the use of these products is issued with every outfit.

A Knitted T*wo*-piece Suit

TO make this charming little suit for a child of eighteen months to two years you will need:—

4 ozs. of Patons and Baldwin's "Beryl" Angora wool, "pale yellow."

1 pair of Double Century pins No. 11, and 1 pair No. 10.

1 crochet hook, No. 10.

4 pearl buttons.

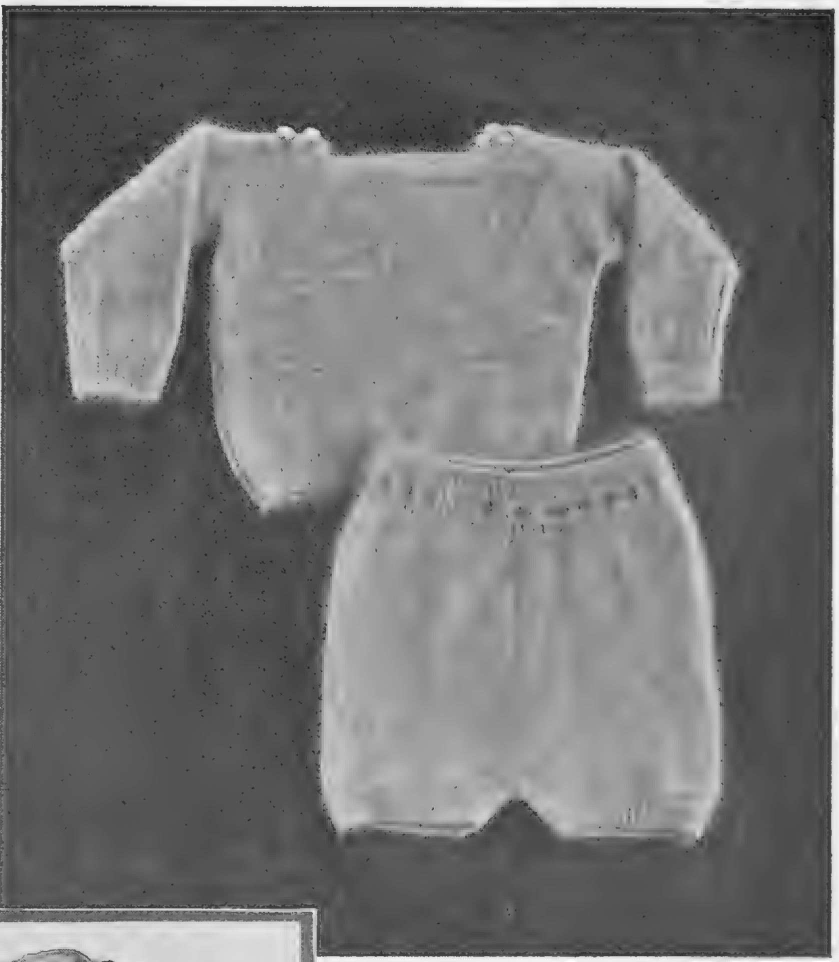
Elastic.

1 skein of Pearsall's twisted silk.

Abbreviations:

K, knit or plain;

P, purl; tog., together; dec., decrease; inc., increase; st., stitch; sts., stitches; w.o., wool over; d.c., double crochet.



CAST on 80 sts. with No. 11 needles. K into the back of these. Slip every first st.

K 12 rows in ribbing (1 plain, 1 purl).

Change to No. 10 needles.

K 9 rows in stocking st. (1 row plain, 1 row purl), commencing and ending with a plain row.

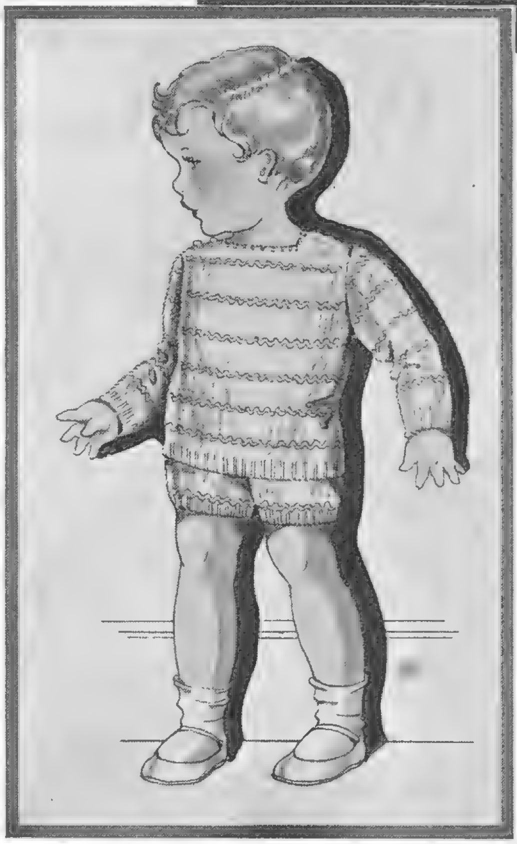
Then 1 K row, 1 K row, 1 P row, 1 K row, 1 P row.

Repeat these 14 rows 6 times.

Then when on the eighth stocking st. row (which reaches the neck) P 24, cast off 32, then P 24.

Now K in stocking st. on these 24 sts. for 7 rows. K the other shoulder the same. Cast off.

Knit another piece for the back the same, but when you have finished the 7 rows for the shoulder cast off 12 sts. at the sleeve end, and K the remaining 12 sts. for 7 more rows both sides (this forms the piece for the buttons to be sewn on).



Sleeves both alike

Cast on 48 sts. with No. 11 needles. K into the back of these.

Now rib (1 K, 1 P) 14 rows.

Change to No. 10 needles.

K 14 rows in pattern. Then inc. 1 each end by knitting into first and last st. twice, afterwards keeping to pattern.

Inc. 1 each end every fourth row until 58 sts.

Cast off.

The Knickers

Begin at the waist. Cast on 76 sts. with No. 10 needles. K into the back of these. Then rib (1 K, 1 P) for 1 inch.

Then K 1, make 1 by w.o., K 2 tog. to the end of the row. Then do one more inch of ribbing.

Now stocking st., and work as follows:—K 10, turn, P back, K 20, turn, P back. Continue, knitting 10 more sts. each time until all the sts. are used up.

Then K 3 inches.

Next row inc. 1 by knitting into the front and back of st., K to end, P back, inc. on every 8th row until there are 88 sts.

Dec. 1 st. at the beginning and end of next row, K 3 plain rows, dec. again and then knit 8 rows of ribbing (K 1, P 1).

Cast off.

The other leg is worked in the same way, but you reverse the back (you P 10, turn, K back, reverse the inc. also).

To make

Place the two pieces tog. wrong side out. Join the legs. Run an elastic in the waist and press.

To make up the Jumper

Sew up the small seam on the shoulder at sleeve end—half-way—leaving the other half open—at the neck end.

Sew in the sleeves. Make side and sleeve seam all in one.

The little strips on the shoulder should be folded under, and two buttons sewn on each side. Make loops at each opening to fasten.

One row of d.c. round the neck.

Everyone will say nice things about this dear little suit that you have knitted yourself.

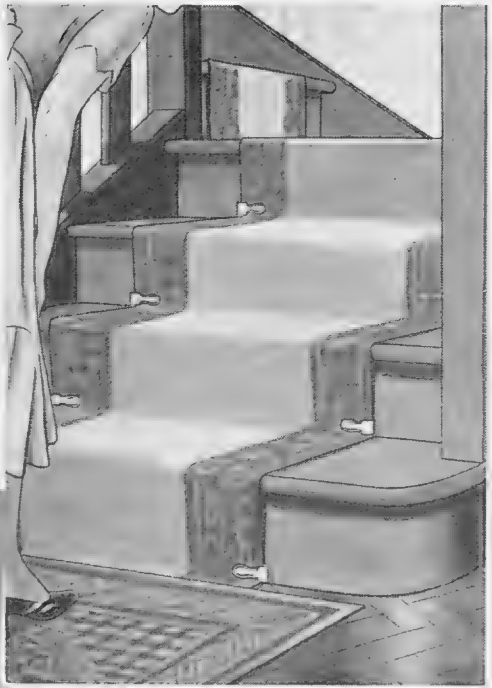
COULD anything be more charming, carried out in pale yellow "Beryl" Angora wool? So soft and fluffy. The colour, too, is altogether a change. Even if you have never attempted to knit a suit before, you surely can now. It is so simple and economical, but carries with it a professional look. There is nothing so cosy for babies, and wee folk, as woollies, and there is so much more pleasure in them when made at home.

At the moment they are discussed everywhere, and are as exclusive as any "grown-ups." The suit would be equally sweet for a little girl, if worn with a crêpe de Chine kilt, either with the woolly knickers or crêpe de Chine to match the kilt.

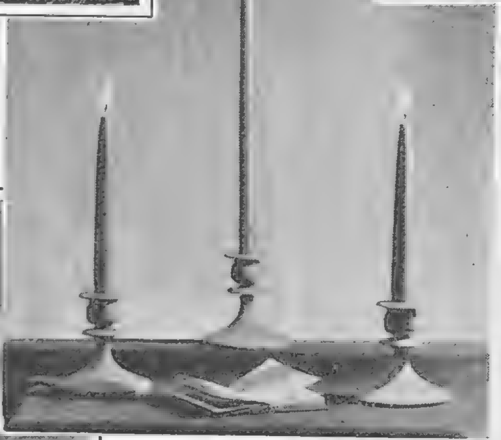
Madam, *did you* Know...?

Practical Paragraphs for House Wives

WHEN this coffee machine is used, the coffee can be served without moving the top. From Picards, Ltd. Price 21/-



CLIPPERS not only save work, but they also improve the look of a staircase, as can be seen from a glance at this photograph



Picard's
COFFEE BLEND

Above:

NELL GWYNN candles serve a double purpose in the home—they give a pleasing light and their lovely colourings add charm to decorative schemes

Left:

THESE Athenian caddies from Picards, Ltd., and the matching spoon, are unusual and attractive.

THAT there is now an excellent coffee machine to be bought which is practically unbreakable? It has another point in its favour—when ready to serve, the coffee can be poured out without the top part being moved. Although so practical in design, this machine is not expensive. Made in polished or beaten copper, plain or beaten A1 silver plate, it can be bought, complete with stand and lamp, from 31s. 6d. upwards. The machine alone costs from 21s. upwards, and it can be used on a gas ring or electric boiling plate.

THAT some of the newest coffee and sugar caddies are made of Sheffield pewter? This does not tarnish, requires no cleaning, and for storing coffee and sugar these caddies are ideal. The design of these caddies is elegant, as the illustration shows. In addition to the Sheffield pewter the caddies can be bought in polished or beaten copper, and plain or beaten A1 plate. The coffee caddy costs from 22s. 6d. to 37s. 6d., the sugar caddy from 18s. 6d. to 33s. 6d.

THAT you are judged by the way in which your home is kept? This being so, your hall and staircase are of primary importance, so don't choose a stair carpet of good design and then spoil the effect by using stair rods. These cut the design; therefore clippers should be used instead. They hold the carpet firmly by gripping it at each side. Not only do clippers improve the look of the stairs, but they save labour, for they do not require cleaning, and as they do not project beyond the edge of the carpet there is nothing to catch the dust or obstruct the duster when wiping sides of stairs. When clippers are used the stair carpet can be fixed or released in a moment.

THAT now is the time to prepare for the days when flowers are scarce? On your next motoring trip pick about a dozen decorative sprays of beech leaves. When you get home buy four ounces of glycerine, and put this in a jam jar. Add an equal quantity of water, and stand the stems of the beech leaves in this mixture, having previously cut the ends. The leaves should be stood in a cool, dark place until all the liquid has been absorbed. They are now ready to be arranged in your pottery jars and pitchers. Keep them well supplied with water, and they will last fresh all through the winter.

THAT Cape gooseberries can also be preserved for use as winter decorations in the following way? Cut off the ends and dip these in warm, melted sealing wax. When treated in this way they will keep their shape and colour almost indefinitely.

THAT candles which are used for decorative purposes can be cleaned, when soiled, by wiping them over with a pad of cotton wool dipped in alcohol?

THAT when a carpet has been attacked by moth, if a damp towel is put over the part affected, and this ironed with a hot iron, the heat and steam will destroy both the worms and the eggs?

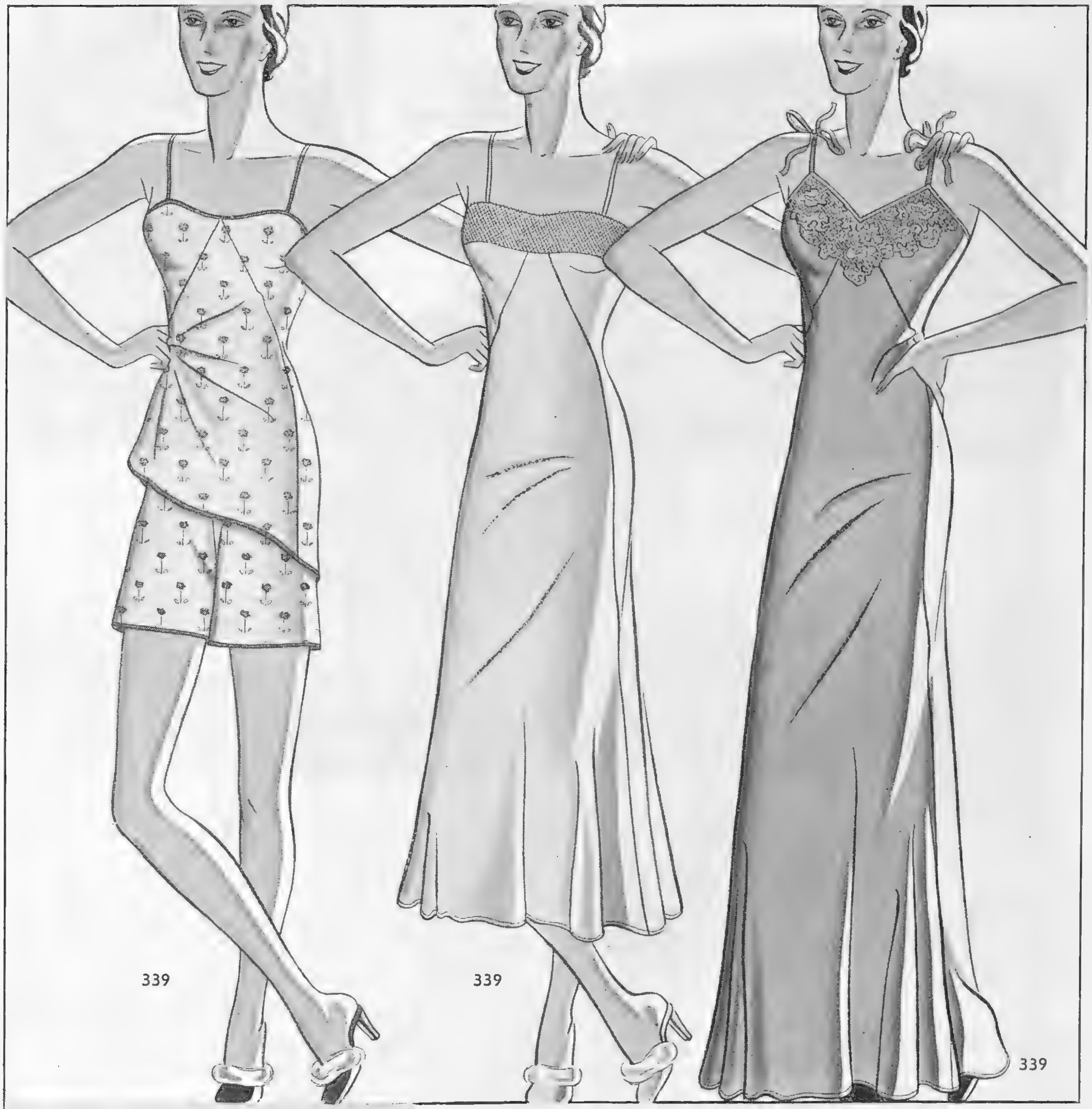
THAT pane curtains of golden yellow, or sunset pink, will give a room a rich, warm glow?

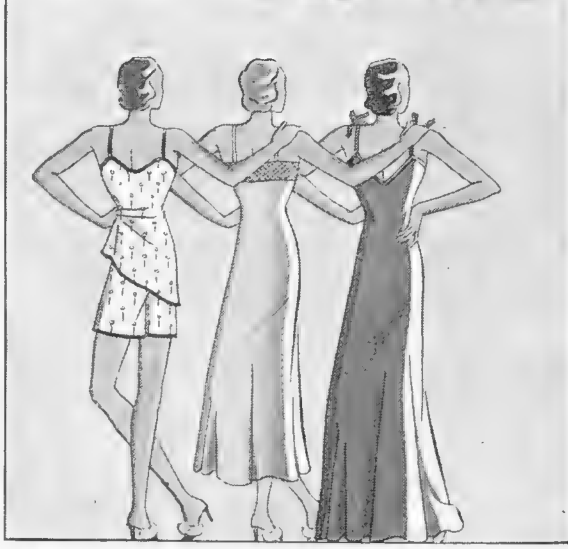
THAT a dull fire can be revived with nut shells or dried orange peel? If it proves very stubborn, build it up in the shape of a cone.

THAT a rubber hot-water bottle will not bubble over if it is allowed to rest, when being filled, on a table? It should be slightly bent.

THAT tea is improved in flavour if a small piece of dried orange peel is kept in the caddy?

OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE



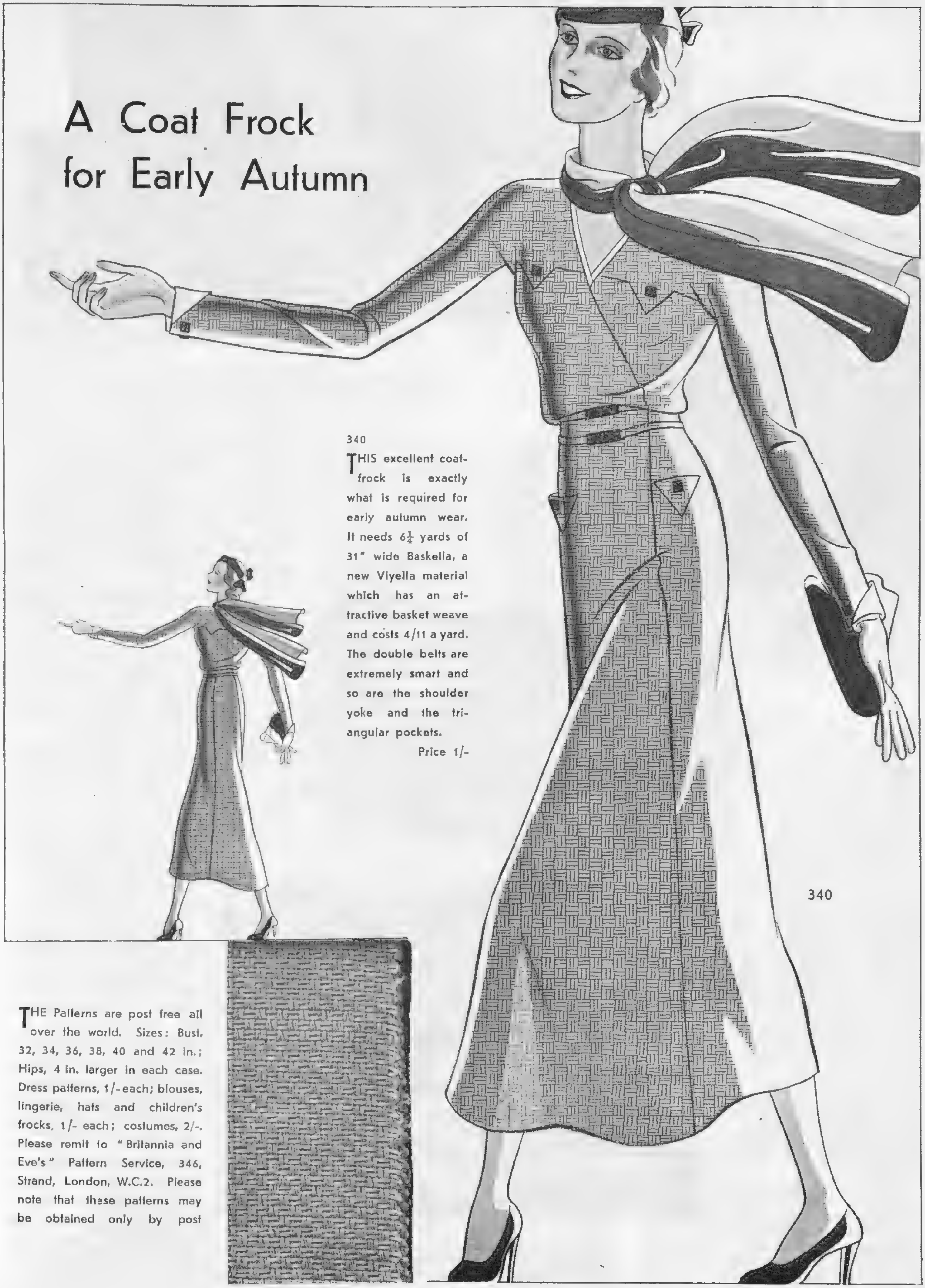


ONE PATTERN
makes
THREE GARMENTS

339

THIS ingenious pattern can be used for a chemise, or, lengthened slightly, for a petticoat slip, or, lengthened still more, for a nightgown. It is cut on the cross in the cleverest way so that it moulds the figure perfectly and does not allow one wrinkle to mar the waistline. It also acts as a brassière and will give you a surprisingly beautiful figure. 3¾ yards are required to make the nightgown, 2¼ for the petticoat, and 3 yards are needed for the chemise and drawers. The pattern, including the drawers and full instructions for making, costs 1/-

A Coat Frock for Early Autumn



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THIS excellent coat-frock is exactly what is required for early autumn wear. It needs 6¼ yards of 31" wide Baskella, a new Viyella material which has an attractive basket weave and costs 4/11 a yard. The double belts are extremely smart and so are the shoulder yoke and the triangular pockets.

Price 1/-

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia and Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post

Bottling FRUIT at No Expense

By

Cyril Grange, F.R.H.S.

ANY jars or vessels which one can find about the house will do well, and I may mention 1 lb. and 2 lb. glass jam jars and 7 lb. stone jars

AS soon as the fruit is heated sufficiently, the jars are taken out, filled to the shoulder with boiling syrup, one by one, and sealed

IN these days of strict economy, any method of preserving fruits (for winter use as salads or tarts) which entails no expense is bound to carry a wide appeal.

The methods detailed below require no apparatus to be purchased such as sterilisers, special bottles or thermometers, and the results are yet quite good. Although the resulting product is not quite so excellent in regard to flavour, colour and appearance as those fruits bottled by the slower water bath method, they do keep equally as long and the food value is unimpaired.

Any jars or vessels which one can find about the house will do well and I may mention 1 lb. and 2 lb. glass jam jars, 7 lb. stone jars, honey jars, and Horlick's and similar empty bottles.

The Oven Method

The bottles or jars must be perfectly clean, and the just-ripe clean and prepared fruit (as for table) is packed closely in, using a long-handled spoon for packing the bottom layers. Small fruits are jarred down on the hand. Pack just level with the top of the jar. Add no water. Place the packed jars on the shelves in an oven, standing them on asbestos mats or plywood to prevent cracking of the bottoms. Place a saucer or plate over each jar to prevent undue cooking of the top layers of fruits.

Now heat *gradually* so that in one hour the fruits begin to change colour and sink down in the bottles. This heating must be very gradual or the fruits will not keep well.

While this heating is proceeding, arrange to have some water or syrup (½ lb. sugar to the pint of water) boiling, and as soon as the fruit is heated sufficiently, the jars are taken out, filled to the shoulder with this boiling syrup one by one and sealed—the filling and sealing being completed as quickly as possible and on each bottle before the others are taken out. This is important.

Sealing

The method of sealing I have found to be most reliable is that using grease-proof paper. Three sheets are stuck together, using hot water starch (or other adhesive) and this thick paper sheet is kept as the stock.

To prepare, one merely cuts off a piece to fit well over the top of the jar and pastes hot water starch or other adhesive on one side. This " sticky " side is now pressed over the hot jar *immediately* after it has been filled with the boiling syrup.

The paper is pressed round the jar neck to ensure complete sealing, and a stout rubber band around the neck will help to guarantee this taking place.

Such a cover may be tested for sealing by tapping when cold. If it sounds tight and like a drum, all is well, otherwise some mistake has been made and the jar must be reheated.

Paraffin Wax or Mutton Fat can be used as a seal, in which case it is heated to liquid in a water bath and poured on the surface of the syrup to a depth of ½–¾ in. immediately after filling. The jar must not be moved until quite cold, and then always carefully handled.

Storage of all jars must be in a *dry*, cool, dark place.

FOR sealing, three sheets of grease-proof paper are stuck together, using hot water starch (or other adhesive) and this thick paper sheet is kept as stock

Individual Fruit Hints

To keep *apples* from turning brown, they should be bottled in water, heating in the same way and sealing down when simmering point is reached.

Blackberries go well mixed with apples, and the earliest fruit has the best flavour, garden varieties being the best.

Cranberries are fine bottled in this way, but heating must be very gradual.

Right:
WITH eggs, butter, milk and sugar—ingredients that are always in stock—we can quickly make an inexpensive and delicious sweet

By

A. H. Adair

An Emergency Dinner *for* Four

which takes *one* hour *to* prepare and *costs* six shillings

SUPPOSING we had planned to spend the evening out, and after six o'clock some friends, whom we do not often see, telephoned to say that they were in our neighbourhood and would like to see us? We should, of course, gladly give up our visit to the cinema, and we are delighted to ask our friends to dinner, but what are we going to give them? A visit to the larder reveals that there is a little boiled fish left over, plenty of vegetables, a small piece of beef for tomorrow's soup, a few odd tins of things and not much else.

Well, we must do the best we can, and perhaps the following menu for a dinner for four people, which costs six shillings, and takes one hour to prepare, will serve as a useful guide.

MENU

Cream of Vegetable Soup.

Gratine of Cod.

Bœuf Portugaise.
Spaghetti.

Crème Soufflé.

GRATINE of cod is a spicy form of fish pie. It can be made with left-over fish in a very short time

VEGETABLE soups are the right things for an emergency. They are cheap, nourishing and tasty, and no trouble to make

Cream of Vegetable Soup

Peel and wash four onions, four carrots, four turnips and four potatoes and cut them into small pieces. Put a piece of butter (or dripping) the size of a matchbox into a saucepan, melt it and add the vegetables, salt and pepper, cook for ten minutes without letting them get brown, and then add five soup-platefuls of boiling water. Simmer very gently for twenty minutes, by which time the liquid will have reduced to four portions. Strain the soup into a clean saucepan and mash the vegetables through a fine sieve, returning them to the soup. Stir well and bring once to the boil. Just before serving "bind" with the yolk of an egg mixed with a coffee cupful of milk, after which the soup must not be allowed to boil. Cost, 8d.

Gratine of Cod

Take half a pound of cooked cod or other white fish, remove the bones and mash the fish. Meanwhile peel and chop one onion and fry it golden brown in butter, dripping or melted bacon fat. Add the fish, cook together for a few minutes, adding salt and pepper. Turn into a mixing bowl and add the same quantity of boiled potatoes coarsely mashed. Mix well together, moisten with a little milk and put the mixture into a buttered fireproof dish. Sprinkle with bread crumbs and a few tiny pieces of butter and brown in the oven under the grill. Cost, 1s. 3d.

Bœuf Portugaise

As our piece of beef was not intended to be served as a dish, it is not of the best, and therefore our treatment of it must be spicy. Trim it well and cut it into small pieces which you brown in dripping in a thick stewpan or iron saucepan. Add salt and pepper, two teacupfuls of boiling water and cover the pan tightly letting the contents simmer for one hour, putting in the following sauce when ready: peel and chop one onion and one shallot and fry them in butter until golden brown. Add a tablespoonful of flour, stirring it in slowly and mixing to a smooth paste. Cook until the flour has browned, then add a small tin of tomato purée or two tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce or ketchup, salt and pepper and cook again, stirring well for ten minutes.

When adding this to the beef, do it slowly, stirring it in little by little so that the whole is well mixed together. Cost (assuming the piece of beef to weigh two pounds before trimming), 2s. 11d.

Spaghetti

Plain boiled spaghetti makes a pleasant change from potatoes to serve with a dish which has a sauce. Allow a handful for each person which you cook until tender in boiling salted water. This usually takes from ten to twelve minutes. Drain very thoroughly before putting into the hot serving dish. Cost, 4d.

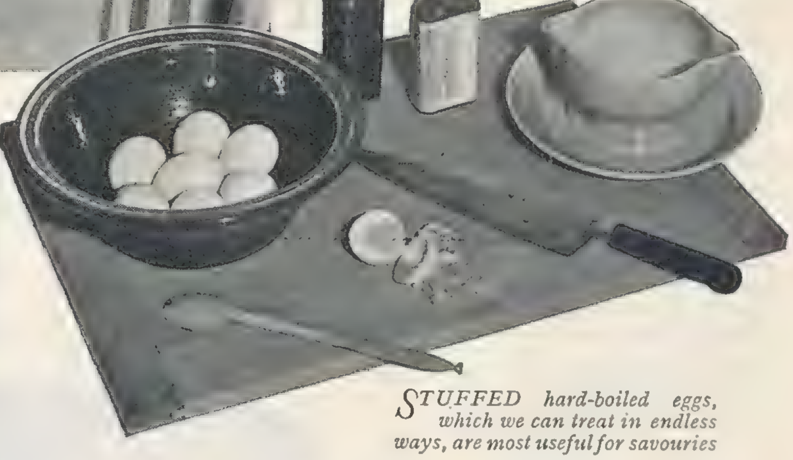
Crème Soufflé

Melt in a thick saucepan two ounces of butter and stir in the same quantity of flour, mix well and then add little by little a tumblerful of milk. Bring to the boil and simmer for a few minutes beating with a whisk. Add two ounces of soft sugar and the yolks of two eggs, off the fire. Beat again and let the mixture get cold. Whisk to a stiff froth the two whites. Add them to the mixture, stirring lightly, turn into a buttered soufflé dish and bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Cost, 10d.

The Beginning *and* End *of a* Meal

Some Suggestions *for* H*ors* d'œuvre D*ishes* and Savouries

BEEF Salad is a most appetising dish made with remnants of boiled beef. In season, garnish with crisp leaves of lettuce



STUFFED hard-boiled eggs, which we can treat in endless ways, are most useful for savouries

By A. H. Adair

APART from the fact that many pleasant little dishes can be served to start or to finish a meal, the economical value of hors d'œuvre and savouries should not be overlooked. It often happens that our luncheon or dinner is in danger of being a little "short" and by tacking on an hors d'œuvre dish at the beginning, or a savoury at the end, we can manage to improve the meal without adding very much to its cost; for another advantage of these dishes is that they are very often made up of remnants.

Hors D'Œuvre

It is a good plan to keep a little stock of things in the larder such as sardines, anchovies, tunny fish, fillets of herrings, herrings in tomato, etc., so that with one of these, a few olives, some hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters and covered with mayonnaise sauce and a salad of potato, cucumber or beetroot, or else one of the made-up salads described below, our hors d'œuvre can be varied and appetising.

Beef Salad

Take the remains of some boiled beef, trim it and cut it into neat dice. To half a pound of beef add one apple peeled, cored and cut into dice, a cold boiled potato and half a beetroot also cut, a little finely chopped onion to taste and some chopped parsley. Meanwhile, make a dressing of mustard, salt, pepper and oil and vinegar, the last two in equal proportions. Pour the dressing over and stir well. Serve in a salad bowl garnished with plain, crisp lettuce leaves, which can be omitted when not in season.

Fish Salad

The remains of any white fish can be used. Remove the bones and flake the fish, putting it into a small salad bowl. Add the same quantity of tomatoes which you have peeled, cut in two, squeeze out the pips and then cut into small pieces. Sprinkle with finely chopped onion and parsley and season with the same dressing as that used for beef salad.

Sardine Butter

Open a tin of sardines (the cheaper brands may be used for this purpose) scrape off the skin and remove bones and tails. Mash the sardines and add the same quantity of butter, salt, pepper and a little of the oil from the tin. Mix the paste well so that it is very smooth and spread on little fingers of toast or on dry biscuits.

SAVOURIES

Stuffed Eggs

Hard-boiled eggs are most useful for savouries as they can be treated in endless ways and according to what we have in the house. First of all hard boil the eggs, put them in cold water to peel them, cut them in two and remove the yolks. These we mash and mix with grated cheese, or with cooked mushrooms finely chopped, or anchovy paste, chopped celery, etc. Work to a smooth paste adding pepper, chopped parsley and salt where necessary; if the mixture is too dry, moisten with a little milk or cream. Fill the halves of eggs with the mixture, keeping back a little to spread on neat pieces of toast or dry biscuit. Cut a little snip off the end of each stuffed egg and stand them on the prepared toast.

Croûtes Frites

Melt a small piece of butter in a saucepan and add, little by little, stirring constantly, two tablespoonfuls of flour and then a teacupful of boiling milk. Cook gently for a quarter of an hour and then remove for ten minutes. Add two whole eggs, salt, pepper and four ounces of cheese and stir well. Cut some neat fingers of stale bread, cover each piece with some lean cooked ham and spread with the cheese mixture. Fry these croûtes in boiling fat until golden brown, remove and drain them well, sprinkle with a little red pepper and serve at once.

Macaroni Croquettes

Put half a pound of macaroni into boiling salted water and cook until soft. Drain it well and keep it hot. Meanwhile stir together over a slow fire a tablespoonful of flour and the same quantity of butter. When it is a smooth paste add, little by little, hot milk, whipping all the time, until you have a stiff white sauce. Add the macaroni, salt, pepper, a little grated nutmeg and two ounces of grated Parmesan cheese. Stir well together, turn out on to a floured board, flatten the mixture out and shape into small balls or cakes. Dip these in beaten egg, roll in white breadcrumbs, fry in deep boiling fat until golden brown, drain on blotting paper and serve very hot.

Haddock on Toast

Flake the remains of some cooked smoked haddock, mix with the same quantity of scrambled eggs, season with salt, pepper, cayenne pepper, and serve on neat fingers of fresh, hot buttered toast.

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C.F.H.

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NAVY CUT.

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100^{S} BOXES 4/8^{D} · FLAT TINS OF 50 FOR 2/6^{D}

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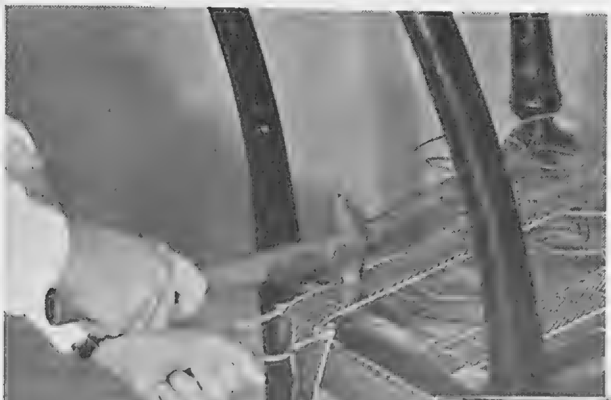
Re-webbing a Chair

WHEN an upholstered chair begins to sag in the centre of the seat it is usually a sign that one of the pieces of webbing which hold the springs in position has broken and that the chair needs re-webbing.

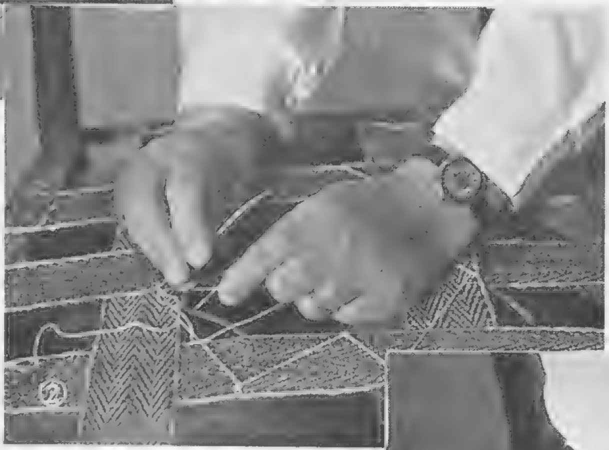
As a rule all the webbing should be renewed, even if only one piece is broken —patching up is seldom satisfactory.

For the work you will require webbing (three to four yards is sufficient for a small dining-chair), some clout-headed webbing tacks, a webbing strainer, some ordinary tacks, an upholsterer's needle and some strong twine.

To begin the work turn the chair upside down and rest the edge on a box or stool. Remove the canvas cover and then the old webbing. Brush away any dust there may be amongst the springs and the chair is ready for its new webbing. How to do the actual work is illustrated and described below.



1 *HAVING tacked the webbing on one side of the chair pull it across to the other and, while straining it tightly, tack in position like this. Cut off the webbing, leaving an inch beyond the tacks, turn the end back and tack down. When three strips are on, press the springs under the webbing*



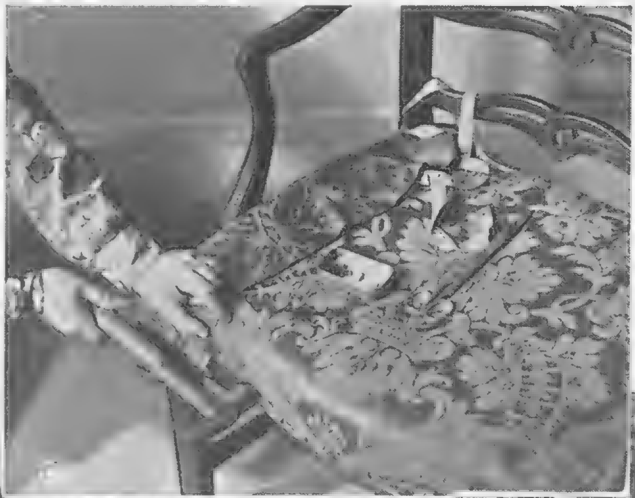
2 *WHEN the webbing has been tacked down on the four sides of the chair, thread the needle with the twine and sew the springs in position. Each spring should be sewn to the webbing in three places*

3 *THE final stage of re-webbing a chair. Replace the canvas cover over the bottom and tack it in place along the edge of the frame with quarter-inch tacks. To look nice it must be strained on firmly*

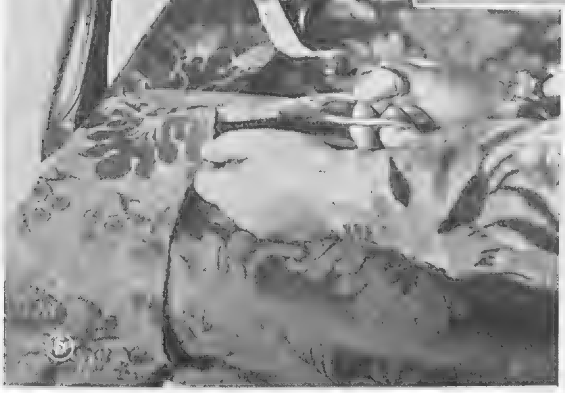
Re-covering a Chair

SHOULD it become necessary to re-cover a chair, through the wearing out of the fabric, don't be afraid to tackle this at home. The work can be accomplished successfully by any amateur if the directions given here are followed carefully.

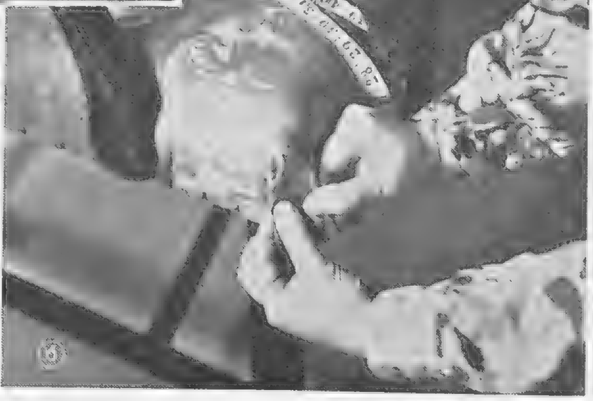
A firm material should be chosen for the new cover because it must be strained on fairly tightly if the finished work is to look well. If it is an antique chair that you wish to cover be careful about the material you choose. Either buy some good furnishing damask, brocade or repp—according to the type of chair to be covered—or it is an excellent plan to visit various shops until you find a suitable piece of genuine old material.



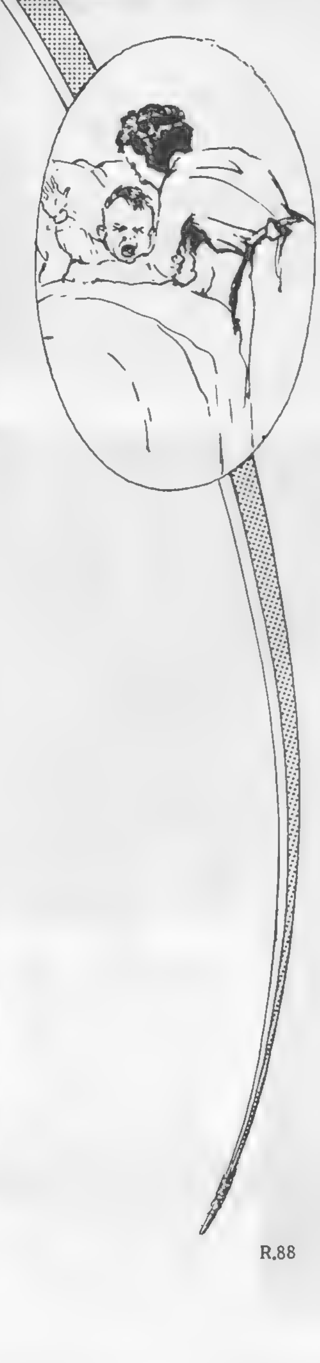
4 *THE first step—put the piece of covering material on the chair without cutting it in any way. If the chair has arms, fold it over at each side as illustrated. Strain the material smoothly across the seat and put a few tacks in at the back and front to hold the material in position*



5 *TO fit the material round the arm of the chair put a pin in the material folded back, about an inch from the arm, and cut to this. Turn in the edges and fit round the arm, tacking it in position on the frame. Treat the other arm in the same way. At the back of the chair the material must be cut at each corner to allow it to fit round the chair frame. Be sure to cut the material cornerwise here, not straight as before. Turn the edges in and fit round the frame. Finish by tacking the cover along the bottom edge of the chair*



6 *THIS photograph shows the work nearly finished. Note how the material has been fitted round the arm. A box pleat should be made at each of the front corners like this. To give a neat finish put furnishing gimp along the bottom edge to hide the tacks. Fasten this with special gimp pins*



Make teething-time easier

THAT first eagerly expected little tooth is about to peep through. And baby wants something hard to suck and bite upon to help it through.

Instead of a bone ring or comforter—which often results in infection from germs and causes malformation of the mouth—give "Ovaltine" Rusks to Baby. Crisp—but not too hard—they give just the assistance necessary to bring the little teeth easily through the gums, while they are made just the right size for his little hand. And they give that biting exercise which ensures sound, well-spaced teeth and correct jaw formation.

Then through childhood it is the continued use of "Ovaltine" Rusks that keeps the teeth strong and healthy and makes possible those perfect permanent teeth.

"Ovaltine" Rusks are made from the finest unbleached wheaten flour, together with a proportion of "Ovaltine" to give them their delicious flavour and to make them nutritious and easy to digest.

'OVALTINE' RUSKS

APPETISING · DIGESTIVE · & · NOURISHING

Sold at 1/6 and 2/6 per tin.

R.88

The Brotherhood *of the* Damned

(*Continued from page* 19.)

Buenos Ayres, where he has never been before, and within an hour of his arrival he will place the " goods " he has brought. At various points throughout this long journey he will want aid, advice, introductions, even money ; and he will always get them, although he is a stranger to the men and women he goes to, and they to him. When the League of Nation's investigating experts discovered this they observed with some astonishment in their report : " The persons —men and women—who are engaged in this vilest of trades are many and their activities are varied. . . . The principals are of many nationalities and speak different languages, but *much of their slang is common property*. As there is said to be "honour among thieves," so these conspirators play into each other's hands when it suits them to do so, but, in spite of a world-wide *camaraderie*, there would appear to be no organised international group. " Each for himself " is the guiding principle. These pests of society are real parasites who live on the body as well as on the soul of their host."

Yes ; it still goes on, the international traffic in women. Despite all the co-operative efforts of police and Governments, the " merchandise " is conveyed to and fro across the beaten tracks by land and sea from source to the headwaters of the big steady markets, the special markets, and what in the European slang of the traffickers known as the " collectors " (a " collector " being some wealthy man, usually old, who is willing to pay big fees for young girls of a special type). The League travelling commission astounded a complacent respectable world when it published the report of its investigation covering the Mediterranean basin and the Americas. There is another shock in store for the nice-minded, who do not like to have their attention drawn to unpleasant things going on beyond their garden walls, the boundaries of their tree-fringed streets and sheltered suburbs ; for soon the Commission will publish, after submission to the Governments and the League this summer, its report on the traffic in the East.

England, luckily (and thanks largely to the heroic Josephine Butler, who affronted respectable society in the 'seventies by her campaign against State regulation of prostitution in this island) is not a centre of the traffic. It was. A Government inquiry in 1882 disclosed that " a very large number of English girls—many, if not most of them, under the age of 21 years," were being taken out of the country. There were false certificates of birth, and, says the report " misrepresentation, falsehood and deceit marked every stage of the procedure . . . ." The old law covering state regulation was repealed and the traffic thereby stopped. An international movement to stamp out what was then first called the White Slave Traffic sprang up. In France, Yves Guyot and Victor Hugo backed it. A conference met in Paris, and in 1904 the first international agreement for the suppression of the traffic was signed. Six years later thirteen States signed a convention. National suppression committees arose in Europe, and a vast network of preventative organisations sprang up over the western world.

But in 1914 the world was surprised to learn from the Flexner inquiry that the traffic was still rampant. The war gave the nations something else to think about : but in Paris after the war the peace-makers were sufficiently impressed by evidence of the flourishing state of the traffic to include an article in the Covenant of the League entrusting that body with the job of supervision, and in 1921 thirty-three nations signed a new convention. The world thought it was all over. It is now having a rude awakening.

The statistics of arrests every year in connection with the traffic (*Continued on page* 94.)

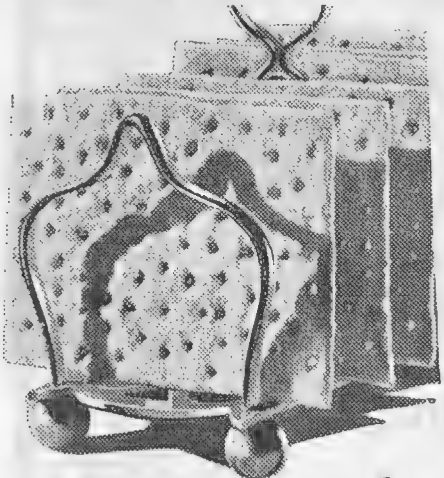
WHAT'S IN A NAME?

As a snowball gathers weight so has the name Shell, unchanged since August 1st 1907, steadily gathered value and popularity during the course of the last quarter of a century.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Summer Shell Petrol is specially blended to give the best results under Summer conditions

This is the BRITISH crispbread



—so it's made of WHEAT

As wheat thrives best in our soil and our climate, so we thrive best upon it. We can eat it in a variety of forms, but in Vita-Weat—the whole-wheat British Crispbread—we profit by the last atom of its wealth of nourishment. That is why English men and women in thousands every day are going over to Vita-Weat as their daily bread.

In the fascinating crunchy crisps of Vita-Weat you get all the nourishment of wheat in a form that *must* nourish you. *It simply cannot run to fat.* The wheat starch is so thoroughly disintegrated that you can eat with the heartiest appetite without over-taxing your digestion or clogging your inside. Its natural roughage promotes natural regularity. And so you look and feel and *are* slimmer and fitter than ever before.

And Vita-Weat is *entirely* British—made by Peek Frean, a British firm, by British labour, of only British wheat, British-milled and British-baked. Have it at every meal.

PEEK FREAN'S

Vita-Weat REGD.

In Cartons 1/6 and 10d. Packets 6d. and 2d.

Made by Peek Frean
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tell a significant story, since the brethren are supple, wary and skilled, and bungles which lead to arrests are only a drop in the ocean of "the business." I have by me the latest official figures reported by the respective governments. They show 39 cases in Austria, 10 in Belgium, 516 in the United States, 6 in Britain, 27 in Hungary, 15 in Italy, 77 in the Netherlands (a great centre in the international traffic), 246 in the Netherlands Indies, 60 in France, and 27 in Poland (where incidentally between 20 and 50 females between the ages of 13 and 23 disappear without trace every year).

South America is the great market for the victims. The brethren are always moving to and fro between the sources in Europe and the markets south of Panama. It is easy to slip in. In 10 months a single agent got over 200 girls and their escorts across the Uruguay river in a launch at night, picking them up at Salto and dropping them in Concordia on the Argentine side. The girls came overland from Brazil or landed at Montevideo port and went overland through Uruguay to Salto. The agent charged 25 pesos each. The frontier guards sometimes step in upon their affairs. But as a rule they seem to interfere about as often as the New York police interfere with the running of liquor from brewery to speak-easy—and for the same reasons.

It cost one of the brethren 20,000 francs to arrange for two young beauties—one thought she was married, the other, her cousin, thought she was going to a modiste's job her cousin's new "husband" had generously got for her—to be shipped second-class across the Atlantic and so to Buenos Ayres by way of Montevideo and the little river boat. He would have made a profit of anything from 100 to 300 per cent. on his outlay, for, as the League experts remarked in their last report: "It (the traffic in women) is a business out of which large profits can be made and, like other business, it is governed by the law of supply and demand." The business attractions of a girl who is worth anything from £1,000 to £5,000 in the market, and may represent a revenue of £100 a week for quite a long time, scarcely needs stressing.

Buenos Ayres is the playground for the whole of the Argentine—indeed for all Latin America—with Rio de Janeiro, which is smarter and higher-priced, running it close. Foreign girls are in great demand in both cities. Almost every big capital has its recognised club of the brethren, but the Buenos Ayres club, to which all the men and women in the business belong, must be unique. Its president is an international Capone, strong, bold, resourceful, a criminal with flashes of genius, trafficking in women instead of liquor. He cultivates police officials and minor politicians, and corrupts both. At his club meet all the capitalists in the business, prepared to lend money to fit up a luxurious *maison de tolérance* or to send a *souteneur* thousands of miles to procure a young woman of a certain type and race, desired by a merchant prince, a big ranch owner, a wheat king, or a sugar baron.

The arms of these brethren reach far, and it is so seldom that they get even a rap on the knuckles that one recent instance is worth giving. An advertisement appeared in the Florence newspapers offering dancing engagements in Buenos Ayres. Eighteen girls replied. Passages were booked for them in a boat sailing from Genoa three weeks later. The advertisements had been noticed by the Fascist police, however. They investigated, traced the advertisements to the owner of a Buenos Ayres cabaret, cabled the Italian Consul there for a report, and got a reply that the man was a member of the club of the brethren. They stopped the girls sailing and demanded proceedings against the brother. Proceedings were instituted, for one must observe the diplomatic decencies. But nothing happened to the brother except a blowing-up from the club president for being so careless as to leave a trail easily followed.

Cabarets of this sort abound. Europe is peppered with them. They are responsible for much of the international traffic. Their managers have agents in Paris, Marseilles, Belgrade, Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, Bucharest and Zangreb. The agents often book merchandise for their markets by cunning indirect means. A brother wants some merchandise from one of the countries where business conditions are difficult; or possibly he does not want to run to the expense of special procurations. He writes his agent to collect a dancing or light opera troupe and send it over. The agent puts in a brother as manager, and off goes the troupe to the foreign capital, where the girls are lodged in a boarding-house.

After a few days, the manager decamps. The girls find themselves stranded. Few of them have friends or relatives they can wire to for aid; none of them have money. The landlady is sympathetic. She knows someone who may be able to help the poor darlings; and the camp follower of the legion of the damned picks up the telephone. . . . The apples are ripe for plucking.

This is the record of a foreign light opera troupe which arrived in Buenos Ayres and went bankrupt there. Of nine girls, five went to their Consuls or had money or wired for it, and escaped. Of the remaining four, two accepted offered cabaret engagements and one presently committed suicide, a third became the mistress of a local man who had asked her out to supper the night of her arrival, and the fourth disappeared.

There have been many cases in which the girl's parents have been warned of the risks by lawyers to whom they have taken the contract to be vetted, and have refused to listen. The contract is all right? Yes? Well, then, little Gretchen shall have her superb chance. Undoubtedly, she has talent. The agent spotted it at once. She will make money, send some home; they can do with it, for there are other children, and father makes little. . . . Germany and Poland have been happy hunting grounds since the war for the brethren with foreign contracts in their pockets.

Other brethren, physically suited to the role, specialise in the most profitable of all the categories of female merchandise: the inexperienced girl, known among the brethren all over the world as "a greenie." For the most part they are good-looking, romantic girls, with no occupation or prospects at home, and anxious to get out of an overcrowded or uncongenial home, to have adventure, to meet men outside of a dull set or a group they impatiently feel they are wasted upon. They are picked up in a hundred different ways by the brethren who have reduced to a fine art the game of establishing contacts and awakening a romantic interest.

A girl from a good, sheltered middle-class home is easier than most. She is less sophisticated, and she keeps the secret of her new acquaintance. Mama would be so shocked if she knew they had not been introduced, that she had "clicked" in the street like any common girl, that she was exchanging notes, meeting him in secret. A marriage, secret or open, real or faked; a rush away or a calm leisured departure: it matters not so long as the merchandise is got safely over the frontier and launched on the long trail without suspicions.

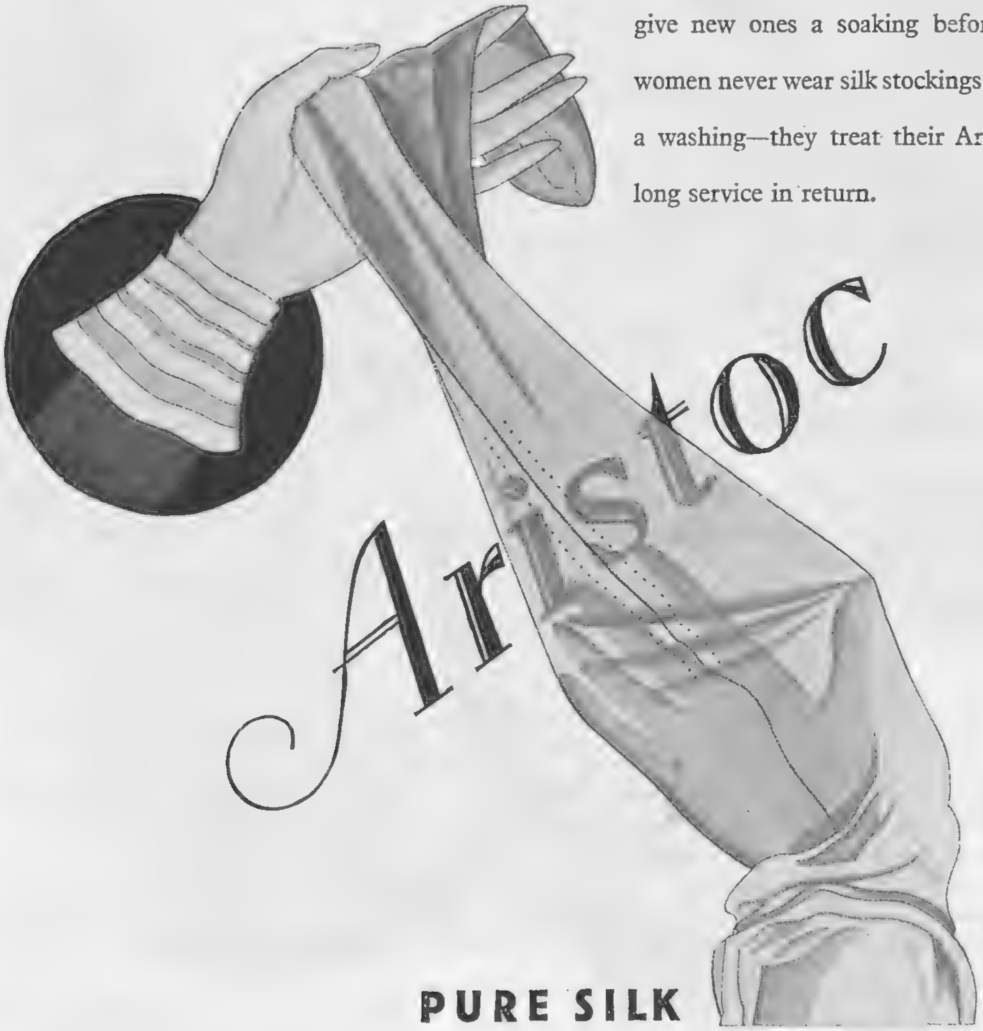
An English girl of 18 and good family borrowed her elder sister's birth certificate and got married secretly at a register office to a Valentino-like Frenchman, flew to France, and from there sent a wire to her parents so that they should know everything was all right. Her husband took the wire to send—and tore it up. He did not want the police chasing him just yet. It was a month before the anguished parents, who had posted her as missing, got a letter; and then it was rather too late.

But not all the parents sustain such shocks. Their daughters leave them happy in the belief that they are comfortably married; and there are many cases in which the girl, kept by some man or landed in a *maison de tolérance*, sends money home every month; her husband, she says, is doing so well.

END.

No! this water is too hot!

Never let Aristoc get into hot water! Hot water has no mercy on silk. Even Aristoc Silk may succumb to the ordeal by scalding, yet water is their beauty treatment, lukewarm, lathery water—lots and lots of it. Wise women give new ones a soaking before they wear them. Wise women never wear silk stockings more than one day without a washing—they treat their Aristoc kindly and get extra long service in return.



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THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK STOCKINGS • *Made in England* • 4/11 *to* 12/6

• *Sole Distributors to the Trade:* W. L. ARBER, LTD., *Portland House, 4 Great Portland Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.1*

See what the X-rays revealed
Pyorrhœa is shown in all the teeth. Note the deformity of the roots and the demarkation of same showing shrinkage.

X-RAY PHOTOGRAPH BY A. B. GOSS, M.S.R.

She has cleaned her teeth for the last time

TO-MORROW they must come out!

● Unobserved . . . unchecked, grim Pyorrhœa pursues its relentless course, breaking down gum tissues, attacking the bony tooth sockets and surrounding membranes until precious, sound teeth become loose and must be extracted, until beauty, comfort, even health may be lost for ever.

Soft, receding gums that bleed easily may warn you of this approaching menace, but often only the X-rays can with certainty reveal the existence of this dread disease that is contracted by four out of five people past the age of forty.

As you value your health and appearance, guard your priceless teeth with Forhan's for the Gums. Make no mistake, Forhan's will not cure Pyorrhœa in its advanced stages. Only a dentist can stop its progress then, but, taken in time, its regular use will check further development. There's danger in neglect. Start using Forhan's for the Gums to-day. It is for sale at Chemists everywhere.

Forhan's
MADE IN ENGLAND
for the GUMS
Sole Distributors:
Thos. Christy & Co., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4

The Last of the Matadors.

(Continued from page 27)

clinic cot for months. Belmonte is through now. He thinks it a very cruel sport.

And what of Granero? The Spaniards have ever reacted differently to their idols of the ring. Granero was loved. He was the best-looking matador the ring ever knew, also his was the finest figure of a man, and always Granero was simple and smiling, and he was still in his teens when he conquered his countrymen and women. That was shortly after the war. Granero had been well educated, moreover, and played the violin at concerts and danced as a professional. His clothes led Spain. The most glorious future a matador could aspire to lay open to Granero. He was dead at twenty. Barely a year before, he had been unanimously hailed as the hapless Joselito's successor.

The usual story goes that before his last fight Granero was preoccupied. What is certain is that after dispatching his first bull and gaining the barrier, the young god said to his manager, in answer to reassuring words, "Wait." Granero's second bull, Porcapena, a black and white beast with wide horns and weighing 800 lb., went the normal way until the trumpets sounded for the kill. Granero took the sword and the muleta. Two swift passes, one so hair-raising that the crowd held its breath before breaking into enthusiasm. Then, like a pistol shot, the cheering stopped short. Porcapena had seized Granero and was carrying him aloft on his horns. For several seconds the beast moved thus to and fro. Then it gave a terrific toss which sent Granero flying up against the barrier. Now was the time for others in the ring to occupy the bull. They hadn't the chance. Horns down, the infuriated beast charged, and this time transpierced Granero against the boards, and so terrifically that for a while the animal could not disengage its horns from the wood. Hysteria had broken loose. The huge crowd was screaming that the aides had not done their job. The pandemonium was still going on when Granero staggered to his feet, an awful spectacle, the wonderful youth with face smashed in, tottered a few yards, and fell dead.

Gitanillo was killed only last summer after having been grievously wounded no less than six times in his short career, for he, too, was young—only 26. Gitanillo, a swarthy, curly-haired gypsy, literally lived with death at his elbow. He was ever thinking about it and kissing medals. His last bull, which killed him, was a monster weighing nearly 1,000 lb.

MARCIAL LALANDA, the leader of to-day, saw both Granero and Gitanillo killed. At thirty he has had enough and retires after this season, when there will be no one left of the old calibre save the illiterate village youth, Ortega. Lalanda is tired of receiving "broncas" and also of the poor remuneration. He denies that present-day matadors are decadent. He claims that the art of the ring has changed. Whereas a few years ago the main thing was to kill big animals valiantly, to-day smaller bulls are used, but these give more opportunity for science and finesse.

Lalanda will dispatch 200 bulls in his last season (as he has never been hurt, the chances are that he will pull through) and will draw from his trust approximately £12,000 for doing so. He may well be the last of all the great matadors.

Many are they who see in Lalanda's decision to sever himself so early from the bullring a symbol of coming events. Lalanda foresees that bull fighting, if far from played out in the popular meaning of the term, is nevertheless being relentlessly pursued by a converging destiny.

Should this be so, a measure of cruelty will dissolve with the corrida. Also great colour. How much of the former survives about us. How little of the latter.

END

JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD
MARKINCH
GOLD LABEL
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

ON BOARD AND ASHORE in the Club House and elsewhere the most fitting hospitality is the full, generous flavour of **Haig**

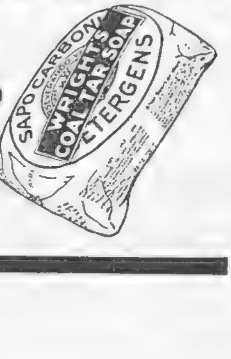
NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

As happy as the day is long

As you can see, Joan is a picture of health. But she is not coddled—far from it. She is a bit of a tomboy, in fact. But dirt and cut knees won't harm her; her bath with Wright's Coal Tar Soap, the double-purpose soap—prevents infection . . . helps to keep her well.

That is the beauty of Wright's. So gentle to the skin that babies are bathed in it; yet powerfully antiseptic—germs cannot live where Wright's is used. Doctors advise it.

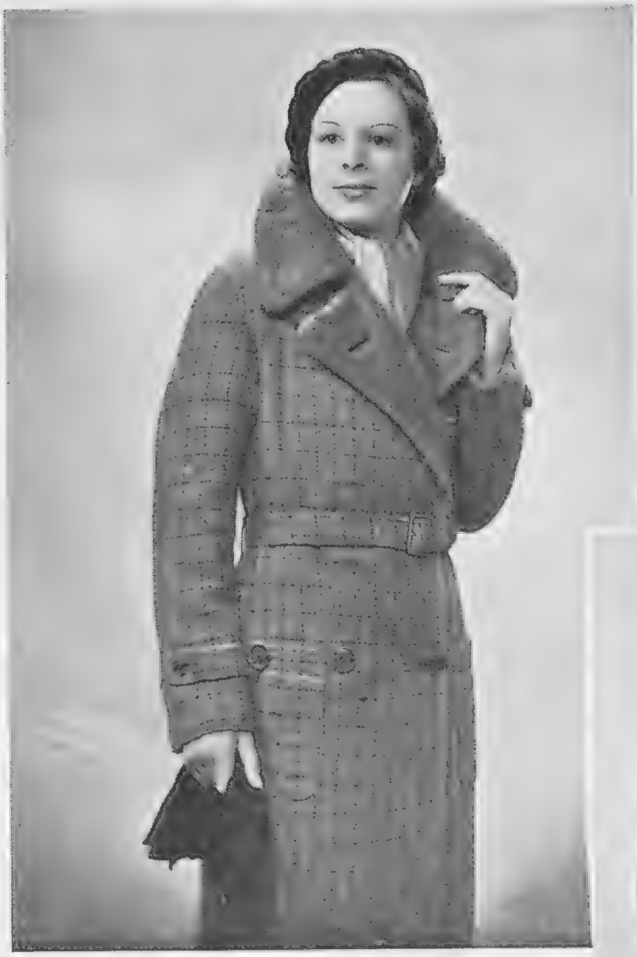
WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP



6d. per tablet
British Made

A Quartette of Coats

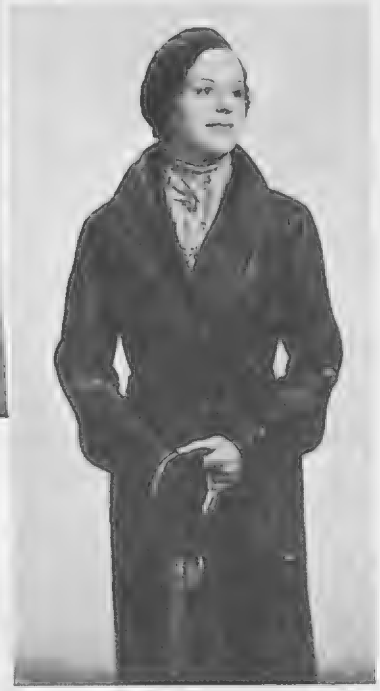
THE choice of a winter wardrobe is a serious matter, and for one's winter to be a successful and healthy one, it must include a coat which is guaranteed to be both wind and waterproof. On this page Miss Diana Cotton, who played in the recently completed Gainsborough picture, "The Man from Toronto," poses in a selection of excellent coats and in a smart autumn coat and skirt, all of which come from Aquascutum.

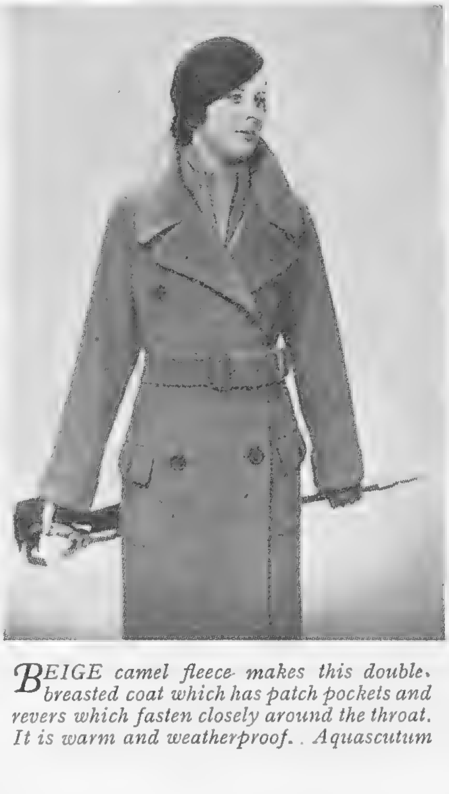


A REALLY warm coat which will defy all winds and would make a perfect companion for a motoring trip is made of brown and beige tweed, and is lined throughout with cameltex. It is reversible. Aquascutum

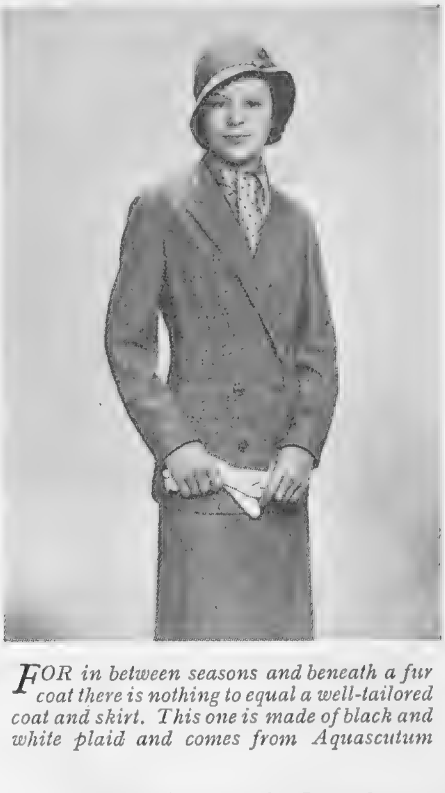
Right:

A LEATHER coat is always a useful adjunct, and this one of supple green leather is particularly attractive. With it is worn a bright yellow scarf patterned with foxes' heads. Aquascutum





BEIGE camel fleece makes this double-breasted coat which has patch pockets and revers which fasten closely around the throat. It is warm and weatherproof. Aquascutum



FOR in between seasons and beneath a fur coat there is nothing to equal a well-tailored coat and skirt. This one is made of black and white plaid and comes from Aquascutum

Delicious Fruit Pudding.

A fresh fruit pudding made with 'Atora' appeals to every member of the family. More appetising and satisfying than stewed fruit, richer and more juicy than a pie, it has a charm all its own. The tender suet crust retains and absorbs the exquisite flavour of the fruit in a way that is not possible by any other method of cooking.

RECIPE

8 ozs. Flour. 4 ozs. Shredded 'ATORA.'
1 teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.

Mix the flour, baking powder and salt well together, add the Shredded 'Atora,' and mix, do *not* rub in. Add water to mix to a firm paste (about a small teacupful) and roll out. Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons. Steam 1½ to 2 hours on slow fire or low gas jet.

With 'Atora' the pudding is no trouble to prepare. Just pour the suet, ready shredded, from the packet into the flour and mix — that's all.

Hugon's

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Study *the* Stars *and* "Dress *your* Line"

(*Continued from page* 13)

She failed to recognise style in every conceivable way. Her vogue would soon have run out. Said Adrian: "If I put anything on her that wasn't a tight waistand circular skirt, she would cry; she didn't care about being a smart young woman, she wanted to remain the Joan Crawford flapper type.

"During her romance and subsequent marriage to young Douglas Fairbanks she began to change. Bit by bit she became interested in style as something apart from herself, something that did have its silhouette. She became curious about it, then absorbed. She began to get compliments about her appearance, to feel that style was something important.

"When she got the right feel, I never saw anyone throw away the wrong things so fast and furiously. Her blossoming was fantastic. To-day Joan Crawford is absolutely stunning. She has a great flair for clothes. Nothing is too smart for her."

But, girls, before you can achieve the younger-woman sophistication of Joan Crawford, you must first get your figure down to her slim, svelte line. She reduced her weight from one hundred and forty pounds to one hundred and ten. Both her bust and hips measure the same, thirty-seven inches; waistline twenty-four inches.

Norma Shearer is a perfect example of the woman who has made the most of every asset and discounted her liabilities. When this Canadian girl entered the pictures in 1923, the sleek, graceful figure you see to-day was almost roly-poly. Hips and bust were large. Her legs were too short, too big and too everything that was wrong. Her teeth lapped in front—for years she had to wear a brace. Her small, deep-set eyes were like blue beads. Her shoulders drooped. In fact, she had nearly every physical handicap. But there was one thing Norma Shearer brought to pictures—a chin well up!

Witness the cool, classic actress of to-day! The manner in which she carries her head alone is a lesson to any girl. When she enters a room, she is the most charming, and least ostentatiously dressed, woman in it. She is walking on much slimmer legs, but they still are too short for her long body. By raising her waistline higher and dropping her hemline lower, however, this lack of proportion is disguised.

Adrian defines Norma Shearer as "a conservative type with a flair for originality, which is consistently interesting and safe for other women to follow. She looks best in sports and tailored clothes."

Miss Shearer has practically a tailored personality. She is very methodical, level-headed. She goes about her job the way a banker goes to his banking house. Every Shearer costume seen on the screen was tested many times before it was photographed.

Travis Banton, Paramount stylist, declares: "There should be no fast rule as to colour. One degree in complexion, one shade darker hair can make a difference. Go against the obvious pastels for blondes, the reds and gay greens for brunettes, and be successful in achieving something that is individual. I would advise a woman to get a detached attitude toward herself, forget what she, as a person, likes. Don't say: 'I know I can't wear that line or that colour.' Turn the bright lights on. Hold bright colours up to yourself. See what reaction you get."

Lilyan Tashman, conceded to be the best-dressed woman on the screen, declares that when a woman limits herself to favourite colours or cut she defeats the possibilities of ever becoming a completely chic person. Miss Tashman doesn't want to be one definite type. She can wear ruffles or she can be severe, can look as stunning in a pleated skirt and high-neck blouse as in an elaborate, backless evening gown. She has a marvellous figure, but it is not a God-given one. She doesn't let it go. She studies her make-up, takes great care of

(*Continued on page* 102)

BRILLIANT YOUNG FAVOURITE IN LONDON SOCIETY

LADY BRIDGETT POULETT

guards her flawless skin this sure way

"To be successful socially or professionally depends not only on one's brain but on one's *looks*," is the opinion of Lady Bridgett Poulett.

Lady Bridgett herself — sister of Earl Poulett — is very lovely. She has a perfect skin, like a creamy magnolia, and has been likened to a famous painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

"There's no excuse for an 'ugly duckling' in any family," says Lady Bridgett. "The first essential to beauty is a fresh, clear youthful complexion, and I've no patience with the woman who doesn't make the best of her looks when it's so simple.

"Personally I use Pond's. First the delicious Cold Cream for cleansing, and of course the Pond's Tissues — their softness makes them ideal for wiping off cold cream. Then the Freshener, a marvellous skin pick-me-up. Lastly the Vanishing Cream — a perfect powder base."

As Lady Bridgett says, "Pond's is the easiest, surest way to safeguard your complexion." Follow her example and take the Pond's way to beauty.

TO CLEANSE the skin thoroughly every night, spread Pond's Cold Cream generously over face and neck. The fine oils search out dirt from the roots of the pores and soothe that taut feeling after exposure to sun and wind. Wipe off cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, then dab on Pond's Skin Freshener to brace the skin and close the pores. If your skin *feels* dry, apply more cream and leave on overnight.

TO PROTECT your skin and make the powder go on evenly and last longer, smooth on a thin film of fragrant Pond's Vanishing Cream. It disguises little blemishes and gives an exquisite velvety finish.

Pond's Cold Cream: In jars: 1/3, 2/6 and 5/-. In tubes: 6d, 1/- and 2/6
Pond's Vanishing Cream: In jars: 1/3 and 2/6. In tubes: 6d and 1/-
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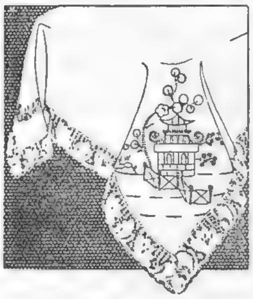

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Per dozen **5/3**

CREAM IRISH LINEN
For all fancy and drawn-thread work, and for making afternoon tea-cloths, table centres, cushion covers, chair backs, etc. Special price, and note the widths.
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"B.E." ....

her beautiful blonde hair, which also is dressed a step ahead of the prevailing fashions.

According to Mr. Banton, the reason Lilyan Tashman is the best-dressed woman on the screen "is because she thinks more of her appearance and her clothes than of anything else. She knows every great dress being done. Taking her as a whole, she is not a person to follow, but there is sure to be something in her wardrobe that every woman can get an idea from. If she does a thing that is a little extreme, it can be modified. She is almost a fashion magazine. She is full of fashion hints."

Irene Dunne, who, both on and off the screen, is beginning to challenge Lilyan Tashman's reputation for smart gowning, shuns the fads of fashion. Instead of displaying the latest mode, her idea in selecting clothes is to enhance the charm of her personality.

The Irene Dunne types, according to Max Ree, the designer who made her clothes, must first look for distinctiveness and subtle lines. "A woman of her breeding and long slim elegance is an excellent model for the new silhouette. She can wear evening clothes magnificently, give a modern verve to a picturesque period gown and a feminine air to trim, tailored frocks.

Kay Francis is the distinguished type of brunette, well groomed from her intriguing "widow's peak" to her trim pumps, yet she is the tallest star on the screen—five feet seven inches. With her height in mind, she is better able to allow the accessories of each costume to take a prominent place. Banton describes her as "a decorative person. If you are her type, think of yourself in a frame," he says, "no matter what you are dressing for—a ballroom or the deck of a ship. Even your pyjamas can have a decorative motif.

"Kay Francis is very safe to follow. For her I design informal gowns with poise and a graceful quality, smart evening gowns with trains, or tailored clothes which have a definite brisk quality."

Ruth Chatterton isn't tall enough for her slightly plump figure. She solves her problem with smart simplicity. She goes in heavily for severely tailored suits of wool and tweed mixtures, with hats and accessories matching both in colour and severity. Her clothes must have no unbroken lines, no peplums, drapes, frilly laces, elaborate beading or horizontal stripes, to make her shorter than she is. For evening wear she affects trains accentuating the long lines of her gowns, and also the drop shoulder. Having unusually lovely shoulders and back, Miss Chatterton emphasises that interest in many of her gowns. In the accompanying illustration, the graceful cape reaches well below the waist at its lowest point in the back.

Constance Bennett's back is too thin. Her shoulders are inclined to protrude, but the world doesn't see this defect. Most of her evening gowns are designed with cowl drapes in the back, or a semblance of a scarf casually thrown around the neck—as in the accompanying photograph.

"Glamour" is one word which could sum up the charm of Constance Bennett. If you are her type, with hair of old Roman gold, enigmatic eyes and the allure of sophistication, feminine clothes and pastel hues are not for you. You must catch in your costume the subtle, woman-of-the-world quality which this little five-feet-two-inch Marquise de la Falaise has. "Your clothes must be rich but not ornate," says Gwen Wakeling, who costumed Miss Bennett for Pathé, "daring and yet suggestive of simplicity. For you there can be no mannish tweeds or rough homespun. The softest of fabrics for your sport clothes and tailleurs, while for evening you must select the mystery of black velvet, the long, clinging lines of ivory or soft brocades."

The Ann Harding type can go to the other extreme. Sincerity and lack of artificiality link her with fundamentals and realities. Ann Harding was an Army officer's daughter, brought up in the saddle. To-day she flies her own plane. Her type looks as much at

home in tweeds and flying togs as in a trailing chiffon tea gown. No embellishment is needed by a woman with Ann Harding's Madonna-like head and almost classic beauty. Frills and furbelows would be as much a desecration as a marcel wave in her golden tresses.

Dolores Del Rio is the dark Madonna of the movies. Her vivid Latin beauty reflects this creed of simplicity. One never sees a rose in her hair—lacquered back from her face—nor is the perfection of her figure ever hidden with a Spanish shawl. With soft, rich fabrics she practically sculptures every line and curve. Glove-fitting lines are favoured for all her clothes, formal or informal. If you are so fortunate as to be the exotic Del Rio type, fight for all you are worth against the natural tendency to wear flamboyant colours and gewgaws!

The clothes problems of a blonde far outnumber those of a brunette. "Blondes have pitfalls to avoid," said Carole Lombard, "in the so-called theatrical effect. My blonde theory is that all costumes should form a background for golden hair. The temptation of blondes to add ropes of pearls to their black frocks, to wear hats that are too top-tilting and show too much honey-coloured hair, should be resisted."

"In costuming girls of Brunette Sally Eilers' athletic type," said Guy Duty, Fox Films designer who formerly created costumes for Gloria Swanson, "one should aim for the straightline effect. I find the mannish, broad shoulder more becoming to Sally. She looks well in soft polo coats, scarfs, stocks, Angora sweaters of bright colours specially knitted for her. I create her flying costumes always of the softest suede."

Earl Luick, First-National-Warner-Brothers' stylist, considers Loretta Young one of the best subjects for beautiful clothes among the younger set in Hollywood. Tall, slim-hipped, blue-eyed, brown-haired—this sort of girl is not limited to colour or style, looks equally lovely in frilly evening clothes or sports things.

Sidney Fox, with her sixty inches of cuteness, brown eyes, olive complexion and slightly *retroussé* nose, is nothing like so lucky as Loretta. Her type has many warnings to heed. To keep from looking dumpy, the first thing she must think of naturally is length of line. Her clothes contain an interesting problem in proportion. They must be cut down to a small scale modified in detail.

"All my life I've wanted a chiffon with big flowers all over it," Sidney Fox told the writer. "I've longed to wear a big coat with a big fox collar, but I know better than to try."

Short jackets are also out for Sidney Fox; likewise circular skirts, brimmed hats, heavy materials or shiny satin. If satin is used at all, it should be lustreless. For evening, little Miss Sidney wears white crêpe or feminine net with the waistline a trifle high and the skirt very long. She warns every girl of her size always to wear slippers to match her gown. Even a different coloured slipper would cut off from her height.

It is the same thing with jewellery, especially earrings, which shorten one. She uses only small hand bags and says: "Surely no girl as short as I am would make the mistake of wearing large hats, for the effect is so much like a mushroom!" Sidney advises pyjamas for daytime because "they are long and help one to appear taller," plain street clothes with very smart hats to match, and says she just forgets that gathers and wide tucks were ever used in dressmaking.

By following this strict diet, girls of Sidney Fox's build need not bother about looking dumpy; like this star, they can be the personification of daintiness and feminine charm.

The main thing for a fat figure to avoid like the plague is a round neck—always wear a V. For the very large women there are no screen criterions.

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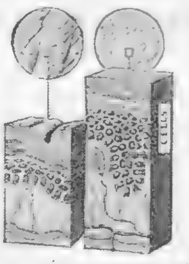
Section on left shows ageing skin: surface wrinkled and dry scales peeling off; poor layer of active tissue, cells shrunk to three rows.

Section on right shows skin after treatment with W-5 brand tablets: surface smooth and firm; rich active tissue; increased rows of cells some of which are growing; improved nutrition and therefore skin fresh, clear and youthful.



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A Quartette *in* Two Suites

(*Continued from page* 23)

those who makes up his mind and at once acts vigorously," he declared. "I am aware I have frequently said that I would never marry, my art being all-sufficing. But on further consideration I have decided that I have a duty to posterity. Briefly, my dear Willie, I have fallen in love with a voice, a voice truly *ravissante;* and its owner is the little dark-haired lady who dwells in the suite outside which we performed a moment ago."

"What, Miss Morgan?"

"Why not? She is sweet, womanly and docile. She sings herself and will guard my art and its producer faithfully. I tell you this, Willie, in order to command your assistance."

"It is yours, of course," agreed the accompanist dubiously.

"There is no time to be lost. I intend to take the lady by storm. She has heard my voice. We must make her acquaintance before she forgets it."

"She will never forget it," murmured Willie.

"True. But we must strike while the iron is hot. Go, Willie, and seek the manager. Tell him to inform Miss Morgan at once that Signor Georgio Poggini presents his compliments and explains that, happening to pass her door, he heard a nightingale singing, and, recognising his peer, he could not refrain from giving an answering note. Go, Willie, at once, and let me know quickly how you prosper."

The secretary departed. The tenor feverishly lit another cigarette. He was in a reckless mood. Everything seemed to him to be in good train. Nobody could be aware that he knew Miss Morgan was Clara Hess, a young singer whose voice would one day shake the world. So his brief and fiery courtship of her would be unstained with the suspicion of an ulterior motive. Why she had told Dr. Bols her real name while concealing it from the hotel people was easy to understand. She hoped that her fame would make the famous rhinologist devote to her case the very quintessence of his skill. Whereas if the hotel people knew she was a famous singer they would charge her double for the suite. "Worldly wisdom is in the very blood of these Americans," mused the tenor, gazing complacently at his cloth-topped, patent-leather boots. That being so, she would not require to be told of the great advantage which would accrue to her through having him as a husband to make her contracts for her and generally guard her interests.

He went to the side table and poured himself out another large cocktail. He reflected that he had once sung at the Scala, but only once. A triumphant memory, tinged with bitterness. He was half-way through this second cocktail when Willie Wilson returned.

"The manager went at once and explained to Miss Morgan and Miss Pimm, who had just come in again," reported Willie. "He came back and told me that Miss Morgan doesn't care for people collecting so noisily for the hospital outside her suite."

"But the devil!" exclaimed the tenor. "The manager has got it all mixed up. Did I not tell you to tell him," he asked angrily, "that it was the nightingale answering its mate?"

Willie Wilson looked serious.

"He misunderstood what I said, apparently," he explained. "He is a foreigner, Swiss, I think. He came back and said that Miss Morgan told him she wants no more night gales. She says the ordinary London weather is bad enough."

"The fool!" cried the tenor, stamping the floor. "The consummate ass!" He tossed off his cocktail. "And you are as bad, Willie. I see that I shall have to descend myself and explain the situation. But no! That would be too banal. And yet if we are to succeed, we must strike and at once."

"Signor."

The tenor scratched his chin.

"I have it!" he (*Continued on page* 106)

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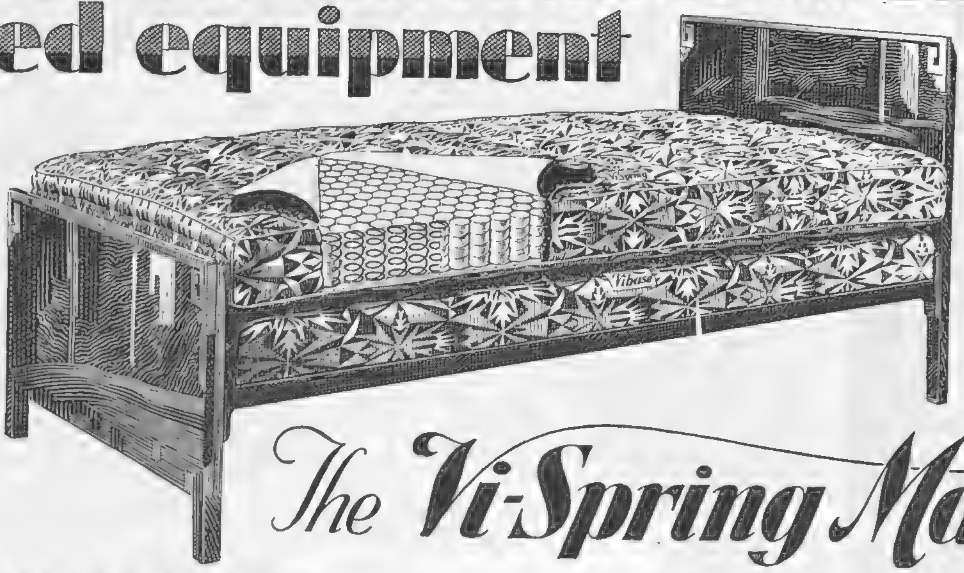

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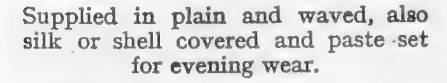

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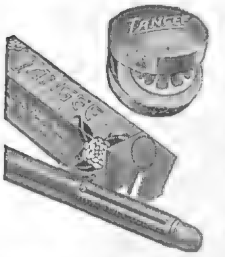

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exclaimed at last. "Victory, Willie! Sit down and listen to this. Help yourself to a cocktail, my friend. Have a cigarette? You have no conception how valuable you are to me, and in what affection I hold you. This is my plan. The ladies are seated in their usual seat by the door in the entrance hall. I am seated close to them, but as yet we are strangers. Presently you make your entrance. You are obviously the worse for liquor. . . ."

"Signor!" Willie protested. "How could I . . . ?"

"You are obviously the worse for liquor," repeated the tenor, frowning heavily. "You stumble against Miss Morgan. An altercation follows, I rush to her rescue, pushing you aside. She thanks me for my singing. And there, you see, I have accomplished my introduction and also acquired a reputation for bravery."

"But I can't possibly——" Willie was beginning. He stopped. After all, if he didn't he would be sacked, and jobs were few. What would Miss Pimm care anyhow if he was drunk? He was nothing to her, never could be. A secretary-accompanist, a flunkey more or less, a composer of rubbishy songs!

"Have another cocktail?" pressed the tenor masterfully. "Willie, you're a dear fellow."

Willie Wilson had three more cocktails before he sailed into the entrance hall. Dinner had been just served. Many guests were sitting on the chairs and settees waiting to go in to dine. Among them, close to the door, as usual, he saw, not too clearly, Miss Morgan and Miss Pimm. He advanced towards them with a wavering gait and had no difficulty whatever in stumbling over Miss Morgan's extended foot.

He fell towards her, saved himself by an effort. Then was conscious of his employer springing at him like a bull at a toreador. He managed half mechanically to receive the rather prominent tenor adiposity on the point of his left elbow. All this according to plan.

But Miss Pimm's shriek, and, "He's snatched my bag. Stop thief!" was certainly not according to plan. Neither was the shouting and screaming of the other guests, the slamming of doors and the howls of the scurrying waiters.

Willie Wilson stood, blinking around him. He noticed in amazement that a couple of men guests had seized his employer and were hanging on to each arm. The tenor was not resisting. He appeared paralysed with astonishment. Miss Morgan was talking excitedly to the manager.

"This man," she declared, pointing to Signor Poggini, "has been sneaking round my suite all evening. I thought he was up to mischief. When the actual thief snatched my handbag this gentleman tried to prevent him, and would have done so had he not stumbled over my foot and then been interfered with by the thief's confederate, the man you are holding now."

"But, madam," the hotel manager began. "This is Signor Poggini, the well-known tenor."

"You may think so," said Miss Morgan heatedly. "But he's a sneak thief. What's the good of talking. Everybody saw it."

"We certainly did," said one or two of the guests.

It is superfluous to describe a policeman. Two can be imagined leading off to the nearest police station a few moments afterwards a flabbergasted Signor Poggini, a Signor Poggini who (what a world it would be if such miracles occurred often to operatic tenors) had been stricken dumb. Of course, he was eventually bailed out, but until late that evening Willie Wilson had the private suite all to himself.

Feeling very lonely, for Signor Poggini was a person one couldn't help missing, he had seated himself at the piano and almost mechanically had begun to play the song he had composed. Miss Pimm, he knew, looked upon him now as a hero. But the truth was bound to come out. What would she think of him then?

"'I love you,'" he murmured, singing softly the refrain of the song, and, as the Signor had told him, it was a rotten little song. "'From your hair To the pair Of small shoes that you wear And your smile All the while Drives me quite to despair. For I love you, my love, my dream.'"

It was a golden-haired girl just like Miss Pimm he had thought of when he wrote the words of the song, and that was why he had been so interested in her from the first. And now, when he looked up and saw her standing by the piano, he somehow did not feel surprised.

"So you're the one who plays that pretty song," she said. "It's been running in my head for the past week."

Willie Wilson tried to say something smart and apposite.

"No," said Miss Pimm. "Not like a disease. You mustn't say such things. It's a beautiful little song. Just you try and write one as good. Now, I've come to hear the real truth about this affair. The man they've taken to gaol swears that you stumbled over Miss Morgan's foot on purpose."

Her blue eyes looked him through and through, and he knew he could not lie.

"You see," he stumbled, "he's very worried about a pimple on his larynx—and he has fallen in love with Miss Morgan—so he asked me to help him by falling over her foot—so that he could come to her assistance and make her acquaintance. I was—er—er—to pretend I had had too much to drink."

"I see," said Miss Pimm thoughtfully. "So that man who snatched my handbag wasn't part of the outfit? It's difficult to believe. But I do believe you."

"Thank you," said Willie Wilson humbly.

"I can believe anything of an operatic tenor," added Miss Pimm. "You're not one, I hope?" she asked sharply.

"No," said Willie. "I'm an accompanist—and, of course, a composer."

Miss Pimm devoured him with her soft and splendid eyes.

"A composer? Did you compose this?" she asked, seizing the manuscript on the piano.

"I'm afraid I did," said Willie Wilson.

"I adore composers," announced Miss Pimm, and her smile was heavenly. "It's a lovely song. Play me the opening bars. I'm going to try and sing it."

"You?" said Willie doubtfully.

He began to play, and then, as a glorious soprano voice, full of sweetness and passion filled the room, played on mechanically, listening half dazed.

"'Your smile All the while Drives me quite to despair,'" sang Miss Pimm. "'For I love you, my love, my dream!'"

"And I guess I do," she ended, putting out her hand and ruffling his hair. "Anyway, I am looking for a composer-accompanist for my tour of the States this year, and I guess you just fill the bill. Say, Mr. Wilson, will you come. I'm Clara Hess, you know."

END

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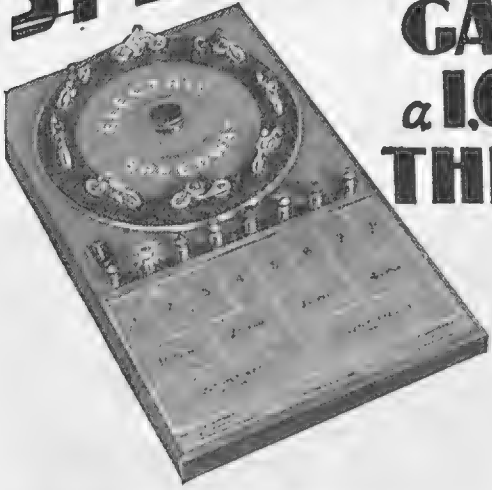

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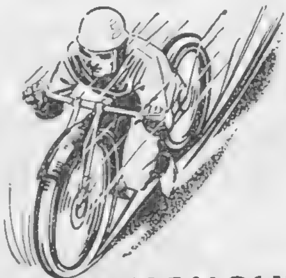

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THE SALT OF

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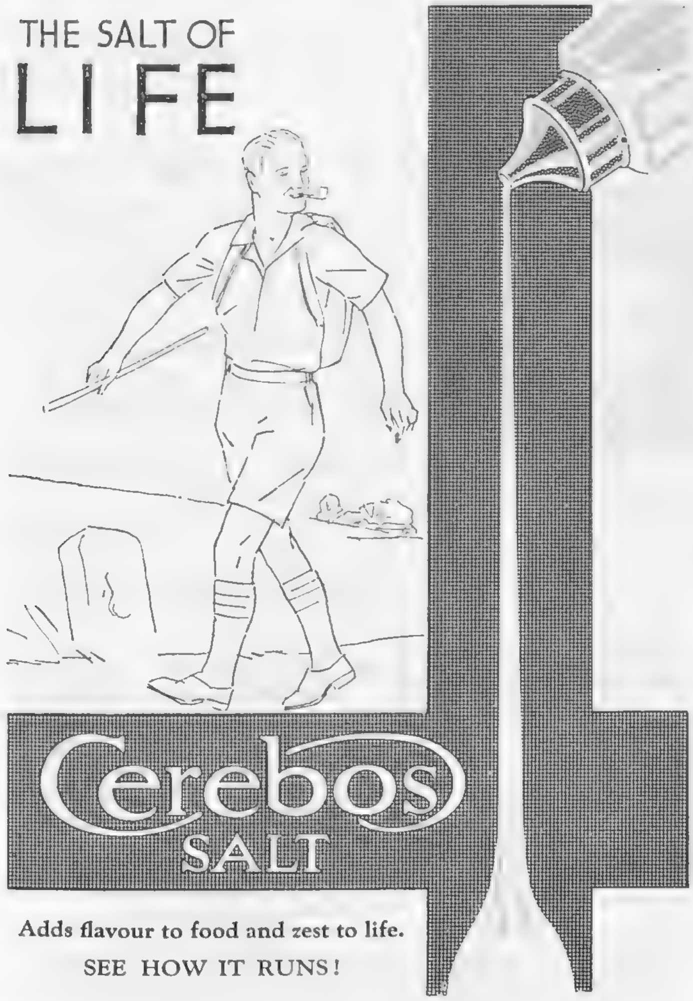

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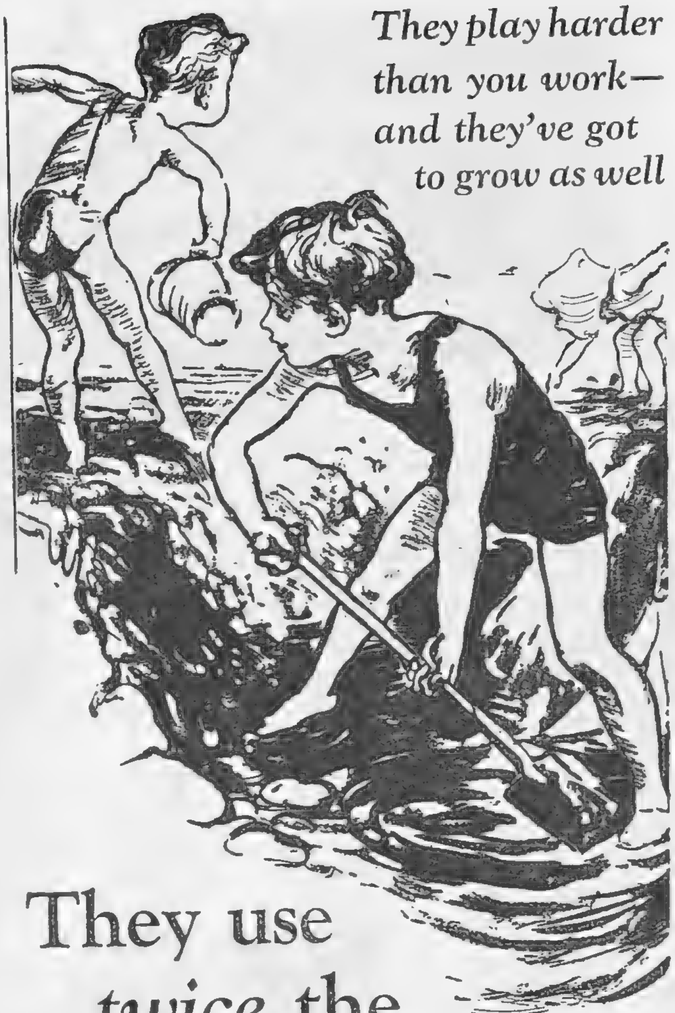

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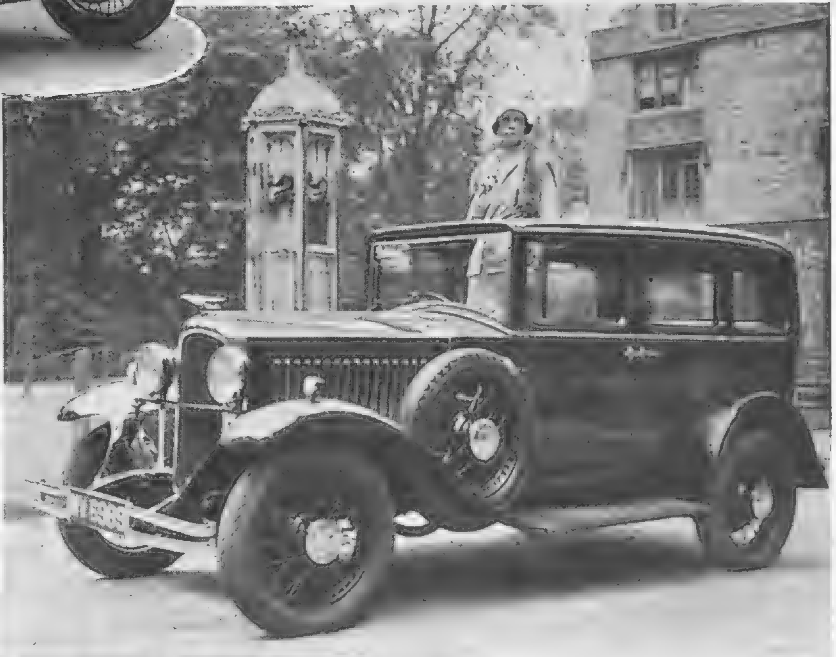
Exceptional VALUE *for* £300

The 17 *h.p.* VAUXHALL "CADET"

By
The Earl of Cardigan

THE Vauxhall "Cadet" is a distinctly good-looking car, combining graceful "lines" with unusual roominess and comfort



WITH a sliding roof—a distinct asset in fine weather—the complete car is very modestly priced at £295

IT is always very interesting to me, as in the case of the Vauxhall "Cadet," to drive a popular make of car for the second or third time, recording my impressions and comparing them with those formed on the previous occasions. I believe that I have driven the "Cadet" three times in all, once before and twice since the introduction of the Vauxhall synchro-mesh gearbox.

On the first occasion, if I remember rightly, I thought the car sound but rather uninspiring. On the second, I liked it much better, but was preoccupied chiefly with what was then a brand-new development in simplified gearbox control. Now, having become acquainted with the most recent model, I find myself chiefly struck by the practical value of the car as a whole, and the way in which it seems to meet the demands of an unusually difficult period.

One's first observation, of course, is that the price is right. With several models selling for less than £300, the "Cadet," as a full-sized family car, is remarkably inexpensive. Even more creditable is the fact that no other quality of the chassis or coachwork is wrong. Whatever one expects a car of this type and horse-power to do, the Vauxhall does; and does it, moreover, with a notable absence of effort and fuss.

THE 17 h.p. engine is of clean design and readily accessible. The tools are well placed in a compartment beneath the scuttle, where they are well protected and ready to hand

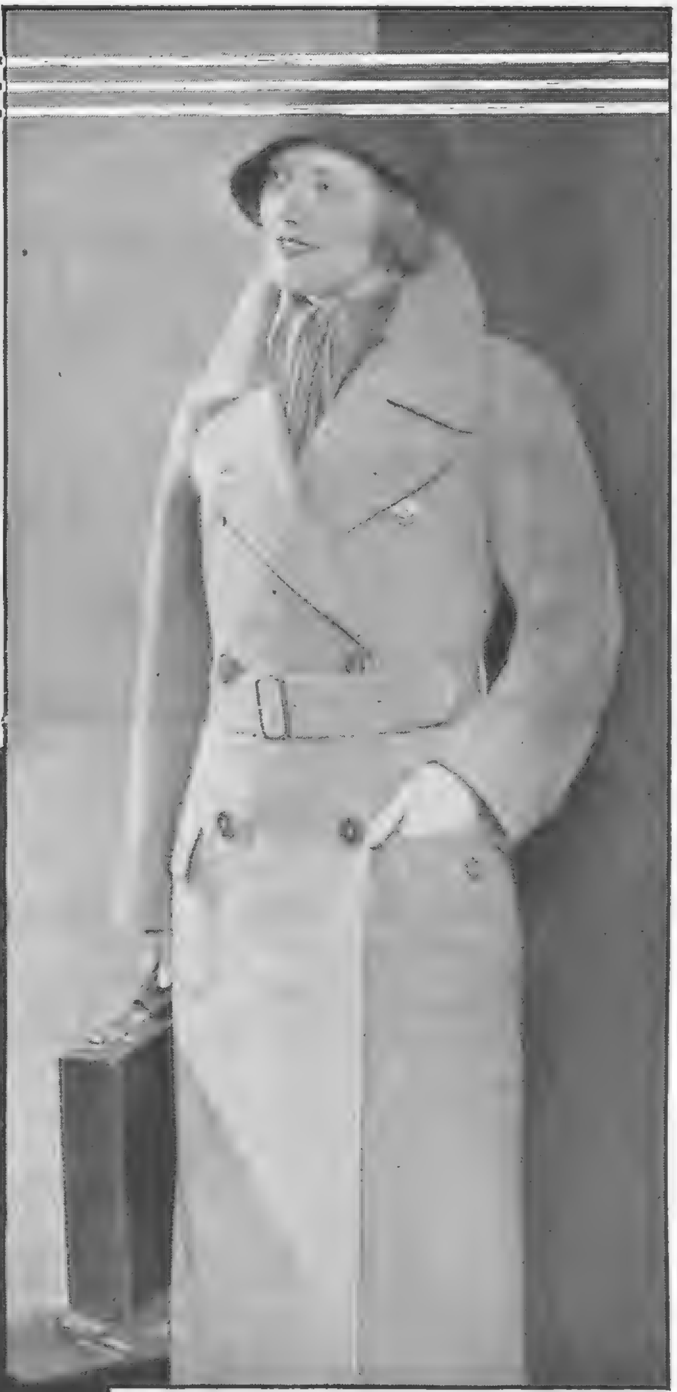
The six-cylinder engine, for instance, is admirably silent and smooth. It develops ample power at low speeds, but avoids the common fault of aggressively high "revs" and low gearing. Between 40 and 50 m.p.h., which is the main road cruising speed of the average driver, it has particularly comfortable and easy paces, while retaining a good reserve of power for hill-climbing or acceleration.

The synchro-mesh gearbox is seldom required other than for traffic purposes, but its virtues are none the less real and substantial. One good point is that, to the experienced driver, there is no outwardly apparent difference between these gears and any other. He can drive in the ordinary manner, and may easily, as I did, forget that any special mechanism exists until reminded of the fact by the unwonted 100 per cent. efficiency of his every gear change. The best of drivers makes a slight error sometimes, and it is then that the synchro-mesh device makes its presence known by automatically transforming the inexact change into an exact one.

TO the inexperienced driver, this gearbox must be a boon indeed. There are many motorists, I am sure, who are hampered by the fact that their gear changes only "come off" at certain speeds, or when the engine is warm, or when there is time to concentrate. When these favourable conditions do not exist, they will be relieved to find that the synchro-mesh device comes automatically to the rescue, a small clutch corrects any errors that they may have made, and the result is a perfect, silent change.

Three speeds only are provided, but this is no real disadvantage when the indirect second gear can be fully and fearlessly used. Undoubtedly it is better to give the average man three speeds that he will use instead of four speeds that he will be afraid of.

The steering is good and light, and the suspension is remarkably efficient. As in all Vauxhall cars, the braking system is altogether admirable, for the brakes are not only of great power, but also exceedingly light and progressive in their action. The hand brake, also, is above reproach—a state of affairs which is nowadays lamentably rare. When one has experienced the abominable "parking brake," with its rat-trap action, fitted to many quite expensive modern cars, one is grateful for any auxiliary brake which slows and stops the car in a respectable manner. The coachwork of the saloon which I tested was thoroughly comfortable, and provided ample room for four large or five slim people. The driving position is well arranged, and a point to be appreciated is that all models are fitted throughout with safety glass. It is, in fact, difficult to see how better value could be given for £300 or less.



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CRAVEN "A"

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The Dog Problem

What should a Motorist do?

By the Earl of Cardigan

SUNSHINE and shadow. *A pretty lane in the neighbourhood of Leatherhead*

I HAVE just been reading a newspaper account of an accident in which several lives were lost, apparently owing to a motorist having swerved to avoid a dog. His swerve brought him into collision with a lorry, and his machine was completely wrecked.

The problem of what the motorist should do when a dog runs out into the road, and the generally accepted solution, are both as old as motoring itself—quite possibly older. It is evident, however, from the number of accidents directly or indirectly caused by dogs, that many drivers still find it difficult to carry out in practice the rule which they presumably accept in theory.

There is, of course, nothing more unpleasant for the average dog-loving individual than deliberately to run down an inoffensive animal. It demands a degree of cold-blooded ruthlessness which fortunately does not come naturally to the ordinary Englishman. This being so, and the necessity being admitted to sacrifice a dog's life rather than that of a human being, it is clear that some definite mental effort must be made in order to prevent humanitarian instincts overriding the dictates of reason and logic.

It is not enough merely to wait until the emergency arises, and then to do some quick thinking. To think quickly is very often to think wrongly, or at least inadequately. It is far better to do one's thinking in advance, so that, when it comes to the point, one has merely to put into practice the result of previous thought.

In the case of a dog running out into the road, the obvious conclusion is that, where doubt exists as to whether the animal can be avoided without endangering one's passengers, the animal's life must be sacrificed. A rider may be added that a swerve may be attempted on a dry road but not on a wet one; below 40 m.p.h., but not above that speed. It does not so very much matter what conditions we lay down for our guidance—every driver will decide these differently according to his own skill or his car's controllability, the point is that they must be definite, and so fixed in the mind that they will be acted upon automatically.

I HOPE that it will not be supposed that I consider the painful necessity for running down a dog to be a normal every-day affair. With intelligent driving, it should occur very rarely, if at all. Dogs do not suddenly run across a road for no reason whatever; there is always a motive, usually another dog or the dog's master on the opposite side. Thus one can, and should, foresee what a dog is liable to do. Many dogs, also, respond to the sound of the horn, and the demeanour of a dog often indicates whether it is of a steady-going or excitable nature.

What is inevitable is that, once "in a blue moon," a dog will dash across the road without any warning of any sort being given. The best of drivers cannot always guard against this, and I know one man—he is a real dog enthusiast, and takes an infinity of care to avoid such incidents—who always carries a small pistol in his car. He knows that one day his caution may be unavailing, and likes to have the means of sparing the canine victim any unnecessary suffering.

He knows, also, that one day human lives may depend on his making a correct and quick decision. To brake? To swerve? To grip the wheel and go straight on? It may have to be the latter.

I myself am a great believer in thinking out all such problems in advance. What should one do, for instance, if a wheel comes off—if the brakes fail—if the accelerator pedal jams? It may save vital seconds if one knows the answer in advance.

This policy of providing against hypothetical emergencies can, of course, be carried too far. I was asked recently, for instance, what I should do in the event of a wing falling off from an aeroplane. I replied that I should no doubt burst into tears, and I still think that this is as sensible an answer as any other that I could have thought of!

THE problem of a sudden brake failure, on the other hand, is one which actually occurred to me not long ago. My four-wheel brakes gave way without warning, a metal rod having snapped clean across. My pre-arranged plan was to pull on the extremely inefficient hand-brakes, change down to third, and then to second gear. I am glad to say that this expedient met the situation adequately, and by repeating it I was able to continue to the nearest garage while keeping the car under full control.

The loss of a wheel, I am glad to say, has not yet occurred to me, but I have a plan prepared which may be worth passing on, since, even to-day, such an event is not absolutely unknown. My rule is to steer in the direction of the lost wheel—to the left if a left-hand wheel is shed, and *vice versa*.

Where it can be done, it should have the effect of keeping the car upright while it is being brought to a standstill.

In any case, some plan of action, even if of dubious value, is decidedly better than none.

This Month's Motoring Hint

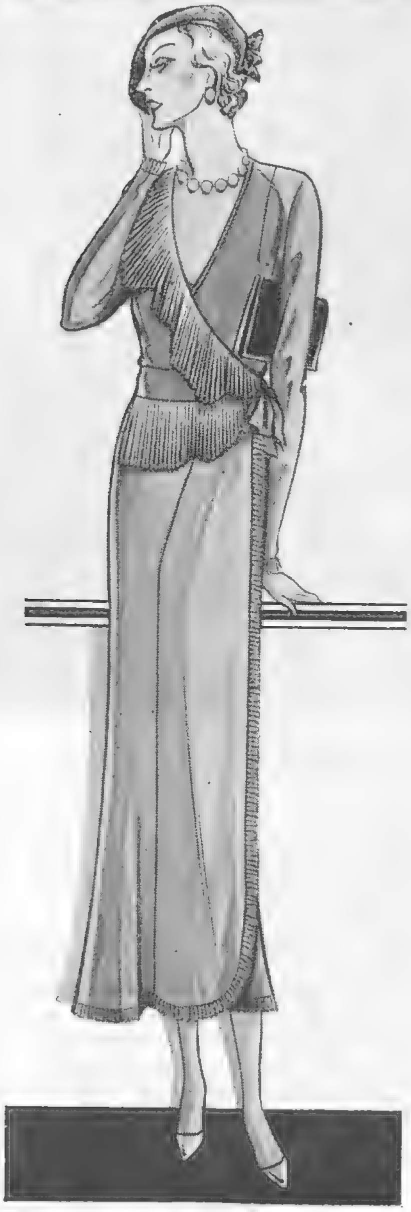
Common Sense with the New Car

I WAS recently talking to a lady who had bought a new car. She had been told not to exceed 30 m.p.h. for the first 500 miles, and she had scrupulously avoided doing so. Hearing that the 500 miles was nearly up, I suggested that she might gradually begin to work up speed to 35 m.p.h. or so, and was quite surprised at the horror with which she regarded such a notion. No, she would not exceed 30 m.p.h. until the 501st mile was shown on her speedometer.

Now, a rule of this sort is never intended to be taken literally although no doubt it often is. To cover the 500th mile at 30 m.p.h., and the 501st mile at 50 m.p.h., is simply absurd. Engines "loosen up" gradually and progressively, and should therefore be driven in a gradual and progressive manner.

In this case, I should have kept well below 30 m.p.h. for the first 100 miles or so. Then I should have tried a level 30 m.p.h. Later on, I should have cruised at 30, with occasional short bursts of 35 m.p.h., and later still I should have maintained 35, with occasional short bursts of 40 m.p.h. In this way, I believe that I should have obtained results quite as good as, and possibly better than, this lady has done, and have saved myself the exhausting task of keeping a continual eye on the speedometer.

FASCINATING FROCKS for MATERNITY WEAR



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Gilbert Frankau *on* Marriage

(*Continued from page* 37)

materialism. And it is no more use trying to shirk this issue than trying to shirk, as the Victorians always tried to shirk, the issue as to whether marriage was a religious sacrament or a civil contract.

But that last issue, fortunately, we have never needed to discuss.

MARRIAGE, in our case, is solely a civil contract, approved by our own intelligence, though sanctified if you like by our own emotions, binding us both, as its first clause, and as formally as though we had entered upon a written agreement, to live within our income.

And this contract, in our particular case, is all the more to be respected by both of us because, in so far as it is humanly possible to foresee the future, there is no chance of our ever being rich.

I have made two matrimonial mistakes. And as the law stands to-day, I shall have to go on paying for them, in the only way I can pay, by my writings, for the expectation of my natural life.

And here let me say that although I have no quarrel with the law which obligates a man to pay for his mistakes, I feel that it needs some readjustment to modern conditions. To get rid of the man and yet keep a third of his income, is a monstrous temptation to any wife who has fallen out of love with her husband. While the mere process of our Courts—still hampered in the administration of abstract justice by the ecclesiastical idea of marriage—offers an opportunity for "legal blackmail" which is difficult for any petitioner to resist.

But to return to my muttons, or rather my third marriage. I have said that what we both expect, what we both demand, is a reasonable measure of happiness. And that we are both agreed that the prime requisite for married happiness is not to shirk the material issue.

Happiness, nevertheless, we both realise, cannot be bought. To live within one's income, granted two sensible people with the necessary resolution, is not so very difficult. But to live *happily* within one's income, especially if one's income is as limited as ours is going to be, is a very different problem.

Some literary men I know—Americans in particular—no longer work at home. But in my own case, we have decided after much thought, her home and my office will have to be combined. Mainly on account of another habit which, contracted early, is not easy to break.

For years now, it has been my habit not to leave the house until the main creative work of the day has been accomplished. Immediately after breakfast I go straight to my writing-table. And since all creative work presupposes a state of nervous concentration, breakfast, even with the most adored companion, is certainly going to be a snag.

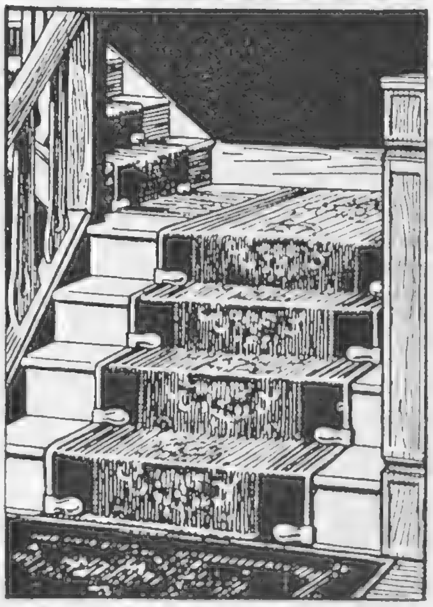
But because the serving of two breakfasts in a modest establishment must eventually lead to domestic mutiny, we are resolved to overcome that snag—and whatsoever others we may encounter; relying, for this, mainly on that sense of humour which both of us hold, and very firmly, to be worth more than all the money in the world.

For the greatest gift of all is the gift of Laughter. And most cursed of all is he or she who takes the affairs of this world too seriously. Nor is even love an exception to this all-embracing rule.

Which is why, having read over what I have so far written, I cannot help smiling a little at the thought of having set myself up as a kind of authority on marriage—there being no real authority on marriage, and no text-book from which one can learn its rules.

Actually—and this is real excitement, the real adventure, the real thrill of modern marriage—it is a game played without rules, and by every couple differently. Nor can any couple, however devoted, escape the truth

The MODERN WOMAN considers stair-rods out-of-date



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Stair Rods are going the way of antimacassars. They cause endless work, and spoil a beautiful carpet by cutting up the pattern at every step.
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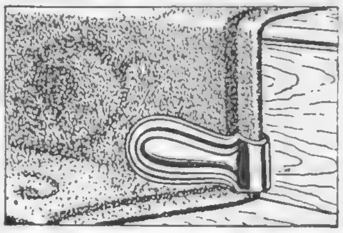
"Clippers" hold carpet in place without sagging, because they move sideways to release carpet instead of upwards, as do other makes.
"Clippers" allow carpet to be lifted and relaid in a quarter the time taken with Stair Rods; they slide back into position after taking up carpet, and they remain on stairs until it is relaid. Styles and prices to suit cottage or mansion.



"Clippers" fit close to edge of carpet and allow easy dusting of the sides of stairs, as they neither collect dust nor obstruct the duster.

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PATENT 265913/27

that the very fondest lovers are never quite one.

Man and woman created He—whoever He may have been—them. Two distinct personalities, the male and female. Complements if you will. Equals if you will. Nevertheless, to-day and eternally, two.

This, also, Susan and I believe that we have foreseen. Times—we have foreseen—must come, and come continually, when our outlooks differ. It will be our common duty to respect those different outlooks, now the one of us giving way, and now the other. Nor have we overlooked the necessity, common to both of us, of " the hours alone."

Every intelligent man, and every intelligent woman, needs a certain number of hours in each day absolutely alone.

Yet how many marriages go to shipwreck because the average husband and the average wife refuse to recognise this ? More, I believe, than go to shipwreck for any other reason except—finance.

For although, as a romantic novelist, I hold a permanent brief for " the grand passion," my experience as a man teaches me that not one marriage in every thousand our Courts dissolve, is dissolved because of passion.

Despite all the difficulties of modern marriage, moreover, a surprisingly small percentage of modern wives and modern husbands really want to be free.

Which also, Susan and I take for encouragement, confident, reasonably and without undue bravado, that we can make this marriage of ours a success.

And if you, having followed me so far in this argument, retort, " But all the newly-weds of all time have had exactly the same confidence," I can only answer you, " Wait and see."

Films

(*Continued from page 77*)

SO much for the Russian expression of the reformatory system, and now for the American !

" Hell's House " is frankly an attack. It is a good picture, well made. There is one thread in its weave which is the same as one in " The Road to Life " : Jimmy, the youthful hero, played by Junior Durkin with impressive simplicity and restraint, loses his mother as the result of an accident, and is thus cast on the world. Not insignificant, the universal belief that a child robbed of its mother is more likely to come to grief, and that it appears even in a film made in Russia, where marriage and motherhood are no longer revered !

Junior Durkin is either a very fine actor or a very simple lad—both perhaps ! He manages to convey that Jimmy, although a nice boy, is a good bit of a " mug," and so the mess he gets himself into and his misplaced faith in and loyalty to his crook friend are made credible, whereas the proposition that, caught in the boot-legger's hide-out in charge of a lot of liquor, he refuses the name and address of his employer, and even his own address, and goes to a reformatory still believing his crook friend is a fine fellow as well as an influential one who will get him out of his trouble, would be quite untenable. But Junior Durkin very nearly " puts it over."

There is nearly always a weakness and sentimentality in the story on which these films about prisons and reformatories and so on are strung. But wasn't Dickens sentimental in " Oliver Twist " ? As I have hinted before, you must get at the heart of the public before you can reach their heads.

Personally I found " Hell's House " moving, and I hope it effects what must be vitally necessary reforms in the treatment of obstreperous and " bad " boys. It comes at an appropriate moment, just after the publication of " Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing," Warden Lawes's second book on the American penal system.

In view of these two films, which are absorbing, quite apart from their moral and sociological content, perhaps the talkies may, sometimes, be allowed to *say* something when it wants saying !

The world's finest shoe dressing costs you only ½d. a week

For this absurdly small sum you get a shine every day that will make your shoes look twice as good. Under the shine the leather will be clean and 'healthy.' And this life-preserving cream will penetrate right into the pores of the leather. Your shoes will last longer, be more comfortable to wear and keep their shape better. Surely a halfpenny can never be spent to better purpose.

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FOR GOOD SHOES
Meltonian
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296, Regent Street, London, W.1.

Fleshpots

(Continued from page 33)

in the intricacies of double entry, contrived at the same time to watch Drogo standing motionless by a distant pillar. He looked queer, she thought, absorbed in a letter, his head bent over it. Now he was tearing it slowly lengthwise, as if he was performing some important rite.

Jacques' voice in her ear startled her.

"I must speak with Mortimer. Do you know where he is?"

Olive nodded towards the distant figure.

"Over there, Mr. Jacques."

Jacques' beady black eyes focused themselves on Drogo, still tearing the letter into infinitesimal pieces, which fell at his feet like a rain of theatrical snow. He walked across, stepping quickly, and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Drogo," he said, "I need you a moment."

Drogo started.

"All right, Jacques."

They walked together to that small space behind the glass doors where Jacques pulled wires, gave orders, and supervised the chefs belowstairs. A writing table, two telephones, a big safe, and leather armchairs, that was all the little place held.

Drogo sat down and waited, while Jacques brought out a bottle of his finest Napoleon brandy from an inner cupboard, and placed two glasses carefully in position on the table.

"I wanted to see you," said Drogo lifelessly. "If you haven't pushed in my notice, I've changed my mind."

Jacques regarded him inscrutably.

"That all right?" asked Drogo. The expression on Jacques' face puzzled him.

"But yes, but yes. I had done nothing in the matter."

His hand moved towards the brandy.

"You will drink a 'fine' with me?"

Drogo accepted. He needed it badly at the moment.

Jacques put down his empty glass and stared at Drogo.

"You recollect our client, the Baroness Waldster," he said unexpectedly.

"Perfectly."

"This afternoon only I hear of her death."

His tone was solemn.

Drogo roused himself with an effort, forced his stiff lips to say the right thing.

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"In effect," said Jacques, "it is a lamentable occurrence. Such an amiable and generous lady. But it has its compensations for you at least, Drogo, since she has left you a million"

"But it's impossible," stammered Drogo.

"It is certainly strange," said Jacques guardedly; "but without a doubt it is true."

"Her relations?"

"She had none"

"But why me?"

Jacques permitted himself to smile.

"You remember that little affair which might have led us to the edge of a real embarrassment. An elderly woman's foolish fancy for a young man, yourself, Drogo? You acted as a man of the world, you showed complete discretion. It appears this poor lady kept you in her memory. And, sapristi! she decided to leave you all her fortune. The lawyer, he ring me up just now to ask were you still here. I told him yes, and he must see you to-morrow. I fear the reporters have got hold of it already."

Drogo sat in stunned silence.

"You are overcome," said Jacques kindly, observing the strained look on his face. "I leave you a moment. The Roxfords go in half an hour, and you will be in the hall to see them off."

At the door the restaurateur in him asserted itself, and he shook a waggish finger.

"We keep you as a client, hein?"

A million. The words buzzed round in Drogo's head while their meaning slowly dawned on him. Andrew Roxford was probably worth as much. That was why Venice had stayed with him. She could leave Roxford now and not lose a fraction of the fleshpots; there was time to tell her, time for her to fabricate an excuse and meet him to-night.

He reached for the telephone, but there was no light in his eyes. Once, twice she had cheated. If he told her he was rich she would come to him, and go on cheating in a different way, until she met a man with two million. No, that wasn't fair; she wanted him as he wanted her. But she had spoilt it all.

A moment's indecision twisted his heartstrings. Then he knew. He was not going to tell her.

THE Roxfords were going.

The hall had wakened to a subdued activity. The head waiter was in evidence, and a pile of luggage began to emerge from the side entrance. In his accustomed place, just where the sunlight was met and routed by the glow of innumerable electric lights, Drogo was waiting, nonchalant, immaculate, indomitably amiable.

Sir Andrew had a brisk last-minute geniality.

"Yes, yes, quite comfortable," in answer to Drogo's query.

He turned away to give his cheque at the desk. Venice's ice-cold hand touched Drogo's.

"I did weaken, you see," she whispered. "Forgive me."

Drogo bowed.

"You were right as usual; I was a fool."

Then raising his voice: "I wish you a smooth journey, Lady Roxford," he said formally, "and plenty of sunshine."

Venice blinked, as if something dazzled or frightened her. Then an uncertain step took her into the embrace of the glass door. Andrew followed. It revolved and was still.

For a long moment Drogo stared at the motionless door.

She had gone. Unforgettably sweet, unalterably weak. The episode was over. He had everything this world could give, and had lost something not worth having, and what he had lost seemed greater than all the rest. That was Life. He turned and walked slowly away, across the thick pile carpet to the gold latticed lift.

Outside in the tempered afternoon sunlight newsboys were setting up their posters at street corners, posters which announced to a jaded London the amazing luck of a reception clerk at the Cosmopolitan Hotel.

Let "RANEE" *read your character from your* Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting: (2) your name and address in full: (3) the day and month of your birth: (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.* In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

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'SALCA'

"I am writing to tell you wha t wonders your 'Salca' has done for my Alsatian bitch. I got her at 9½ weeks old, when her weight then was only 5 lbs. She did fairly well up to the age of 7 months, when she started with worms and hysteria and went to a bundle of nerves. Different people said try this remedy and that, which I did. I was spending shillings per week on tonics, etc., and all to no good; then, two days after I had decided to have her destroyed, I read your advertisement and what it would do, so I straight away went to 'Taylor's' chemists and bought a 2/- tin.

"After 10 days on 'Salca' she turned right over, and I am more than pleased to say she has never given me an anxious moment since. She is 12½ months old now. I had her weighed at 12 months old and she weighed 50 lbs. and stands 25½ inches at the shoulder, so you can tell she is no little bitch now, and I give all the credit to your 'Salca.' I have never had anything before that has brought a dog out the same as 'Salca' has done for this one.

"You may use this letter for any advertisement you wish. I only hope that other people who read this will give it a trial the same as I did, and use it as instructed, and I do not think anyone will have any regrets.

"I do not mind who has a look at my bitch now, and I am hoping to get her better still. I have had no trouble with her so far as distemper is concerned."

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If you find difficulty in getting supplied, send 9d. for a 6d. tin. We ourselves will pay postage on a 2/- or 6/- trial tin, or promptly arrange local supplies. Kindly forward name and address of your local Chemist or Corn Dealer.

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FOOD SUPPLEMENT FOR DOGS

Sold only in Tins 6d., 2/- and 6/-; none other genuine. From Chemists, Corn Merchants and Stores, including Harrods, Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors, Gamages, etc.

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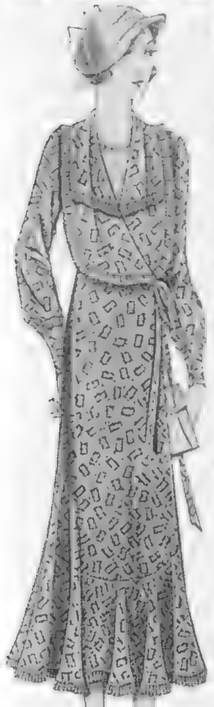

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Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

Don't disturb your hair—

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Note the
NEW SCREW CAP
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Kotex is soft, a delicate lasting softness . . . comfortable . . . cooler . . . lighter than cotton wool, yet absorbs five times as much. And the Kotex soluble sanitary pad is specially treated for deodorization. Most important of all, Kotex is instantly disposable. No wonder 7,000,000 women throughout the world prefer Kotex . . . its comfort and immaculacy.

You can buy a box of Kotex for 1/-

Get it from your draper or chemist—sold in sealed boxes—1/- (6 pads), 2/- (12 pads).

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You have never tasted
BETTER TEA
and you have never paid so little.
6 lbs. and upwards carriage paid.
Sample and Price List on request to:
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Safest Travel *on* Earth

(*Continued from page* 39)

trains, where by raising a little wire lever between the lines, the child can stop the train.

Where the junctions occur on the tubes, the lines are interwoven in a wonderful fashion to avoid any one train fouling another's path. At Camden Town, for instance, where the Edgware-Morden and City tubes meet, the tubes burrow under each other in the most amazing manner, the final result being that no trains going in opposite directions cross each other's paths at all, except by separate tubes, and there is thus no delay at all in switching the trains on to their respective routes.

The clock at the end of many tube-station platforms is designed to show each driver his margin of time over the train in front, and shows the number of minutes since the previous train passed. The departure of each train breaks an electric circuit and the hand flies back to zero in the manner of a stop-watch.

One or two of the principal stations display automatic train charts in the booking halls, under the heading of "See How They Run." These are actuated by the headway clock, which causes an inked pointer to register a mark every time the circuit is broken. The charts are in the form of circular dials marked out in hours, the dials revolving at a speed similar to that of the hour hand of a clock. If the trains are running in order the sequence of marks is almost as regular as the markings on the seconds dial of a watch, but a delay shows up as a much wider gap, followed by further gaps, gradually getting back to normal again. So that immediately a gap of unusual size occurs the traffic controller can make arrangements to investigate the delay and remedy matters.

The sliding doors of the Underground carriages are carefully guarded against any mistake on the part of the passenger. It is quite impossible for the driver to start his train until all the doors have been closed. The guard is notified when all the doors are shut by means of a red light in his compartment which glows only when all are correctly shut.

Many tube travellers believe that the doors would crush anyone who was caught in between them when they closed. Actually, however, the pressure ceases some four inches before the door reaches the end of its travel, and the soft rubber edges make injury still further improbable.

The doors can be closed from outside if necessary, by means of a spring handle at the end of each coach, depression of which sets the pneumatic pressure in action.

In the event of a driver entering a station at a rather high speed and overrunning the end of the platform, a handle in the driver's compartment enables him to close the doors which are not in reach of the platform and thus prevent passengers from stepping out on to the live rails.

Yet another interesting feature is that the driver cannot start his train until there is an effective pressure in his air-brakes. There is thus no danger of a train running without good brakes and getting out of control. The trains to be used on the new extensions of the Piccadilly are equipped with electro-pneumatic brakes, which means a still greater efficiency in this direction.

Finally the guard and driver of all trains are connected by a telephone, which is in the form of a loudspeaker and mouthpiece so placed that the driver can use them without relaxing his attention to his work.

With such a galaxy of safety devices, covering every conceivable—and some quite unlikely—accidents, it becomes clear to the casual traveller what a tremendous amount of thought and organisation were necessary before the service could be termed satisfactory.

So at every turn we find speed going hand-in-hand with safety in operation, and when it is realised that from a speed of twelve miles an hour in the old tubes, a present-day rate of up to an average of twenty-four miles per hour is usual, even with such close stops, it is not hard to believe that the high-water mark of progress must be very near where the Underground is concerned.

Open Letters *to the* Would-be's *of the* Theatre

(*Continued from page* 65)

is dead—and we all worship death. That was a form of ultra-mechanicalisation which came from Germany. It is hysteria in staccato.

Ernst Toller learned it in prison, where he was sent as a rebel. When he came out, it was the form of anger he showed.

You could not do that sort of thing. It is too tense. It is too deep-seated an emotionalism. Besides, never mind how much it screeches, it did screech at the right thing.

You might try a psychic play. Everyone does that. I get at least fifty a year. A man comes back from the grave, usually in a country parsonage, and they call it "The Puzzled Vicar" or "What We Should Know."

Most of these plays are dreadful. You could easily write one. If you cannot, get your cook to help you.

When you have written your play, which you will, in spite of me and your mother and your Aunt Martha, send it to a manager, but do not send any postage stamps. If you do, he will only keep them, not even using the stamps to send back somebody else's play.

He likes plays in his office. They accumulate dust, and he likes dust. He can throw it in the eyes of his backers.

When they are stacked up around him, no bum-bailiff can get through the door. He can use them to sit on and lie on, except that he does most of his lying standing up.

Yes, if you see a "Journey's End," write a play exactly like it and send it in saying, "Here is another 'Journey's End.'"

After all, that is what managers have told you to do.

"Write me a 'Journey's End' and I'll produce it," they say.

They would not produce the first one, but they will always produce the second or the third, which, of course, will fail.

BEFORE you start your play, buy a new dress suit. You will want it on the first night when they shout "Author." If the dress suit is not new, the eggs they throw at you won't show.

Besides, you will want it for the party which you will give afterwards, leaving someone else to pay for it, of course, because your play will be off before the party is on.

Learn the names of some stars, so that you can say to the manager, "I want Owen Nares and Paul Robeson and Marie Tempest and Jack Buchanan."

This is the first thing authors ever think of, because then they can blame the manager when their play fails because he has not cast it properly.

Learn to blame everybody else, especially the publicity man, who is certain not to get your picture in enough papers to please you. You will never learn that, the more papers your pictures get in, the less people will go to see your play.

Personally, I would rather see your picture than your play. I get more laughs that way.

And, for heaven's sake, get some friends. You will want somebody to fill the theatre on the first night, never mind if the friends never speak to you again. Perhaps you won't even speak to yourself.

After all, but for you and such as you, typists, who copy out plays, would starve, and paper merchants would die of grief.

Paper was meant to be written on. And, besides, you never know . . . some of the worst plays I have ever seen have run for nearly a year. And some of the best have ruined managements.

Authentic
verbum sat sapienti

PERFUMER TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES BY APPOINTMENT

"4711"
Genuine Eau de Cologne.
In convenient sizes for every purpose and at a wide range of prices from 2/6 to 52/6. The original shape at 4/9 and 8/9 and the small 'watch shape' for the handbag at 2/6 are illustrated.

"4711" Toiletries.
"4711" Vanishing Cream (Matt-Creme) in tubes 1/- or jars 2/-. "4711" Cold Cream in tubes 1/- or jars at 10½d., 1/6 and 2/6.
Sample tubes 6d.
These prices may vary in the Irish Free State.

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BLUE & GOLD LABEL

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The world-renowned NATURAL Mineral Water
Bottled as it flows from the Spring.

TO avoid attacks of GOUT, always drink this NATURAL Mineral Water, which is world-famous for its health-giving properties, and is a recognised defence against this most distressing malady of mankind.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS may be taken at any time during the day, but it is most effective when drunk half an hour before the three daily meals.

Obtainable everywhere.

CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the *Sole Wholesale Agents:*
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TOILET COMMONSENSE

The New Lady's

TOILET GUIDE

(of 96 pages)

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Pharmaceutical Chemists and Toilet Specialists

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That's Life Old Horse

(*Continued from page 73*)

radeship. Mellan and the Admiral toasted their respective navies in Cordon Rouge, and as the soup had been somewhat salty, these toasts were drunk with the thoroughness of a naval ward room.

They had coffee at the dinner table, and with it a rare *strega*.

Here Mellan rose. "Gentlemen, I shall now ask you to drain your glasses to this toast, 'His Majesty King George of England.'"

Jakes quickly recharged the glasses, and it was then the Admiral's turn.

"After that toast, gentlemen," he said gravely and courteously, "I can do no less than ask you to drink to the President of the United States of America."

It was shortly after this that Wilde thought the crisp enunciation of his gallant senior officer was a little blurred, and also that the electric lights of the room were failing. He glanced at Conway, who was apparently staring at his own reflection in the gleaming top of the polished table, and at Jakes, the butler, who was grimacing queerly at Mellan.

TWO hours later he was awakened by the reverberations of an automatic road drill on his skull, which proved to be a stream of soda water from a syphon in Conway's hands.

"Come on, old man—for God's sake rouse yourself. We've all been doped."

Mellan had disappeared, and so had Jakes. And the villa was void of servants.

It took them half an hour, and a quantity of black coffee heated up on the spirit burner, to get the little Admiral articulate again; and when he realised what had happened, his anger was cold and terrible.

Wilde stood up to him.

"I can assure you, sir, we are as ignorant as you are, and a whole lot the worse off. My notion is that the butler worked all this, and Mellan has been abducted under our noses. Come on, Mike. We must get busy. If you can talk Italian, sir, perhaps you'll call up the police."

"What the hell's the good," demanded Conway. "If they've got Mellan they've got his steel formula."

"What's that?" shouted the Admiral. And before either could explain the Admiral snapped: "You two officers will accompany me forthwith to my house. Come along."

Like Mellan's abode, the Admiral's villa was deserted by the festa-obsessed staff, but on the hall floor they found a man writhing in an endeavour to free himself from the ropes which bound him.

"Higgins—my sailor servant," snapped the Admiral harshly. "Unlash him." And while Conway and Wilde untied Higgins, the Admiral ran upstairs. He returned presently with a big service revolver in his hand, and fury on his face.

Higgins explained his predicament.

"I thought it was you a-comin' in, sir—'earing your latchkey in the door. But it was two gents in civilian mess dress. ''Ands up,' ordered one; an' while I was makin' up me mind to jump for 'is pistol—bein' completely flabbergasted to start with—the other got be'ind me an' fetched me a clump on the nob. An' the next thing I knowed was comin' to an' findin' meself baled up."

"That'll do," said the Admiral harshly. "Get the car out of the garage, turn its head down hill, and start the engine."

Then he swung round on Wilde and Conway.

"Whether you are retired officers of His Majesty's Services or not, you have connived at the theft of some documents of the utmost importance to your country, and I am going to take you both to Alassio police station."

"One moment, sir," asked Wilde quietly, "what documents were they?"

"Documents which I refused to sell to your Mr. Mellan for one million pound sterling," the Admiral stormed. "Here have I been living on macaroni for two years in preference to letting them go to anybody but England, and now, through you, they've gone beyond recall."

With an uneasy feeling that Mellan had worked on them the daring bluff of describing as his own, the invention he was out to get at any cost, Wilde asked quickly:

"Had they anything to do with a new armour plate?"

"You know damned well they had," shouted the Admiral. "And your knowledge of it settles your fate. Out you go to that car."

It was no use arguing at that moment, for the Admiral was too mad to listen to explanations. He hustled them outside to an old Fiat roadster.

"You get in, too," the Admiral ordered Higgins. "And use this revolver if there's any need. I'm taking these gentlemen to the lock-up."

IT was half-way down the steep winding road to Alassio, in the angle of a sharp bend, that they came upon Mellan's blue Lincoln. Its long bonnet was concertinaed into a projecting buttress of cliff, and it was upside down. Mellan lay at the edge of the shadow beyond it, stone dead, apparently with a broken neck. A big emerald ring still gleamed from his left forefinger, but there were no papers of any kind on him.

There was, however, a dark trail of blood in the white dust of the moonlit roadway, and at the end of it they found Jakes, the smiling butler, slumped over a big stone, upon which he had presumably been resting. And he, too, was dead, though his body was still quite warm.

"'E'd got guts to crawl all this way, sir," exclaimed Higgins.

"Search him," ordered the Admiral ruthlessly.

From the dead man's pockets Higgins produced two wallets, two passports—and finally, a small packet of papers in an oilskin case.

"You can thank the God that made you for that," the Admiral told them grimly, thrusting the case into his hip pocket. "Now let me see those passports."

"Have a look at this first," said Wilde just as grimly. It was a letter from the butler's wallet, the letter they had brought from the lawyer to Mellan. Pinned to it was the clipping of the advertisement the partners had inserted in the *Times*.

By one of the headlights of the Fiat, the Admiral read aloud:

W. Saxton Mellan Esquire.

"*Dear Sir,*

Confirming my telegram, here are the two officers. It was impossible to get two suitable naval officers in the time. Their characters and records are excellent, and they should suit your purpose. If not, wire me. Your other instructions have been complied with. I shall await you as arranged.

Yours faithfully,

John Bankes."

"The lawyer seems to have been had, too," cried Conway from the other headlight. "Neither of these passports is in the name of Mellan, though his photograph is stuck on one of 'em."

"Higgins—drive down to the town and report this motor accident to the police," ordered the Admiral. "Say nothing about anything else, understand."

Then to Wilde and Conway who were staring at each other in dismay at this grim and amazing end to their engagement, "The same applies to you two officers. Now that I've recovered those papers, I want nothing said about 'em whatever, d'yer hear. It's your country's secret as well as mine. How the devil did you come to hear about it?"

Wilde told him, finishing up with the somewhat obvious remark that he wondered at "Mellan's" nerve in utilising the story of the invention, as a cloak for his designs on it.

(*Continued on page 120.*)

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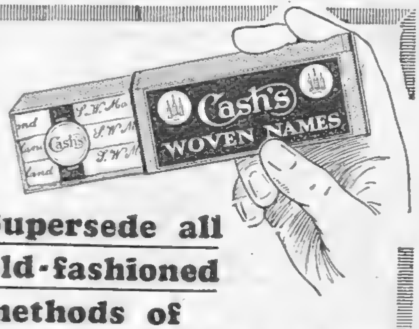

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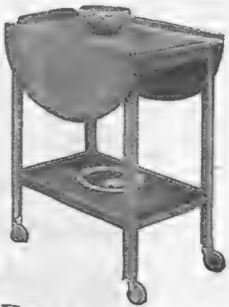

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"He couldn't 'a done better," snapped the Admiral. "It obviously carried greater conviction than any lie he could have thought of, and made you his willing tools. You've been the dupes of a pair of very clever crooks, and it serves you right for two damned young fools. You must get out of the mess yourselves, and the less you tell the Italian police the better."

Wilde blinked, nettled by the Admiral's "quarter deck" tone, and his indifference to everything but the security of his blessed formula; and angry with himself into the bargain.

"If I tell 'em anything at all," he retorted, "they'll darned soon ferret out the lot. So if you don't want the limelight on that cursed formula, we better all tell the same lie at least."

"No lies are necessary," snorted the Admiral. "It is an ordinary motoring accident so far as the police are concerned. With any luck—"

That was the last straw for Wilde. "Luck be damned, sir. We've got to have a foolproof explanation, or we'll be kept here for donkey's years. We were casual acquaintances of Mellan's, incited here for a few days stop. You came to dine and after dinner, our host went down to the town to send a cable or something."

THE Italian police accepted this story, but on account of the difficulty in tracing connections with the two dead men—which they ultimately failed to do—it was ten days before the inquest formalities were completed. By this time, Wilde and Conway had expended most of the remains of their fifty pounds. In fact they arrived in London with exactly six shillings between them. They went at once to Bankes' office, intent on claiming at least a second week's salary.

"He hasn't been here for ten days," the office-keeper told them. "He only engaged his room for a fortnight, and I don't even know his address. There's only one John Bankes in the Legal Directory, and that's not him."

"My God," groaned Conway. "That's absolutely torn it. He was one of the gang after all. Why didn't we take our second week's screw out of one of those wallets before the Admiral handed 'em to those blasted Italians to pay the villa rent, etc. There's luck for you."

"If you mention that darned word luck to me again," hissed Wilde, "I'll brain you as sure as my name's Wilde."

"If your name's Wilde sir," said the office keeper apathetically, "there's a telegram here for you. Came two days ago, care of Bankes."

"Another blow I suppose," said Wilde.

Tearing out the flimsy, he read the message, then slowly subsided on to the office keeper's chair, stared at Conway, and softly breathed:

"My God—what marvellous, stupendous LUCK."

"Eh," shouted Conway, unable to credit this admission.

Wilde passed him the message. It was from Wilde's batman.

"*Sir, you have won two thousand five hundred pounds Crossword Competition. Richards.*"

Conway hurled his hat into the air, smacked his partner on the back and cried:

"Luck be darned—that's life old horse."

A Gift for the Children

"HAPPY Sam's discovery"—what is it? Child users of Odol can find out all about it and other stories in a new book just brought out by the Odol Dentifrice makers. Just send up 1½d. stamp and two seals from the inner wrapping of two tins of Odol Solid Dentifrice to Cranbux Ltd., Nowwich.

Training the Man with the Microscope.

(*Continued from page* 35)

to Siam, certain evildoers have reason to remember, with acute discomfort, that moment when the "man with the microscope" crossed their downward paths.

You will find the *Police Scientifique* in the huge ateliers of the College of Chemistry of the Lausanne University; the school was founded in 1908 by Rodolphe Archibald Reiss, that scientist and criminologist who, in reputation and appearance, most nearly approached the beau-ideal of a Sherlock Holmes, and whose middle name shows his English forbears. After working all over Europe he died at last relatively young, in Belgrade, and was given a State funeral by the Serbs. His friend and pupil, Professor Bischoff, has stepped into the place of the dead master-criminologist, and now controls the Institute.

PROFESSOR BISCHOFF can hand out quite a considerable education to the visitor to his school. Actually here there are two sides to his work, and in both he avoids any limelight at all. There is the training of his graduates, and there is also the continual research and investigation work undertaken (as an independent expert authority) for police, courts of justice and private firms and persons. The school has no connection whatsoever with the police . . but, from that source, however, as in dozens of countries, comes the amazing raw material necessary for the studies of the "undergraduates," and for the work of science in connection with crime.

"You see where the first blow fell—*so*!" Professor Bischoff turns the skull to show a triangular cleft. "She was sitting up then—then the second blow came, *so*!—when she was fell, a circular cut. . . ." As he speaks, he shows the skull of an elderly woman, killed not so long since, by her servant. And, at a touch, the hallway of the Institute is floodlit to reveal rows of grim cases, a very complete museum and the material of the studies of the students.

It is strange training, and arduous, that these carefully selected pupils must take to gain their degree; they come from all over the world, but their credentials are "vetted" by their respective Ambassadors, to prevent "mistakes" that would be disastrous. . . . There are famous men who come for a short course—Americans, Anglo-Indians, Siamese, among others; and as well, police and *sûreté* men of different branches. There is no bar against women students, but there are few who come; this job needs a "vocation" so strong and persistent to survive the grim business of dissection and exploration of the scenes of many a terrible crime, and demands so much scientific knowledge to solve those delicate forgeries that are so much more interesting than mere murder! For all the possibility of "ghastly conjectures" must be eliminated, and it is the jury that demand the "proof of the proof," especially in cases involving a capital charge.

THREE years is the normal time it takes to acquire this formidable knowledge; and, during these six terms, Professor Bischoff and his students work together in the strange laboratories, while, at the same time, the students take, in the University, courses that cover modern chemistry, experimental physics, legal medicine and anatomy, and, of course, penal law and procedure.

Once they are admitted into the fraternity of the *Police Scientifique* and begin their studies in the laboratories, they are sworn to professional secrecy—for they begin to know too much and have now the knowledge that would be of infinite value to the modern criminal!

They are not let off lightly; first in the laboratories with the museum collections at their disposal

(*Continued on page* 122)

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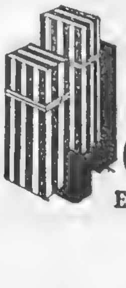

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and then actually on the scene of the crime in company with their professor, these young men learn every intricacy of "investigation" and to utilise every means that science has evolved to help them. They learn the habits of criminals of every type; they go into the whole enthralling business of forged money until they, too, can *produce* it as well as detect it! They learn every dodge (and invent new dodges!) for detecting forged notes, passports, stamps and cheques, and letters and every sort of printed and written document . . . and to do all this they must have an expert knowledge of photography, of lighting, of "rays" of many types, and, of course, of every help that chemistry can give them.

In the dark, except for the eerie glow of the ultra-violet rays from their hooded lamp, you may see forged letters, cheques and adulterated medicines, yielding up their extremely guilty secrets . . . or you may see the soiled linen that convicted a man of a particularly atrocious crime . . . linen that had been washed, but pleaded guilty to ultra-violet lamp.

In the micro-camera room, again in the dark, with the metronome ticking the seconds away for the unseen photographer, you may watch the stages that lead, grimly and surely, to the discovery of the forged note—of the identical cartridge-case, of the tiny all-revealing marks on the carefully removed section of the floor or desk . . . you may see the revelation, in each case, of that inevitable *one mistake of every criminal*!

The crumpled piece of paper, thrown carelessly away; now, smoothed out and presented to the camera in the light of the all-round illumination of the mercury vapour lamp, it yields its secrets. For mercury vapour shines *cold*, casting no shadows, and, in its light, even the tell-tale wax candle with its finger marks may be photographed without fear of melting.

The folding microscope speaks of hurried expeditions to newly discovered crimes, of which a grim gallery of photographs is a record; *photographs that you do not look at twice*, that are labelled, coldly, "Monsieur X—— Z——, suicide," or "Monsieur A—— B——, assassination."

And then, cases of weapons, from the home-made bomb to the slender walking-stick of peculiarly innocent aspect that really contains a complete rifle; and, lest you think yourself quite immune, watch Professor Bischoff open (with ease and with two incredibly delicate instruments!) *the locked and bolted door of an ordinary hotel bedroom.* . . . This is here, rigged up in the hallway of the Institute, surrounded by tiers of the most sinister skeleton keys imaginable.

AMONG the weapons are other trophies, for instruction; the layman does not pause too long in contemplation of the thumb, preserved in spirits, that shows the characteristic cut across the inner side that one expects to find on the hand of the victim who has defended himself, or herself, from the knife of the attacker. . . . All these things the students learn to recognise, as they do the meaning of the smallest signs in the background of the crime—whatever it may be. They learn, for instance (and here a framed picture with tiny spurt-drops of blood upon it is their object-lesson), that, if force be used, they may expect to find traces of blood, tiny drops on the front of the attacker's clothes that *no amount of washing* will remove from the registering eye of the properly equipped scientist. . . .

Then, after three years, comes the gruelling six weeks' final examination for the Degree that is conferred, duly signed by all the necessary authorities of the University.

If they pass in penal law and procedure, in legal medicine and special chemical analysis in connection with "expert evidence," then they must satisfy these (very difficult!) examiners in their handling of every detail, from A to Z, of a specially got up test case, complete with plans, photographs, special analyses and deductions. It may be a case of coining, forging, or even murder, staged for the examinee's puzzlement by the examiner, complete in every detail.

For instance, as his problem, a student was recently given a "straightforward" coining case; and this, of course, was worked out backwards in the manner of detective stories, by Professor Bischoff, and staged with all the properties in one of the laboratories. With every machine in the school at his prior call this student has produced the most perfect photographs and plans and even false coins perfectly made—and thereby gained his 90 per cent. pass!

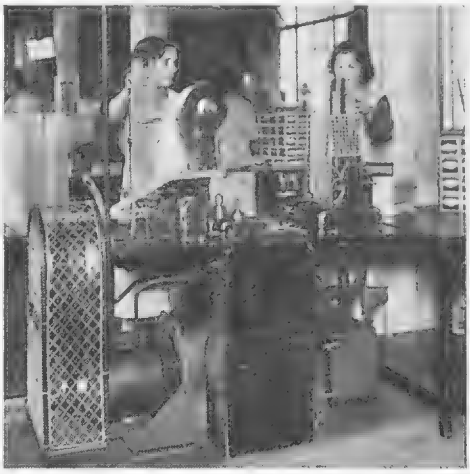
Or a fake murder is carefully planned. Three shots have been needed to kill a man outside his office . . . in what order were they fired, was the crime premeditated . . . was it a flare-up of an excitable man who happened to carry a revolver . . . was the murderer drunk or insane . . . was there a motive? Are there traces, are there tracks? What will the camera show, and what, still more, will that sinister silent violet glow that is the ultra-violet rays show, and what chemical treatment of existing finger marks will be necessary to reveal all they have to tell? This is but the fringe of the problem that the student tackles—a problem to which his examiners know the answer and which answer they expect in the most expert form complete.

LITTLE did Niepce and Daguerre, when they discovered the means of sensitising plates for photography, foresee the tremendous results . . . in 1829 they certainly did not suspect that they had opened up the means of bringing innumerable criminals to justice! Special lighting, special micro-camera work, special angles of incidence and the chain of damning evidence stands complete. To all these delicate machines the student has access—a priceless collection and many of them originally used by the famous Reiss.

Professor Bischoff, with all the pleasure of the artist, will show you the most delicate of many reconstructions . . . a piece of charred paper left behind in the grate of an empty room from which some alleged forgers had made a quick getaway . . . they had burned all traces and left clear, or so they thought.

Preserved with infinite care, pieced together with infinite labour and treated with infinite skill, chemically, these fragments took rough shape; then the camera did its work and special lighting, and the result was clearly to indicate that an unsuccessful "pull" of a forged note had been hurriedly burned just before the police raided the den.

Is it little wonder that Professor Bischoff, smiling in that disconcertingly quiet way of his, says: "In the face of the expert evidence the accused is very often reduced to confession . . . *quite* quickly. . . ."



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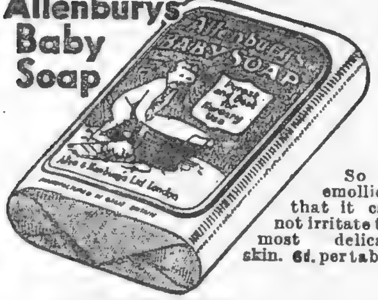

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Marriages are Made in Heaven

(*Continued from page* 49.)

flavour gratefully into his lungs. *They'd* get out all right. . . .

Then he became aware that Sonia was looking at him with a sudden joyful excitement, as though she too had found inspiration in smoke: and the next moment she had thrown away her stub and was shaking him violently by the arm.

"Dicky! I've had the most marvellous idea! Your fortune's absolutely made! It's not me you must rescue, it's Marguerite!"

"Marguerite?"

She pointed to the bed. On it lay a long rolled-up bundle of blankets.

"*That's* Marguerite. She fainted straight away."

Drawn by morbid curiosity Dicky moved a step or two nearer and saw that from one end of the cocoon there did indeed protrude the head of Miss Schlumberger. It was wearing a Juliet cap of pale yellow ribbon.

"Pick her up, my lad, and carry her over to the window. The ladders won't have come yet, but it'll look well from below."

Without much enthusiasm the gallant rescuer advanced towards the bed and laid hold of some loose blanket.

Dicky heaved the lovely burden into his arms and bore her on to the tiny balcony, where their appearance caused considerable excitement in the watching crowd.

"Stagger a bit, can't you?" prompted Sonia from the curtains.

Obediently Dicky reeled a step back and leant one shoulder against the window-frame.

"Is the old man down there?"

"Rather. He's dancing about in front and shouting something. I can't hear what."

"Probably giving his consent," suggested Sonia hopefully.

From the crowd below rose a wavering cheer.

"Dicky! Is that for you?"

"'Fraid not. Arrival of the firemen. They're getting out the ladders."

"How terribly exciting for them!" murmured Sonia.

Something in her voice made him look round, and all at once he saw that under her gay bravado, her incredible presence of mind, she was badly frightened. Without a moment's thought he dumped Miss Schlumberger on the floor and came to her side.

"It's all right, Sonia, it's nearly over. They'll get us in another minute. Don't worry."

"I'm not," said Sonia.

Very gently he pulled her down onto a settee and sat beside her and laid his cheek against her hair. It smelt of some old-fashioned flower-bed.

"What's this stuff on your hair?"

"Mignonette. For the benefit of elderly employers."

Dicky drew back.

"I say, Sonia, are you going to marry him?"

"Who?"

"Oh, for God's sake don't be coy!" rasped Dicky with sudden fury. "Schlumberger, of course. Are you?"

"Probably."

"I—I wish you wouldn't, Sonia. You . . . won't be a bit happy."

"I shall have thirty thousand a year."

"And what will you do with it? Open charity bazaars?"

For a moment they glared at each other with frank antagonism, mentally balancing unpardonable retorts; but before either had time to select the mortal thrust all continuity of abuse was broken by the sudden appearance of a face at that fourth floor window.

"Dicky, the ladders."

Without a second's indecision Dicky picked up Miss Schlumberger and thrust her out of the window onto the fireman's shoulder. It was a rude shock, the ladder quivered like a leaf, but the fellow was trained to his work and held fast. A moment he paused to get his balance, then the head slowly descended and Dicky turned back to where Sonia, stood white and quivering against the arm of the settee.

"Dicky, how could you! You've missed your chance!"

"Damn my chance! Look here, Sonia—just before we get out of the window—if you marry the old man and I marry Marguerite we shall both get—we shall both get beastly. I know we shall. I'm feeling most frightfully clear-headed. My brain's functioning with perfect lucidity. At the moment we may be rather a pair of rogues and vagabonds, but we're not . . . rotters." All at once he knew that she was listening to him, that she understood, and moved by a sudden overwhelming tenderness he reached out and took her by the shoulders. "Listen, Sonia, there's only one thing we can do to save our souls, and that's . . . marry each other. We both know exactly what we're like, we've got no illusions, we can start fair. And you—you do love me, don't you Sonia? You must, or you couldn't have stood there shaking with fright and giving me stage directions. And I'm pretty far gone myself, though I never knew it until just now, when you looked frightened. Only I must have in a way, or I wouldn't have come rushing up here. I don't think I ever expected we'd get out, you know, only I just wanted to be near you. . . . Say something, Sonia!"

She smiled.

"What are we to marry on?"

"Oh, Lord!" Dicky let go her arms and held his head in a frenzy of impatience. "I'd forgotten about that. Won't old man Schlumberger do anything for you?"

"My dear Dicky! I'm not his daughter."

"No, but you were damn nearly his wife. I'm sure that ought to constitute a claim."

"You're thinking of alimony, my dear. It doesn't apply."

"But look here, this is absurd! There must be dozens of ways of supporting a wife—half the men you meet do it."

"Not on the Riviera. 'Way back in the home-towns they seem to manage it." She broke off, suddenly conscious that Dicky was not paying the least attention. He had stopped tearing his hair and was gaping straight ahead with the glazed eye of inspiration.

"Sonia, I've got it!"

"Got what, my lamb?"

"The solution. The big idea. Sonia—supposing I did some work?"

"But Dicky—you'd hate it."

"Not for you, I wouldn't. Darling, if I get a job in a dance-band at four-and-six a week, will you come and be supported on it?"

And it was at this great, this crucial moment of her life that all Sonia's wisdom abandoned her. With the romantic fervour of a dairymaid she shut both eyes and threw herself into his arms.

"M'sieu! Madame!"

Not without impatience Dicky looked up over her shoulder and saw a pair of moustaches silhouetted in the window. They appeared (to his admittedly dazzled eye) to be waving with astonishment.

"*Venez, M'sieur! Venez vite!*"

Dicky nodded affably. The line of Sonia's shoulder fitted so exquisitely into his curved hand that they had obviously been made for each other. He investigated this phenomenon several times. With one leg over the balcony the fireman paused and gathered all his resources for a supreme effort.

"Please!"

Sonia giggled.

"*M'sieur! Madame!* The—'ouse—ees—on—fire!"

At which moment, like a well-contrived effect of the theatre, the heavy oak door suddenly crashed inwards before a host of advancing flames.

"Good Lord! so it is," said Dicky blissfully.

END.

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Sylvia, Anita and Hazel Davis, who have just joined the Salon, and are having a garden fête on behalf of the Salon Cot

COMPETITION RESULTS

Award of Prizes, June 15

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Landscape Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Isobel McClure, G.C.S. 5878. Hon. Mention: Audrey Tresidder-Wills, G.C.S. 5841; G. E. M. Moss, G.C.S. 5843.

Literature Competition.—An Article Appreciating a Great Writer of To-day. Prize 10s. Awarded to M. Joyce Lambert, G.C.S. 5769. Hon. Mention: Doris Seth-Smith, G.C.S. 5625; Irene McCoy, G.C.S. 5846; Eleanor Erith, G.C.S. 5913.

Needlework Competition. — Anything Embroidered. Prize 10s. Awarded to Sybil Stallibrass, G.C.S. 5783. Hon. Mention: Grace Binyon, G.C.S. 5901; Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Poster Advertising a Play. Prize 10s. Awarded to Peggy B. Tansley, M.C.S. 3270. Hon. Mention: Joan Hunter, M.C.S. 2930; Patricia Hepburn, M.C.S. 3261.

Literature Competition.—Paper on any Topical Subject. Prize 10s. Awarded to Veronica Ward, M.C.S. 3640; Alice James, M.C.S. 2859; Norman F. Bunker, M.C.S. 2683.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Landscape Study. Prize 5s. Awarded to Penelope Burra. A.C.S. 1422. Hon. Mention: D. Victor Seymour, A.C.S. 1452.

Literature Competition.—Letter to a Friend Describing Plans for a Holiday. Prize 5s. Awarded to Mary Gordon, A.C.S. 1514. Hon. Mention: Olive Dockree, A.C.S. 1433; Douglas Burton, A.C.S. 1458.

Award of Prizes, July 1

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Poster for a Horticultural Show. Prize 10s. Awarded to Yvonne Earle, G.C.S. 5905. Hon. Mention; Betty Metchim, G.C.S. 5507; Isobel McClure, G.C.S. 5875; G. E. M. Moss, G.C.S. 5843.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Marjorie Griffiths, G.C.S. 5884. Hon. Mention: A. M. Waters, G.C.S. 5768; Irene McCoy, G.C.S. 5846; Gwendoline Bertelsman, G.C.S. 5903; S. C. MacLeod, G.C.S. 5855; Janet Roche, G.C.S. 4267.

Needlework Competition.—Anything in Wool. Prize 10s. Divided between Ada Brabham, G.C.S. 5699, and Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583. Hon. Mention: A. G. Hayden, G.C.S. 4316; Trixie Ford, G.C.S. 5739; M. Webb, G.C.S. 4578; Jean C. H. Crawford, G.C.S. 4242; G. M. Kaye, G.C.S. 5784.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Brenda D. Milligan, M.C.S. 3345. Hon. Mention: Emma Phillips, M.C.S. 3347; Pamela Searight, M.C.S. 3189.

Literature Competition.—A Lyric. Prize 10s. Awarded to Barbara Stallibrass, M.C.S. 3316. Hon. Mention: Diana Wilton, M.C.S. 3192; Veronica Ward, M.C.S. 3290.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Diana Seth-Smith, A.C.S. 1225. Hon. Mention: Michaela Danckwerts, A.C.S. 1441.

Literature Competition.—My Favourite House. Prize 5s. Awarded to Evangeline Weir, A.C.S. 1516.

The Children's Salon

COUPON

FUTURE COMPETITIONS

(September—October)

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, September 15th. A Landscape Study. No. II. Closing date, October 1st. A Portrait. No. III. Closing date, October 17th. Do-As-You-Like.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, September 15th. A Short Poem. No. II. Closing date, October 1st. A Short Story. No. III. Closing date, October 17th. A Short Synopsis of a Play to the Title "The Man from Nowhere."

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, September 15th. Anything Embroidered. No. II. Closing date, October 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, October 17th. Anything White.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, September 15th. Design for a Book Jacket. No. II. Closing date, October 1st. A Portrait Study in Pencil. No. III. Closing date, October 17th. A Design for a Sale Catalogue.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, September 15th. A Sonnet entitled "September Days." No. II. Closing date, October 1st. A Letter of Indignation to a Neighbour Who Has Let His House Wall for an Unsightly Advertisement. No. III. Closing date, October 17th. Do-As-You-Like.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, September 15th. Design for a Cover to a Fairy Tale Book. No. II. Closing date, October 1st. A Still Life Study. No. III. Closing date, October 17th. Pencil Sketch of an Open Doorway.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, September 15th. A Short Poem. No. II. Closing date, October 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, October 17th. A Paper entitled "The Birds I Know Best."

Open to All: Age taken specially into account

Handicraft Competition.—First Prize, 15s. Second Prize, 7s. 6d. Closing date, October 1st. Subject left to Competitor.

Competition Rules

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*
2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*
3. *No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*
4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*
5. *Prizes must be applied for.*
6. *Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

NEWS OF THE MONTH

SALONERS who have already applied for and received their leaflets and entrance forms for the Annual Competitions will notice that the date is now Saturday, October 22nd, and not Saturday, October 29th, as announced here last month.

No printer's error this! It is a deliberate change in the date made because the 29th was very awkward for two of our judges, who have been with us on Our Day for an unbroken sequence of many years, and who were so nice as not to want to break what is now almost a habit. And you may imagine what we felt like at the possible prospect of not having them with us. So, as the Hyde Park Hotel were very kindly able to come to our rescue and give us the 22nd instead, the 22nd of October is *the* day. Put a big red ring round it, therefore, on the calendar, right now, and make up your mind to come if you possibly can and in any case to compete, by post, if you can't. That is being with us in the spirit, if not in the flesh, but, of course, it is much jollier if the latter is possible.

* * * *

NEWLY joined members may wonder what all this is about, and for their benefit I will briefly add that every year famous judges of art, literature, dancing, recitation, etc., come to the Hyde Park Hotel, where these competitions are held, and in person make the awards. It is thus a splendid and unique opportunity for Saloners to get their work submitted to the highest authority. There are competitions by post for those who live over 25 miles from town. Those who would like to have full particulars, including entrance forms, should write at once to me for them. Certain sections soon get full up, as naturally the number with which we can deal in a one-day affair is limited. LEVANA.

The Children's SALON

Patrons:

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H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, etc.

CORRESPONDENCE

(*June* 15)

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—A bit scrappy in style. Short, snappy sentences are excellent, but should be associated with longer ones to give relief. Otherwise very well expressed, particularly towards the end.

Clare Ackroyd.—As this was a topical subject it would have been better to have dwelt upon the latest expedition rather than those of the past, which could have been referred to certainly, but chiefly for the purposes of interesting comparison—nothing more.

Virginia Forster-Brown.—First-rate action and an interesting group. With more experience you would do very well. A larger space between the heads of the figures and the lettering would have increased the distinction of the composition.

Veronica Price-Harris.—The distance is well suggested and aerial perspective realised, but the foreground, a very difficult one, has beaten you. Open-air sketching should greatly strengthen your work.

Elma Stamper.—The competition asked for a "writer," not a "leader"—but it is not a very material point except as concerning the necessity for accuracy. The paper is well expressed, but the analysis is a bit on the surface. I hope you will compete regularly.

C. R. H. Brabham.—A charming subject, slightly out of perspective and suffering from uniform cold, hard green. The colouring must have had more warmth and variety under that pleasant summer sky. A graceful composition.

May W. Harrison.—A pleasant old-colour-print effect. The ground plane and bit of parapet need more making out and your pen line might diminish with perspective; still, an agreeable experiment in style.

Marjorie Naylor.—Good in *plein air* effect and colour, but not as well drawn or handled as customary. The effect is good, but the technique poor for you.

Isobel McClure.—A delightful sketch, remarkably true in colour and tone values, but for too-red greys in sky. There might be a little more finesse of brush drawing, but, on the whole, a charming bit of water-colour.

Joan Hunton.—A very original poster, with wit and colour charm. The white panel rather hurts the effect. Better for a book jacket than the hoarding, but very bright and good.

Peggy B. Tansley.—A first-rate poster proposition in style and effect. Its chief faults are the too big and too mongolian head, its closeness to the top line and lack of accuracy in armour; but for effect and simplicity it deserves high praise.

Patricia Hepburn.—The quasi-Japanese method of your figures and their colourful effect are excellent. The Japanesque lettering is not so happy, but in most respects a good poster.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—There is a great deal of research and knowledge in your very detailed poster, admirable as illustration but wasted in a style that demands strong effect and easy visibility. The two figures in a simpler scheme would have served the purpose better than this very clever detailed composition, good as a picture.

Brenda Milligan.—There is admirable work in your poster, very suggestive of subject and period, but the space "to let" discounts the figure and architecture to some extent. A border would help, and the upraised hand needs attention.

C. S. Stamper.—A bit unequal, but interestingly done; the last page is the best. You are apt to slip in an oddly jejune phrase at times. Beware of this tendency.

G. M. Kaye.—The appliqué is most cleverly managed, but a finer general effect would have resulted if the hem-stitching had been in pink or white. The green rather irritates the sensitive eye.

Douglas Burton.—A bit brief—the holiday foreshadowed appears so fascinating a few further details would have been very welcome. I am sure "Robert" would echo this opinion.

Florence E. McCoy.—The apt and interesting quotations are very wisely selected, although they are a bit overdone in number for so short a paper.

D. Picton-Seymour.—If your work is from a copy, will you state it on the back. Certain patches of high light are not quite explained, but on the whole this is very well rendered. Remember vertical lines always remain upright; also work direct from nature whenever possible.

Cynthia Carrington.—Very pleasant in colour, treatment and design and very odd in proportion. Your hero is all leg!—and the lettering, though very legible and pretty, is just a trifle spidery.

Marjorie Webb.—The little picture in cross-stitch is up to your own always high standard and would adapt itself very suitably to a pincushion of the useful mattress variety.

Arnold Parkin.—The subject is a bigger one than is suggested here, and there are more solid arguments than those you advance which would support your point of view, in my opinion. Still, this is by no means ineffective.

For Girls, Boys and Grown-ups interested in Art, Literature, Needlework, Handicraft, etc.

and Competition Circles

Founded by "The Gentlewoman" in 1890

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NO AGE LIMIT
MONEY PRIZES

and CRITICISMS

Sybil Stallibrass.—A most beautiful and satisfying little piece of work. A gem of fine and accurate stitchery. Thank you so much!

Eleanor Erith.—Charmingly felt and stated. Your graceful style is evidently very happy in the subject. A very good entry, which a little wise quotation would have improved.

Jessie Winwood.—The features lack the more familiar racial characteristics associated with Carmen, but the design is well managed. Better spacing of the lettering in the side column would assist the scheme.

Olive Dockree.—An amusing, interesting document, portraying a real character. This is quite on the right lines.

Dorothy Lake.—A very clearly stated appreciation, although the English at times might be more graceful, without affectation. Your sympathy with your choice is very neatly indicated.

Veronica Ward.—Splendid to see you tackling such a subject. Your reasoning is very sound; sounder than your spelling, which has curious lapses, probably through an intense interest in your ideas getting the better of minor matters.

Penelope Burra.—Make a study of the different greens seen out of doors; you will find much more variety than is recorded here. Still, the big facts of the sketch have a satisfying breadth, although atmosphere is almost totally missing.

G. E. M. Moss.—Beautiful colour and remarkably well laid in. The defect is the ugly mass of the foreground, which just spoils a very interesting and charming sketch.

Doris Seth-Smith.—Perhaps rather more of a brief biography than an appreciation, but very lucid and well written. Your style is most commendably sincere and to the point.

Zenobia Forster-Brown.—Good feeling for design and the simple colouring effective in the right manner for poster work. The horse is weak anatomically, particularly in the neck and shoulders.—Considering the subject you have written with an agreeable lack of hyperbole. But as composition it often lacks grace. The nice balancing of one's sentences coupled with good construction is what makes writing such a fascinating business.

M. Joyce Lambert.—This is distinctly good, but with so interesting a subject I think it might easily have been even better. If you were going to keep it so short, then a less trivial opening is essential.

Evangeline Weir.—A sound piece of neat observation. You cannot make too many studies of this type. They should advance you rapidly.

Grace Binyon.—Although a little old-fashioned in its background this is charmingly dainty and attractive in its embroidery, and uncommon in effect. An interesting entry.

Irene McCoy.—This improves very greatly as it goes along and the last paragraph or two are very well done. Without becoming self-conscious you could usefully pay a little more attention to style

Betty Weir.—This begins very well, but the end is a little abrupt, and as a rule in such a paper the last paragraph should be confined to a general summing up of the main argument. The poster is strong in design and, although the lettering is a bit crowded, it is well placed. If the paper had been a bit less square you would have had all the room you needed.

Trixie Ford.—A delightful little bit of work. Dainty in effect and neat and satisfying in its craftsmanship.

Norman Bunker.—It is possible, you know, that that queue was engineered! I am in the most substantial agreement with all this. But keep your pen in a lighter mood for such criticism. It will be all the more effective if caustically leaning towards gaiety rather than in the other direction.

Alice Janes.—A most sensible paper on a difficult subject. It is a trifle heavy in style, but that is not in this case a fault altogether in the wrong direction. I hope you will compete more regularly.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—The little paper sums up this great character very justly even if incompletely. As all his underlying factors are serious ones, the style is just a trifle flippant. A more sober ending would have provided the necessary weight. . . . A strong against-the-light effect, rather cushiony and lacking in subtlety of colour. So good that with more care of shadow values and colour variation it might have been excellent.

Jean Weir.—Very good for your tender years. Avoid using one word too often in a short space. "Lovely" appears twice within three or four lines in this effort.

Mary Gordon.—After the rather pedantically expressed opening this becomes much more natural and is soon very good indeed. Had the first sentence appeared as the close it might have been quite appropriate. It is of a type which must be worked up to.

(*July* 1)

Alice White.—The atmosphere is well conveyed and it is a clean-cut, effective little cameo. But the three "stations" occurring within the first six lines or so irritate the ear.

Irene McCoy.—Here is something which ought to work up splendidly. It is full of excellent matter, but some little re-arrangement is necessary. It should not end without some comment—bewildered if you like—on the verses and the finish needs smartening up to its climax. The rest is first rate.

Margaret Barrett.—The pattern is most ingeniously woven and the colour scheme very pleasant. I should prefer to apply it as a textile myself, but it would no doubt be quite successful for the purpose indicated.

Joan Brancker.—You have a very good notion of how such a subject should be tackled. The personality of the owner might have been developed, in her setting, a bit more, but on the whole this is very satisfactorily done.

Marjorie Dennis.—Not bad as pattern, but the details are a bit inconsistent. Brush in the solid masses to avoid a scratched surface, and employ a smooth paper for this type of work.

Yvonne Earle.—An extremely finished and expert bit of splutter work and a good poster scheme. A bit more dark relief to the centre flower would add kick. Very clever.

Marjorie Naylor.—Capital sunny atmospheric effect and a charming subject. The foreground trees should be made out more particularly against the sky. Very pleasing colour.

Brenda D. Milligan.—Your plate design has a very narrow border, but otherwise an admirable use of the Persian convention, well balanced and of considerable colour charm. A bit irregular in line and curves.

John Waterhouse.—There is epic feeling in your war illustration and the experimental pen method may develop into something good, but as design it fits the space too tightly and loses point by over emphasis.

Betty Weir.—Good feeling for transparent shadow colour but rather heavy in lights. Needing more angular drawing, but full of promise.

Zenobia H. Forster-Brown.—An excellent impression of sky and sky-line. The river-like road so near and so parallel to the edge is poor composition. Strong feeling for direct effect.—The form is too inconsistent, and the Shelley-like beginning should be avoided. This is hardly up to your own interesting standard.

Maud Schwabe.—Good go, but not so good in proportion and anatomy and tame in colour. With the knowledge you have a step further should be easy. You have caught the spirit well.

Emma Phillips.—A remarkably good pencil reproduction, particularly excellent work in the hair, but altogether a real feat of artistic translation.

Iris C. Minshull.—Very alert and alive, but a bit on the hard side in outline, the modelling of the nose tip is missing and the downward lines of the neck and shoulder give a wooden look. Finish up to the effect of the eyes is needed.

Penelope Burra.—A smoother surface would help definition and reflections come beneath the objects; rather monotonous in brown note, but extremely promising at your age.

Irene Smith.—Agreeably bold work with some grasp of effect and values. A simpler subject from nature would be more helpful to progress. A lot of good work.

Jean C. H. Crawford.—A charming little garment, beautifully knitted and as ever most useful.

Kay Holland.—Sound in plot, but a little obvious in its method, even for youngsters, and the dog's mind should, I feel, be revealed in a manner more distinctly canine. This would greatly strengthen the effect.

Janet Roche.—An interesting "miniature." If you can work it up a bit more it should be worth the trouble. At present it is a bit brief and under-developed.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—The lettering below the design is badly placed, but the general scheme is quite successful. Considering the subject, however, the colour seems a little ordinary. The paper is thoroughly well put together and as a piece of purely practical advice scores all through.

Alice Janes.—It is not quite clear by reason of your method if the last verse is intended ironically, as it certainly should be. A little re-arrangement of the wording would quickly produce the desired effect.

Diana Wilton.—Delighted to see you competing again. I have missed your entries very much. The last four lines or so need further consideration. The present suggestion is that Sleep is still being addressed in the fourteenth line. Obviously, this is not your intention; otherwise as interesting as ever.

G. M. Cumpstey.—I wonder a little why you attempted this on these lines—which involve so much quotation, albeit interesting in itself. But there is not enough of yourself in this.

Dorothy Lake.—This itinerary was indeed an interesting one. For the purposes of a competition it would, I think, have been more amusing to have cast it in Diary form. Still, you could do that on another occasion.

Diana Seth-Smith.—This method certainly demonstrates the grand design of this leaf. I haven't one handy, and it may be quite accurate that the central "lobe" is of different character from the others. If not this is a slip which should be rectified.

Norman F. Bunker.—The first and last verses are the best. I feel the others represent rather a commonplace journey for one with such powers. There is more in your idea than you permit to appear.

Joan Wyatt.—The word "lowly" should be avoided—it is too tautological seeing what follows. The best passage is from lines nine to thirteen; the rest is not up to this high level.

Michaela Danckwerts.—The very stiff figure isn't quite in keeping with the natural background. If you could have conventionalised the landscape to suit, this would have been more effective.

Clare Ackroyd.—Delighted to get the picture, which it will be a pleasure to publish as soon as possible. This is spirited in exactly the right manner, but between your ideas and the actual words there is some lack of harmony. I can see what you are aiming at, but it doesn't quite "come off" here.

Joan Hunton.—The accents are charmingly rendered, but the modelling is suggested in a rather complicated manner. Of course it is difficult without colour. It might have been better to have relied on outline only rather more.

Pamela Searight.—You have managed the body colour so well that I have no power to grumble this time! A delightful little sketch, a bit lacking in light but otherwise excellently handled. Wash touches should have been used on the ship. No pencil should be left in a sketch of this type.

(*Continued on page* 128)

The Children's Salon
COUPON

"A Cornish Cottage": Marjorie Griffiths', G.C.S. 5884, entry for the snapshot competition (April).

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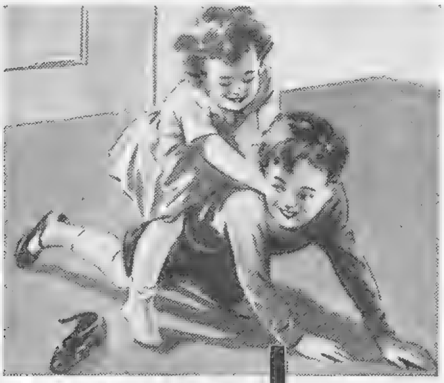

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Our *Literary* Competition *Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of the Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry) which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be address to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHTH SERIES.

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post, September 15th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best description in not more than three hundred words of a person who has just won a big sweep prize.

HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINTH SERIES.

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post, September 29th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best sonnet.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best quotation from the classics suitable for inscription on the walls of a cocktail bar.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—September 15

Correspondence and Criticisms—contd.

Barbara Stallibrass.—This only just misses being very good indeed. That eighth line is a gem of humour. You might have indulged in an exclamation mark, though. The metre needs attention.

Barbara Heaver.—You are getting very adroit. The last verse is very happily put together, and the others serve their turn, but why four lines at first and then only three?

Patricia Hepburn.—The children's faces are too ghostly. They are so important to the scheme that it is necessary to give them all due emphasis. Otherwise very well designed, and worth working out to a finish.

Margery Hall.—As the subject does not demand such a form it would have been better to have tried out the idea in some other manner. Still, experiments are always worth making, and I appreciate what you have endeavoured to do.

Florence E. McCoy.—In spite of the charm of the ideas in the two earlier verses, the last is, I think, the best. There is just a lack of grace in the construction of the other two which demands further attention.

Olwen Lawton.—An original and interesting effort with a good but rather abrupt climax, not quite correctly led up to. In so short a thing there must be no flying off at a tangent.

Doris Seth-Smith.—Very ingenious and neat in wit and rhythm. It needs some careful editing and is just a tiny bit long. You do this kind of thing extremely well.

Elma Stamper.—Your criticism is not without justice; it would be possible to confute one or two statements, but as a whole your argument is absolutely sound and towards the end very well expressed.

Frances Jowett.—The only criticism I have to make is that this would be difficult for the uninitiated reader. Thank you very much for your letter.

Olive Dockree.—An excellent account is a little marred by the last line or two. "Seems to prevail" would make all the difference to that final rather sweeping statement.

Mona Fildes.—For so short a paper it would perhaps have been better not to have attempted so wide a survey, but in all other respects it is exceedingly well done. You write very well.

C. S. Stamper.—The metaphorical close is finely handled and all through the paper has the firmest grip on its subject. Very promising work.

Patricia Baldwin.—Syntax is a little out in the last line, but this has an unusual point of view, and is refreshingly neat in method.

Results of 132nd Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to "Caroline."

Hon. Mention: E. Jones, "J. A. B.," M. Scott Morris, "Una," G. Rowe, B. Gibbs, Eleanor Erith, Diana Cutbill, D. Swift, I. M. Smart, Julia Binfield, "Anne Kerr," May W. Harrison, G. S. Ryder, Dorothy Heaton, Alan G. Burrow, F. A. Edinborough, Elizabeth Adams, B. Richardson, "B. J.," D. Mason, May Belben, Gertrude Pitt.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best six quotations from Shakespeare showing an inferiority complex.

Awarded to "Una."

Hon. Mention: J. Binfield, May W. Harrison, "D. M.," David G. Holland, Elizabeth Adams, "J. A. B.," B. Paul, Gwendolen Whitcombe, D. Cutbill.

Results of 133rd Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyrical description, ironical or otherwise, of one of our seaside resorts.

Awarded to Gertrude Pitt.

Hon. Mention: May Belben, Evelyn Heaver, David G. Holland, M. Scott Morris, J. Binfield, F. A. Edinborough, "G. G.," B. Richardson, D. Cutbill.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best original remark of a child.

Awarded to E. F. Ireland.

Hon. Mention: D. Avril, B. Richardson, D. Cutbill, "J. A. B.," B. Paul, B. Maile, J. Binfield, M. W. Harrison, Mabel Asher, M. Scott Morris, E. Erith, Janet Roche, Evelyn Heaver, R. A. Webster, J. H. G. Gibbs, E. M. Macdonald, David G. Holland, May Belben.

COMPETITION II.—Original Remark of a Child.

MARGARET (6½ years): "Can Ian come out to play after tea?"

IAN'S DADDY: "Well, I'll see what his Mummy says."

MARGARET: "Don't you ever get a shot at saying what Ian's to do?"

E. F. IRELAND.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—September 29

The Children's Salon

G. M. Kaye.—An excellent idea well carried out. All the little garments are very suitable and pretty.

Joan Guillaume.—Occasionally the perspective is accurate enough, but in places its laws have been wholly ignored. Otherwise this is a most gallant and not at all unsuccessful attempt to record a complicated subject. The roadway and pavements are a bit out of tone.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—The attitudes of both figures are a little stiff for seated or semi-seated positions. Composition is satisfying, and a very little would soon put the chief fault—already referred to—right.

Trixie Ford.—Not easy to do so well, and very practical and pretty. My many thanks.

Beatrice Long.—An excellent idea for a paper. As it is a short one it might possibly have been more effective to have kept to a general case throughout and have avoided the particular one of the friend, or else have treated this latter at greater length after a very brief introduction.

Eleanor Erith.—This opens very attractively, and other individual verses are good, but the interest is not so closely knit as it should be in a short poem.

Désirée P. Seymour.—An ambitious subject, very well planned in its main features, although the steps are in a rather curious position and should show either balustrading or some form of embankment.

Ada Brabham.—A most useful and acceptable effort, smart in shape and colour and very well knitted. Thank you so much.

Veronica Ward.—This has true lyrical quality and although it doesn't attempt any very original outlook, within its limits it is wholly successful.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—One of the best things you have done. If you can, tone down the slightest extravagance in the plot to make it more feasible and speak of running down a "few stairs to the street," otherwise that wad would be difficult to throw in.

Evangeline Weir.—The attitude of the animals is a bit passive in view of what lies between them, but as pattern it scores in attractive fashion. In the literature entry you have recorded your impressions with admirable clarity.

Olive Dwyer.—Owing to the excellence of the last verse I think this is the best thing you have done. Try to improve the two preceding ones. They are rather commonplace, especially compared with the final one.

A. G. Haydon.—I believe I remember your saying once that you did not knit. If so, this is remarkably well managed and dainty to boot.

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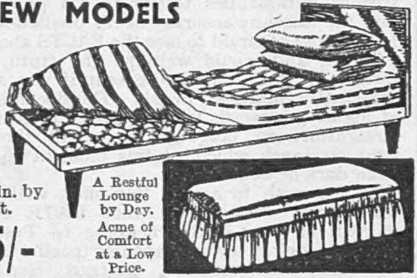

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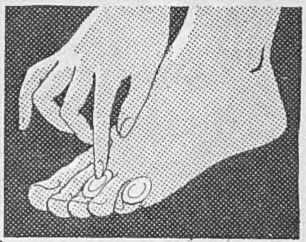

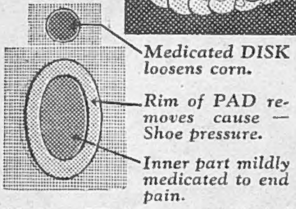
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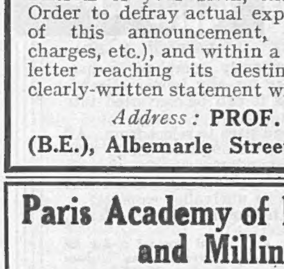

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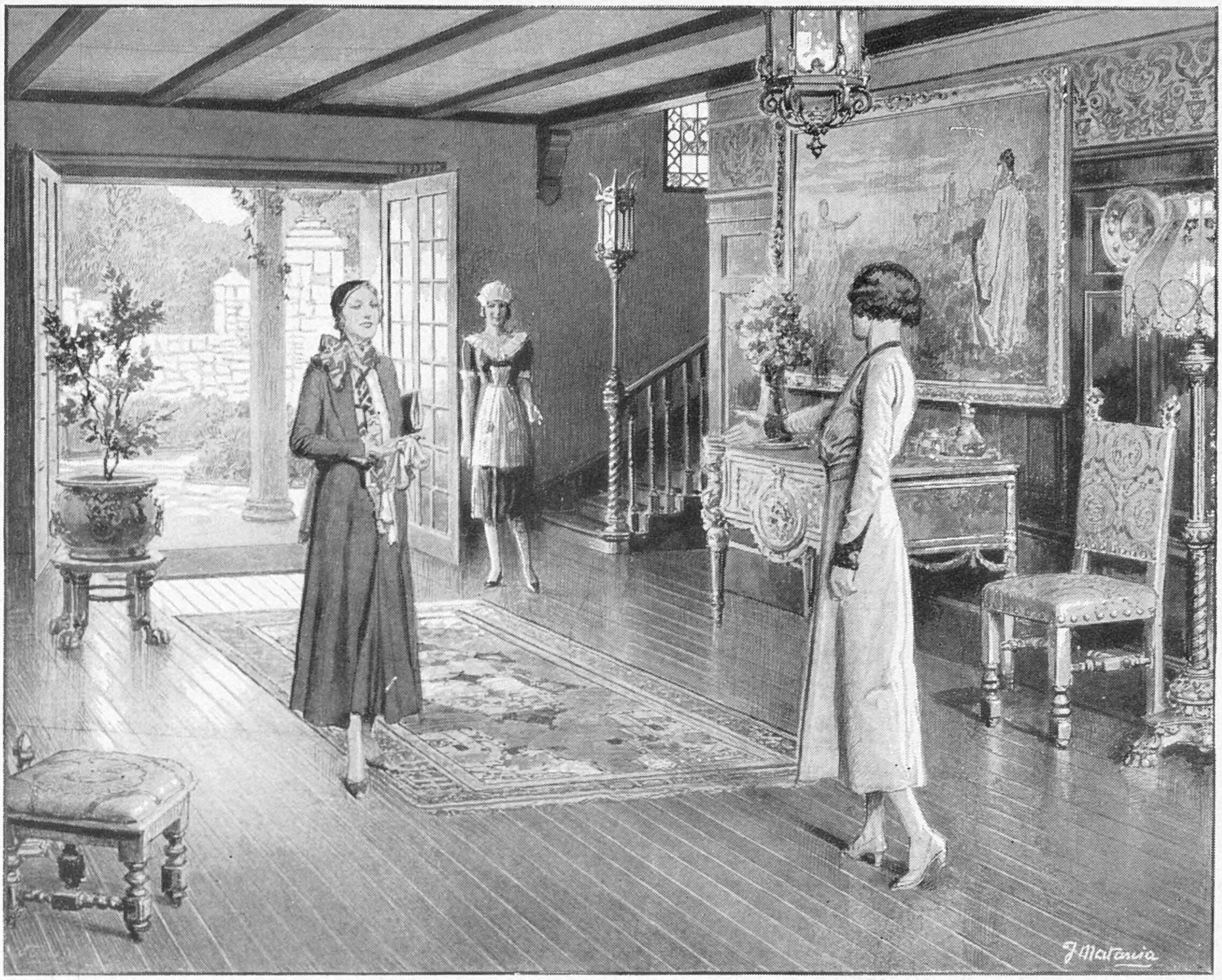

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